

18446/3

Jackie Wilson

O. XI 60.

by C. Colton

22690

A faint, light-colored watermark of a classical building with four columns and a pediment is visible in the background.

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THE
AMERICANS.

BY

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

LONDON :
FREDERIC WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS,
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THAT the Author comes so late into this field, is simply because he never took it in his head to come sooner. Or, if any persons shall think they have a right to the secret of his motive, it is only just now, within a few days even, that a concurrence of accidents forced upon his attention certain statements and asseverations of these enlighteners of the age, radically and extensively affecting the best interests of society ; which, being bandied about, in various forms, both in high circles and in low, by the gossip of the press and the tongue, as veritable commodities, without any apparent promise of correction from any quarter, and losing nothing in quantity or credit by currency—he paused and thought :

—“These things ought not so to be.” And in resolving upon the office hereby discharged, it soon became apparent, that doing a little would oblige him to do twice and thrice a little—in other words, *to make a book*.

That he did not know these things earlier, except by vague rumour, may well be charged to his own account—at the same time it may also be imagined, that he had no very strong motive to court them, in their own proper shapes. But when a friend said :—“Look at them. Is it so?” “Nay—it is not so.” “Why, then, you must show it.” “We will show it.” And this is it.

C. COLTON.

London, 1st May, 1833.

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I.

THE DILEMMA.

WHEN John Bull has got brother Jonathan down, as *he thinks*, and is paying it lustily on his ribs, if Jonathan does not lie still and take it patiently, John, forsooth, very pleasantly, and rather sarcastically expresses his astonishment: — Why! to be sure! this uneasiness proves the very thing, and more too. It proves not only, that our brother Jonathan hath a bad temper, and well deserves these inflictions laid on—but that he wants to be schooled into the right way of taking it;—which, for his good, we will endeavour to do.

If it is necessary, we will explain: and it is necessary for us in the outset and by assumption to speak of the ‘ Detractors ’ of the Americans—and whether we sin against propriety, either in

consideration of fact, or of our somewhat delicate situation, in doing so, will appear in the sequel. This class of persons, for some reasons, seems to be rather numerous in these days—reasons, which, as being curious, will also claim a portion of our attention in the proper place. The entire corps appear to have conspired, not only in the appropriate work of their profession, but in settling the questions they agitate, and foreclosing all debate. They seem reluctant to give a hearing—or else, deeming themselves competent to say all that needs to be said, have judged it unnecessary. More truly, perhaps, they have foredoomed the race, whom they have honoured with their strictures, to a condition of outlawry, and not only disqualified them, as witnesses, but denied them the right of a jury. They seem to have imagined themselves making up an account to be laid before eyes, that will never look, and poured into ears, that will never bend, to the other side;—they occupy, in their own estimation, ground exclusively their own. That we are not speaking at random, we propose to show, by introducing a few extracts from under their own hand.

“The best confirmation,” says Captain Hall, “of the *correctness* of my views, in the opinion

of indifferent persons, will perhaps be found in the *sorenness* of those, who *wince* when the truth is spoken."

"The fact is, that *wince* under it, as she may, America must learn to hear the *truth*."—*Blackwood*.

"There is a certain mere *weakness* in the character of the Americans—an extreme and irritable *sorenness*—an overweening, absolute, thorough-going intolerance of such criticism, as the *natives* (?) of any comparatively *uncivilized* country must expect to meet with, now and then, from the *observant* travellers of an older and more *refined* one."—*Quarterly Review*.

"After making all due allowance," says the British Critic, "for the glaring ingredients of her (Mrs. Trollope's) rhetorical *pallet*, there can remain *no doubt*, that the corrosion inflicted was *extreme*. We have very lately heard, or read the assertion, that Washington Irving himself has fairly given us up, and is about to turn his back upon us for ever. What may have been *her* share in driving him to this resolution, we are unable to say. We hope and trust, that our Transatlantic brethren will forgive us, if we venture honestly to avow, that to us nothing is more

utterly incomprehensible, than this *irritable nationality*."

The British Critic has also honoured us with the following pleasant, and considering that he is a Theologian, dignified comparison:—"While they (the Americans) are provided with something analogous to the *bristling* apparatus of a *certain* animal, which has been described by the epithet 'fretful,' they nevertheless have about them some places, *so soft and tender*, that (if) 'man but rush against them,' the whole body is instantly thrown into convulsions!"

And even our excellent friend and advocate, the Edinburgh Review, has not acquitted us on this count:—"These things (the provocations of the English press) must not be taken so seriously at heart. While the license of remark on his comings-in and goings-out is *confined within the proper limits of pleasantry and good feeling*, (well said) should our run-away child continue to *fret* and *sulk* about it, *we* (even) shall be always ready to join in chiding the childishness of such behaviour. He is too big a fellow now, and ought to be too much of a man to mind such trifles. A provincial *sorenness* of this kind is unworthy of his present greatness."

We will not extend this particular chapter of extracts, although it were easy enough to make a book of them. Nor will we, in this place, deny the justness of their application. Some of them are caustic enough, and some of them are very pleasant. Our object in introducing them here, as we think will be apparent, is to sustain our opening paragraph:—that John Bull insists, that Jonathan shall lie still to be whipped; that, if he turns a bit, or manifests the least symptom of uneasiness, it only proves him guilty; or if he is quiet, his submission is taken for a subscription, a certificate to the righteousness of his castigation; whatever he does, or does not do, it all proves the same thing; if he speaks not, he is pronounced a self-confessed rogue; if he speaks, it is equally the seal of his reprobation.

Now, our gentle masters, although for many reasons we have great respect for your authority, yet for this particular reason, we almost dare to say: this is a hard case. Since ye are not content with any gainsaying; and since, as we shall have occasion to show, ye have stoutly challenged us, on pain of eternal infamy, to the disproof of these *sore* accusations, pray advise us what to do in such predicament. Ye have dealt upon us

some hard blows, and ye say, we have ‘ winced.’ Ye have judged us, and ye say, we must not speak; for that will prove a vicious temper. And yet ye say: you *must* speak and defend, or never look up. Being in distress, we are willing to be advised. *Will* ye bless us with your counsel?

To be sober and honest, we are a little suspicious, that our ‘ Detractors’ on this side of the water, who have never been over among us, have been imposed upon—we will not at present say, in regard to matters and things in general—but in regard to our *extreme sensitiveness* to the criticisms of other folks; and that in consequence, there has been a prodigious waste of eloquence. For, that there has been not a little of *sentimentality* in requisition and exercise on this topic, the extracts already made, we humbly think, will sufficiently evince. And these, being mere specimens, are as so many drops of a river, to the whole torrent; as so many specks of the balance, to the clouds of dust, that have been afloat in the wind. These untravelled ‘ Detractors,’ sitting in their chairs at home, till they have become nervous, and receiving the accounts of their vagrant and enterprising brethren and *sister*, nothing

doubting, have *deplored* over the sensitiveness of the Americans, so long, so thoroughly, and so deeply, that themselves, by sympathy, or some other law, seem to have taken the fit, become morbid, and we seriously fear, are in no small danger of a fatal termination. They seem to have become thoroughly and exquisitely sensitive, they are thrown into spasms even, for the sensitiveness of others—of foreigners — of a people so far off, as in justice to have no strong claim for such regard. Now, if it should turn out, that all these tears, and all this distress, and all this eloquence have been for nothing, it would be laughable enough.

We certainly shall be very sorry to ‘detract’ even a jot from the luxurious satisfactions of such great kindness. But inasmuch as some morbid and very alarming symptoms are apparent; and if, peradventure, there be yet any hope of these *patients*, they are quite welcome to our specific, or nostrum, or *panacea*, whatever it be called, which like all other Republican, or Yankee ‘notions,’ is very simple, and may easily be comprehended. We assert no professional privilege in the administration : ‘ Swallow this, and ask no questions.’ The philosophy of our dose is open to

all, and obvious at first sight. It is true we have no Diploma from any Faculty, because the necessities of the special case were not anticipated. We shall perhaps be accused of empiricism. But having already full credit, as a people, for practising in that way, and having attained no small reputation, as must be confessed, we hope our recommendation will not be despised on that account. A useful secret is, perhaps, one time in a thousand pretensions, found lodged even in such hands.

But let not expectation get too high. We are sorry to say, that we are, personally, put even to greater disadvantage than this: We are compelled, in the extraordinary circumstances, in which we are placed, to propound, in the first instance, and as the first ingredient of our prescription, our own testimony. But, we promise to support it by a philosophical observation. And, moreover, itself shall be simple, and so obviously natural, that we have no concern, but that it will have its proper influence.

Our testimony is this: First, that our opportunities of knowing facts, relating to this question, and of understanding its merits, have not been small. We have been a score of years, since we

finished the first score of our life, on the wide field of the American public. There is scarcely a section of any importance, from its most cultivated portions (we beg pardon for calling any thing there *cultivated*) to its wildest retreats, which we have not surveyed. We have seen all conditions of life, near enough to have some knowledge of them; we have travelled there in all forms, by more ways and through more places, than we can easily count; we have paid some attention to all the institutions of the country, from the fabric of the national constitution, through all corporate grades of the social economy, down to the most trifling voluntary associations; we have witnessed the parliamentary deliberations of nearly or quite half of the twenty-four States; we have sat for a whole term under the discussions of the American Congress; we have talked with every President that has flourished in our own day; in a word, we have some claims for saying, that we know somewhat of the temper, habits, and manners of that people, and of the structure and operations of society there.

And yet, with all our opportunities of observation, we must honestly say, that we should have remained for ever ignorant of that peculiar

sensitiveness to the criticisms of foreigners, of that “irritable nationality,” of those “soft and tender places,” of that “soreness,” of that “eternal self-adulation,” and “begging of compliments,” of which we have been so publicly, so gravely, and so solemnly convicted — if our attention had not been challenged to these facts, and to the symptoms, which make the proof of this character, by British travellers in America, and by the almost expiring *dolours* of the British press on that account.

We are aware, that the rule of subtraction may be applied to our testimony, without impeaching its character: How can these Americans be competent witnesses, having no standard of comparison, but their own? Nay — but ye say, we have been in a passion; — that whenever this tender spot is touched, we *fly* into a passion. And need we admonish you, that there are two things, which men never forget: — their joys and their discomforts? Can it be, that we have been in a passion, and a violent passion, and yet remain unconscious of the unhappiness? Ye say, we are “sore.” Can that be, and we not *feel* it? Can we have witnessed our neighbours, all around us, and all our lives

long, habitually manifesting this temper, and yet have no impression of the facts?

But so far as *ourselves* is concerned, we *have* been *blessed* with a *standard*, since we came across the water. And really and most honestly, with all this advantage, we cannot aver, that we were in any good way of being rescued from our ignorance and stupid simplicity, independent of the informations lodged against us, in the form of a charge, by this corps of 'Detractors.' We never should have suspected it, either from the hints of conscience, or the records of observation.

Now for the *philosophy* of this, our own testimony. We would not have consented to appear in the awkward condition of a volunteer witness, in our own behalf, if we had not had the promise of being well supported by a sufficient number of plain, common-sense reasons—reasons, which have the same and equal influence, before all minds, in all parts of the world—(the effect of vice on the judgment always excepted)—and that because they are founded in human nature.

It is true, we have heard, in our childhood, our grandfathers, and the elder brothers of our father, talk about the "red coats" (British military uniform) somewhat in the spirit 1776,

and from that time onward to the peace of 1783. They told their stories, however, with great dignity and condescension, while sitting in their arm-chairs, rather to amuse their grandchildren and nephews, than from any excitement themselves, who had been actors in the scenes, could possibly be the subjects of, after so great a lapse of time. We listened to them always with respect, and sometimes with deep and thrilling interest, when their accounts were sufficiently particular and graphic to seize upon our imagination, as well as to impress our feelings. We loved to hear them talk of “battle-fields,” and always liked it best when the victory came on “the right side,” especially at the *last*. But still we wondered at the enthusiasm and the apparent living over again of days and years gone by so long, which seemed to characterise some of these narratives—especially those, which told of events and scenes, in which themselves had been personally engaged, and where they had suffered a little of the sublimity of peril. But it was morally impossible, that *we* should feel as *they* felt. The difference between us was: that *we* belonged to another generation. We were amused and entertained with the history in which they bore a

principal part; but we could never be *impassioned* with it.

And here is the secret of the question. It is moral and philosophical: a second, and for the most part, a third generation have succeeded to those, who fought the battles and achieved the triumphs of the American revolution, as it is called. They understand, or ought to understand its history. They should know the reasons, for which their fathers fought and bled. They should know, that they have a country, and ought to be patriots. And, as a people, they do, perhaps, know about as much as this. But of the appropriate spirit and zeal of that day, which, in the language of the country, “tried men’s souls,” they know nothing. It is impossible they should. Personal experience is not hereditary. Political dislikes and national animosities cannot be transfused by natural generation. Education may indeed create prejudices of a similar type. But what has been the fact in this particular, with regard to America?

Fourth-of-July orations were indeed kept up, till every body was tired of them, as long ago as half the date of American Independence. And the occasion is scarcely made any thing else of, than a healthful holiday of the nation, and here

and there to furnish an opportunity for the breaking of some young lawyer, or Academician, into the exercise of public speaking—he having a dispensation beforehand, and by universal suffrage, to employ as much declamation, as he shall please—being well advised, that he will not have credit, in a single sentence, for any thing else, unless he does a very extraordinary thing. Honestly, we do not think there is a single spark of the hating and jealous spirit of the Revolution, in the ordinary celebrations of the great national anniversary of the Fourth-of-July. And if not there, where can it be expected to be found? The truth is, so far as our observation goes, that spirit is entirely extinct in the United States, in all that it ever partook of a national aversion towards the original and parent state, and so far as there was any jealousy in it towards this quarter. We speak of the people, as a body, as a nation. That some individuals will be silly, and behave foolishly, we know is a common infirmity and a common blemish of society all the world over.

The people of the United States know, that they are a nation. And they have some self-respect. We should be very sorry, if they had

not. But, that they have an overweening desire for the praise of foreigners, and are especially quick to resent a foreigner's criticisms, as a national characteristic, is, in our opinion, so far from being true, that, we are sorry to be obliged to confess, they are justly chargeable, as a nation, with the *opposite* vices: too much indifference and too great insensibility to the opinion and judgment of the world respecting themselves. It is one of the unfortunate, but natural results of their institutions, their government, their every thing, that goes to form the national character: that they do not care a *fig* for the rest of the world. And the statement we are now making, it seems to us, needs only be propounded to a sensible man, and he will see and feel, that it is, in substance, just; that it could not be otherwise.

The present generation of the Americans has been cradled and bred in the secure, undisturbed, and we may add, unmenaced enjoyment of their privileges, such as they are; and with which they profess to be contented. They do not, they cannot know, as a national sentiment, such a feeling as jealousy. There has been nothing in their history to call it into action, or keep it alive.

Remote from the rest of the formidable portions of the world, having once acquired their independence and national standing, under the greatest disadvantages, they have never entertained a doubt, in subsequent periods, of their ability to maintain it. Their national characteristic, in this particular,—and we confess it is a vice,—is a most imperturbable equanimity.

Great Britain has national jealousy. And we bring it not as a charge; we mention it not as a vice. Properly modified, it may be a most worthy and patriotic virtue. Her vicinity to and her almost uninterrupted collisions with rival powers, and her constant and peculiar liability to collision, have unavoidably made jealousy one of the most prominent and ruling passions of the empire. It would go to pieces without it.

What then, becomes of all this parade and mummery of American “sensitiveness,” “irritability,” “sorenness,” &c. &c. &c. as if language were too poor to comprehend the amount, or express the extravagance of its freaks? And what becomes of the testimony? We will not condescend to say, it is false. It is puerile—it is silly—nothing can be more so.

It will be seen, that we could not proceed an

inch in our task, till we had broken through this net, which has been thrown over our heads—till we had cleared the horns of this dilemma :—that whatever we do, or do not do, it all and equally convicts us of every several article of the indictment. Was it becoming in a generous adversary to seal his opponent under such a doom ? And what party, we beg to be informed, could not terminate a controversy to suit himself, at any moment in the same way ?

II.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE WITNESSES.

“ Captain Basil Hall is *that* British traveller, whose views of society and public feeling in the United States, merit most confidence.”—*Quarterly Review*.

As it is but a few days since this recommendation was thrown out in this new form, and being so much more valid than the earliest editions, as that the Captain’s reputation is now declared confirmed, and himself entitled to take rank on the shelves with the British Classics, expurgated by ordeal, without losing any thing, and coming out immaculate—it is hardly meet, for the somewhat general purpose we have in view, to overlook so important a witness; although, for some other reasons, he may seem a little out of date. He might, indeed, have been long ago lost in “the cloud,” but for that proud pre-eminence, which his gallantry, his intrepidity, and many other excellent qualities have gained for

him;—and but for the repeated endorsements of unsuspected (in certain quarters unsuspected) and long tried authorities. That the Captain has been recently thrown a little into the background, confessedly outdone, his brightest glories eclipsed—his own characteristic urbanity and great courtesy—more especially his consciousness—we cannot doubt, would most submissively allow. If he stood before us at this moment, notified of this respect doing and done to his politeness, we should expect to see him making one of the lowest prostrations, which the manners of the age will authorize, to signify his assent. And the world, doubtless, are all of the same opinion. To be outdone by a woman—(we beg pardon—by a *lady*) would not be so honourable for a soldier, if it were on the field of battle; nor for a Captain in the Navy, if it were in the business of his own profession. But, although it may not be equally obvious to all minds at first sight, and at this stage of our examination, it will perhaps appear in the end, that, even for a *man*—for a gallant officer of the British Navy—to be outdone, in this particular way, by an *English* lady, is at least more honourable by the algebra of negatives.

But there is such a striking and marvellous

affinity between these two prodigies, Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope, that we have more than half suspected, that they are twins of the same mother; that they were cradled in the same nursery, educated in the same school of morals and manners; that they had been accustomed to sympathize on all subjects; that their visits to America were a concerted plan, the second to confirm the first; and that the sister, being the brighter and cleverer of the two, was prudently ordained to put the final seal and finish on the common enterprise.

If, however, it should happen, that we are wrong in this suspicion, it has seemed to us, that the simultaneous appearance of these two phenomena, of such a kindred and exact type, might fairly entitle them to a permanent intimacy; and that, if Fanny Wright's principles of society can be established in season—(and we are doubtful how much it is the fault of Mrs. Trollope, that they are not already in operation—having strongly suspected, from certain appearances on the pages of her own book, that she and the said Fanny quarrelled, and thus unfortunately lost the victory, by the division of their forces;—if, however, this temporary check can be seasonably remedied,) it

has occurred to us, that these twins of heart and intellect might yet reap the advantages of this blessed era, and come together.

But, if *this* cannot be, we have a more grave proposal—which being not only practicable, but eminently congruous, and as we think all will agree, not a little important, as an example for the encouragement of all such worthy and highly useful enterprises. And lest we should forget it, we may as well propound it here. It is this: that, as the University of Oxford has conferred certain academical honours upon Captain Hall for his services in America, they should do the same for Mrs. Trollope's, as being not only equally well, but more deservedly earned. And we take the liberty of saying, that if this is not done at an early period, they will be guilty of a most flagrant injustice. In this demand, we hereby declare ourselves the zealous and determined supporters of Mrs. Trollope.

That we should notice Basil Hall, as a subject of some of the strictures, which have devolved upon us, will not be brought in charge as an unworthy condescension, after all the honours he has received from the British public. But with

regard to Mrs. Trollope, we have had some scruples—we have looked around to see what company we might be in. With her book in our hand, and our eyes upon its pages, we have been at one time startled ; at another, disgusted ; at another, filled with absolute loathsomeness ; and nobody who has read it, (we mean her “Domestic Manners,”) will be surprised to hear us say : we have been *shocked*. The time has gone by, however, when it was necessary to wait and ask : whether such indecencies could be tolerated? And we mean not, by this, to speak offensively of the public. We have looked for, and we have, to our own satisfaction, discovered the reasons. We shall probably have occasion to discuss some of them. And we can cheerfully—we do most cordially say, in this place—that we still respect and esteem the very people, among whom the appetite for such a book so extensively exists—although the admission of the fact might seem at first sight in a high degree libellous.

It is not for us, therefore, at this time and in such company, to say, that we will not condescend to notice such a book. In less than a year it is in the fourth edition, and we are told,

that each has been numerous. Every body reads it, or has read it. The most respectable Periodicals—all, indeed, have honoured it with their strictures, or commendations. And not a few, which, we need not say, are in the highest consideration, in the highest conditions of life, and whose long established merit, in their appropriate office, requires not our eulogy to confirm—have taken this book under the wing of their especial protection, and endorsed it, as containing in their opinion a veritable account of the “Domestic Manners of the Americans;” and they have proceeded, on the authority of its details, to establish conclusions, some of them, indeed, of trivial, and some of no unimportant character. However, therefore, regarding the book in itself, and having reasons to know its merits, we might have given it a rank equally beneath the least claim to our refutation, our denial, or contempt; still, this series of accidents, this concentration of public attention, have given it a sufficient importance to make our apology for profaning, we had almost said, polluting our lips with its name—and for taking the opportunity of disabusing the British public, so far as our humble sphere of influence may

extend, of some of the atrocious calumnies, which have been but too largely circulated by this and other congenial publications.

Captain Hall had confessedly monopolized the appropriate influence of all his predecessors, absorbed the grand topic, and assumed undivided empire, in relation to his own and their specific calling. Scarcely an individual of the same stamp, that went before him, has since been heard, or thought of. It would be lost time, therefore, and lost labour, to call them back from their oblivion. And although the gallant Captain has been for a little space in total eclipse, by the unexpected transit of his twin *sister*, over his broad, full, and luminous disk, he still occupies and fills his place ; there is yet a certain fixed and undefinable *substantiality* about him—we mean in public regard—which makes him worthy of our attention ; and which has entitled him to the honour of being ranked by us, side by side, with his more recent, and for the present, more notorious, if not more illustrious, fellow-labourer. Such are some of our reasons for introducing only these two witnesses—their endorsers at home only excepted, who of course have borrowed their testimony from these and

like originals. Not, that we may not make reference to others, if occasion should suggest, or demand. But these are *principal*—these are notorious—these fill the eye of the public. And if any of their admirers, who have swallowed their words greedily, and been nourished and edified by their profuse and various bounty, have already chuckled at our admission of the Captain's *substantiality*, as if it were a thing too real and too stubborn for us to dispose of, we only invite them to suspend this triumph, till we shall have done with him. Not, that we are so confident, although we must confess, that, in our opinion, the Captain has been vastly overrated. He shall, however, we promise, be fairly tried.

III.

THE SELF-SWEARING-IN OF THE WITNESSES.

IN the perusal of Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope we have been struck with one remarkable, characteristic, and pervading feature, (not one only) which, we should have supposed, honest purposes and a conscious fair dealing might have dispensed with. We would not, however, presume to impeach the records by this single fact. In Mrs. Trollope's case, on the supposition, that she had never obtruded herself upon the world before, as an authoress, it might have been suggested, and constantly kept in action, by a lurking sense of modesty. She was diffident, we will suppose—she felt an anxiety about the public acceptance of her first begotten—she was haunted by it—she wished to be believed. And yet, partly, from some secret misgivings, as to the natural credibility of her accounts, and partly from the want of an established reputation, she

thought it necessary to risk, and was tempted to the commission of the fault of a frequent solemn affirmation :—*that she was telling truth.* It was a weakness of some kind, doubtless. This charitable supposition is perhaps the most innocent.

But, if we are rightly informed, Captain Hall had no such apology for the anxiety he betrays, equally with Mrs. Trollope, to instal himself frequently into fresh credit, by some fresh and solemn asseveration. He was even then an author of some notoriety. He had seen much of the world. It could not be diffidence.

In truth, this extraordinary feature has forcibly arrested our attention, and set us upon moralizing. Americans, who know what foreigners cannot know, in regard to the statements of these two authors, may be excused for pausing and asking: Why this solicitude? They might be expected to detect this circumstance with a quicker, and to mark it with a keener eye. If, in fact, they have detected frequent high colouring, misrepresentation, exaggeration, gross caricature, and now and then a thing they do not like to give a name to, and find it all supported by much pains-taking to ensure its

acceptance and currency, as simple and unwrought truth, they are hardly to be blamed, if they attach less credence to the professed pure intentions of the authors, than those who have not the same interest.

We do not undertake to say at present how much of the above specific denominations of unfairness belongs to each of these authors, nor in what comparative proportion—for we wish to affirm nothing, until we have proved it, and only so far. In one particular, for aught we have been able to observe, they are nearly equal—and that is: in their anxiety to be believed.

Here we wish to make a remark or two, illustrative of our own views on this point. And as it is difficult for the mind, in such connexion, not to apply them, we purposely insert the caution, that the reasoning itself is *abstract*, and intended to be applied *only* as the developement of facts may justify.

We do, then, honestly consider, that this feature in a historian, traveller, biographer, or whatever writer, whose office it is to record facts, is, in itself ordinarily suspicious. Our doctrine is, that he who is actuated by a conscious singleness and

honesty of purpose, and who knows, that his statements are defended on all sides by the truth of facts, has no need of such an auxiliary to obtain credit. He knows that the moment he descends to it, he impeaches himself, and justly betrays, first, a want of confidence in his own story, and as a consequence, a want of confidence in his readers. And when a writer ventures upon extraordinary and startling communications, and resolves to leave no discretion with his readers to distinguish between what is probable and what is improbable, and attempts by dint of extra affirmation to impose more than the greatest credulity can subscribe to, he runs the hazard, not only of some loss of reputation with all sober and candid minds, but of a larger deduction from his accounts, as true, than what perhaps he merits. The substance of the moral lies in this: that honest recorders of the truth are not anxious to be believed. They will not libel themselves and the public by extraordinary pains for this object.

If this be a fair rule, we have a right to avail ourselves of its force, acting on the defensive as we are. And in such a cause, we are not answerable for the consequences. If unfair, we

renounce all its benefit; and we are compelled to dispense with it, so far as it may seem unfair in any one's mind.

Let us, then, try these witnesses by this principle.

Captain Hall says somewhere, and that professedly in application to the displeasure he anticipated from the Americans: "To please every body would require the abilities of an angel; and a hard task he would have of it." A heavy burden of this kind seems all along to be resting upon the spirits of the Captain. Now, although the substance of this remark is a common proverb, and involves a general truth, yet we take the liberty of saying, that it does not involve a truth in the particular application, which we suppose was intended here to be made. It may be thought, perhaps, that we are assuming a great deal of ground, and we may appear to some to be begging the great question. But, as the controversy between us and the Captain lies principally in detail, and as another opportunity will not perhaps offer for saying what the present application of this remark suggests, we beg leave to anticipate so much, as to say, and give some reasons for saying, in this place: that a *fair*

picture of any civilized community of tolerable purity in morals and manners, though it be given by a foreigner, will hardly ever displease. We may say more and absolutely: *that it will not displease.* It will not displease the sensible, the well educated, the influential portion of the community—those, who alone can express publicly, before the world, a voice—who have it in their power to make a clamour. And if it does not displease them, the world will never know, that it has displeased any body.

The reasons are obvious. Every nation, and every province, being of such character, as we have supposed, have their own peculiar vices—be it of manners, morals, religion, government, or whatever parts and parcels of their social economy. And the main body of the influential portion of such communities, at least so far as our observation goes, and we believe it is a general truth, are always willing, that their vices should be rebuked, from any quarter, and by whomsoever, so long as an equal candour is shown towards their virtues. They are interested in it. They have good and substantial reasons for coveting it. It helps them in the attainment of the objects of public reformation and improvement,

and arms their own endeavours with additional force. If we prove our ignorance of the world by this remark, we cannot help it; we shall at least prove what we *believe* to be true of our own country, if we are allowed to be honest. We think we know it to be so there; and we believe it is so generally.

It was quite unnecessary, therefore, for Mr. Hall, as an honest man, to arm himself, by anticipation, with such a shield. If, however, his own conscience suggested, that he might have need of it, we have nothing to say. Either his perspicacity, or his sense of fair dealing, is here a little exposed.

But this is not exactly the manner of his oaths. It only savours of them indirectly. We can easily find them in their plump and round forms.

“The truth of what I say, any foreigner, who has visited America, must have been made to feel, at *every corner* of the country, and during *every hour* of his stay.”* Get away from this, who can,

* A general remark this, no doubt, although it may have had a particular application. We are prone to the belief—and we should be amused, if the Captain would submit himself to the proof—that he is *organically developed* for *generalization*.

our countrymen. For, there is a host of witnesses, and they are all invoked. The Captain was obviously in trouble, standing alone. But, he has summoned all accusing spirits “from the vasty deep.” And at *his* bidding, what a *rush* there must needs be. This unlooked for challenge is absolutely astounding. We obtest thee, gallant Captain, be gentle.

“I am thus particular in stating the degree of *pains*, which I have taken, to arrive at *correct* knowledge on *these subjects*.” *General*, again. But the Captain was very conscientious. He was “thus particular.” He took such an amount of “pains.” Who can doubt, after such assurances? And they who saw his *flights*, and witnessed his sudden *entrances* and *exits*, must also be impressed with the fact of his “particular” “pains.” Surely, the man did not *himself* entertain misgivings, that he found a comfortable support by swearing in his conscience so often?

“The time will one day come, when I shall be proved true.” Bless us! How solemn this! quite in a fit of mysterious and doleful vaticination. What could be the matter? Was his conscience really in trouble? Or did he know himself to be a Jonah—but more prudent than

Jonah, resolved to keep out of the whale's belly? Was he, in truth, commissioned, and did he feel himself bound, under penalty of offending heaven, to declare these disagreeable truths, before they could be made manifest, as a part of the eternal system of verities? Oppressed as we feel by mere sympathy with him for the office imposed, and which, it must be confessed, he scrupulously discharged, we are forced to exclaim: what intrepidity! what unexampled virtue!

But we have a more extraordinary thing yet. And as it is so precious a morsel, we will make it conclude our extracts of this particular class; which, be it understood, we introduce merely as specimens; and which, running on, we fear would exhaust all patience, before we should get fairly into the chapter.

Mark it: “*Every word I now publish to the world, I have repeatedly and openly spoken in company, in all parts of the United States!*” We will not hold the Captain to his “*every word*.” No, that would be unreasonable. Say, that he was accustomed to edify “*his American friends*,” as he calls them, with the *substance* of these things, that would be quite enough, all things

considered. And even then, (the Captain must forgive us; for we are not so much used to sporting and athletic exercises in America) we are almost out of breath, in our endeavours to keep up with him. However, we take to ourselves some credit, in behalf of our country, from the following blessed and saving record:—“ Nothing could be more kind, or hospitable, or more obliging in all respects, than the Americans were to us, from end to end of the land.”

All but ruined, our hopes wrecked on the borders of despair, we thank the Captain for this. That must be a *meek* people, indeed, however they may be wanting in the dignity of self-respect—which has been so abundantly proved by the Captain and his fellow labourers to be out of all sight—yes, they must be meek, indeed, to have received from the Captain’s own lips, in the first edition, “ every word” of the fine things he has “ published to the world” about them; and yet entertain him in the manner he has certified above! And the Captain himself must be allowed to have enacted well the part of a plain, blunt John Bull! It will not be expected, that we shall dispute the record concerning hospitality. And

if the Captain himself has no objections to the other, we cannot say, that we have any. Query: Does the Captain mean, that this swearing covers his last chapter of *forty-three pages*, and “every word” of it, the same being an unbroken dialogue between himself and an American? Or, is this an exception, got up, “à loisir,” a liberty which Mrs. Trollope never took?

Nevertheless, we shall see by and by, that there is more of truth in Captain Hall’s declaration of frankness, than our readers, at this stage, will be likely to give him credit for. And “thereon hangs a tale”—a secret yet to be developed.

We must now dismiss the Captain for the present, and turn to the swearing of Mrs. Trollope. We hope we do not offend any body, by the rough name, which it has seemed meet to us to apply to this peculiar practice. Of course, we mean nothing more, than the various, yet similar and characteristic modes, by which these witnesses solemnize their frequent asseverations to obtain credit, just before or immediately after some tough story. And really, to be honest, we think it was quite natural, though it might not be wise,

to have done so. And such being virtually the thing, we see no impropriety in calling it by its own proper name. Nay—it could not be well designated by any other term. And this is our apology. We mean to express by it the simple fact of the case: a sort of judicial affirmation, peculiar, certainly, in manner and circumstance.

As Mrs. Trollope has not yet been fairly introduced by us to the scene of her useful labours, (and for that matter we have some amends to make to Captain Hall) we would briefly observe:—That, as ill luck would have it, this lady went into America at the wrong end, in unfortunate company (with Miss Wright), and as we have some reasons to suspect, out of humour with that capricious deity, which in her religion probably bears the name of Dame Fortune. She has been quite frank in her confessions of an uncomfortable state of feeling towards the country she left behind, implying, as we have supposed, some delicious visions and affluent expectations from the prospects before her. “I had a *little* leaning towards sedition when I set out,” she says; which, perhaps, judging from the developments of her character under her own hand, may fairly be taken, as comprehending somewhat of a

seditious temper towards all the world, in so far as it had not been very kind to her.

But there remained one fairy vision, which had not yet been tried; one land of promise; one bubble, throwing out, in the sunshine of expectation, from its full and fair surface, all the dazzling splendours of the prism. But it was a good way off. And as “distance lends enchantment to the view,” it was so much more attractive to an ardent temper, under control of a restless and creative fancy. America, it would seem, has been a bubble to all the world for two centuries and an half. And since it can hardly be imagined, that there has not been experience enough in this time to answer all the purposes of advice, (certainly there is *now* no want of *self* styled faithful *report*) it may be concluded, that it will continue to be a bubble to the end of time—Mr. Hall’s and Mrs. Trollope’s monitions to the contrary notwithstanding. But when Mrs. Trollope laid her hand upon the vision, it vanished. She was cured of her sedition, and returned. And she now recommends to government, that, instead of sending such persons to the Tower, they be sentenced to make a tour through the United States, to be made good subjects.

But to Mrs. Trollope's oaths.

“ I beg leave to *assure* the reader, that whenever I give conversations, they are not made *à loisir*—but were written down *immediately* after they occurred, with all the verbal fidelity my memory permitted.” Our readers will hardly fail to remark the exact type of character, moral and literal, between the affirmations of this lady and those of the Captain. We shall show the probable truth of this hereafter—and marvellous enough it is, in our regard.

“ The annexed sketch (a lithograph, or wood-cut representation of a Cincinnati court of justice) will better describe *what we saw*, than any thing I can *write*.” “ What we *saw*,” let it be observed. The “ sketch ” has probably been seen by most of our readers. For the information of those, who have not seen it, we may say, that the caricature is too sad a failure to provoke a laugh. But it is sworn to, as more exact to the *life*, than pen could describe. Now it happens, that we have been in the courts of Cincinnati repeatedly, and in the hottest days of summer, when that exhibition ought to have appeared. And we have been in the courts of Westminster Hall. But, wigs and gowns aside, those ministers,

without which justice must for ever halt, at least appear undignified, in the estimation of Captain Hall, and we suppose, of Mrs. Trollope; and bating some differences in the fashion of the court-rooms, and the fixtures and needful furniture thereof,—in either of which places, they are perhaps susceptible of improvement,—we must say, that independent of these hints to quicken our drowsy recollections, we might possibly have been at a loss, on which side, by a sudden challenge, we should have drawn a favourable comparison. And even with this help, we are quite embarrassed. But our sojourn in that city was one year later than Mrs. Trollope's. And as the Americans are an improving and an advancing race, these two considerations may account for the difference. But, observe—how far ahead of the rest of the world, by that rule, these Americans must have got in two years since!

Mrs. Trollope solemnly certifies her readers: “It has been my object in speaking of the customs of the people, to give an idea of what they are *generally*.” We think, in truth, that these two witnesses, tallying so exactly in *developements* of mind, would also exhibit, on examination, similar physical conformations, if there be any

truth in the doctrines of Gall's and Spurzheim's school. "Generally." For example : *this*, or *that* fact, if it be sufficiently ridiculous, is *American*—not insulated. And Mrs. Trollope being, as the Quarterly Reviewer certifies, "an *English* lady of sense and acuteness,"* having "enjoyed unusually favourable opportunities of observation,"† and being "so qualified," her testimony, as a *generalizer*, is not to be despised.

But take and swallow the following, ye who can. As our comments upon it, and the stories appended thereto, are allotted to another place, we only remark here, that, so far as the narrative has obtained credit,—and we fear it has had its influence,—it is, in our opinion, one of the most fearfully responsible affirmations, ever placed on record, by the hand of man, or woman :—

"In detailing it (a religious scene) I fear I shall be accused of exaggeration. All I can do is cautiously to avoid deserving it. The subject is highly interesting, and it would be a fault of no trifling nature to treat it with levity." Didst

* But, alas! see what the Reviewer says of Mrs. Trollope, in his notice of her "*Refugee*."

† See her book, and mark how *much* and *what* she saw of America.

thou “*fear*,” Madam? *Wast* thou “*cautious*?” *Didst* thou believe, that sinning here would be “a fault of no trifling nature?” If there be not truth in that record,—and we hold thee to it,—and truth, in all that decency would wish to be false, then is this hypocrisy doubly damned!

We shall conclude Mrs. Trollope’s pledges of her conscience, by the most deliberate “*à loisir*” asseveration, which her retired seclusions in America could afford—an acknowledged seclusion, for the advantages of which, by her own implied admissions, there was no apology for the leaving of a highly coloured, much less of an exaggerated picture, on her manuscript; an asseveration, in which she professes to cut and trim down her original papers, not to lop off the false, for there was none—but only to dispense with such items of the true, as might have been recorded, not in the best humour:—

“I passed in review (at Alexandria, she says) *all I had seen—all I had felt—and scrupulously challenged every expression* of disapprobation. The result was, that I omitted in transcription much that I had written, as containing unnecessary details of things, that displeased me. Yet as I did so, *I felt strongly*, that there was *no*

exaggeration in them. But such details, though *true*, might be ill-natured.” Here then we have the attestation for the expurgated records — purged of malice—purged of every spice of ill nature—deliberately and conscientiously purged —and sealed pure, as in the sight of heaven. There is no little formality here. Here is a parade of conscience, and of all the apparatus and solemnities of a court. And if this is not swearing to the record, and for every part of it, we know not what is.

Captain Hall swears for himself, and for all his predecessors of the same class. Mrs. Trollope swears for the Captain—not forgetting her own needs. And the Quarterly, Blackwood, the British Critic, and others, in turn, and with like solemnities, instal these authors into full and unquestionable credit. And they have all agreed, not only, that every thing recorded among themselves is true, but that every contradiction from the Americans is so much additional proof.

As a specimen of this fellowship, take Mrs. Trollope’s attestation to the Captain:—“ To say that I found not *one* exaggerated statement throughout the work, is by no means saying enough. It is impossible for any one, who knows

the country, not to see, that Captain Hall earnestly sought out things to admire and commend."

So much for what we have thought proper to call the *self-swear-ing-in of the witnesses*. Why, it may be asked, should not these tourists have been contented with a straight forward, simple story? Why turn aside so frequently to affirm, that they are telling truth? Did themselves doubt the truth of their accounts? Or, did they apprehend that their readers would have good reason to doubt? By showing themselves suspicious, they have roused suspicion—and that, independent of their startling—we had almost said—creations. But for the present, call them stories. Their true character is yet to be made out. Even those who have shown themselves not *unwilling* to accept them as true, have already, in various forms, yielded to the admission of their exaggeration—of their prodigality of colouring—and in regard to some parts, of their just claims to rank with caricatures. A little more respect, it is true, and we think in justice, is paid to Basil Hall; although we shall find yet more occasion to observe the approximations they make to each other. In their *paintings*, they might be supposed to have taken lessons from the same

master; they are, in this particular, as like to each other, as two pieces of mechanism, constructed by the same artist, after the same model, for the same office; as like as two seals, which enstamp the same impression.

IV.

CAPTAIN HALL'S HUMOUR.

THERE is an old proverb in America: “ that feathers show which way the wind blows.” We regret very much, that the truly *histrionic* exhibitions, which Captain Hall made of himself in America, must be lost to the world, so far as the real life and spirit of the original specimens are concerned. We are happy, however, to be able to refer to the faint image of them, which is stamped upon his records. Like the feather in the wind, so the Captain’s *airs*, wherever he is, betray his secret emotions, and the main drift of his mind.

Look for example to the *airs* which he puts on, at his entrance into America, extending to the momentous period of his first breakfast in the city of New York. Although the entire subject matter, here referred to, is compressed by his own hand within less than five

pages, it divides itself naturally into four several parts.

No. I. *Captain Hall's wicked temper towards the Americans*, “when a midshipman of the *Leander*, flag ship of the *Halifax* station,” confessed. “In former days, I confess, I was not very well disposed towards the Americans; *a feeling shared with all my companions on board, and probably also with most of my superiors.*” This was his state of mind, as we are informed, “some two or three and twenty years before” he “resolved to *investigate* this interesting subject for himself,” “on the occurrence of an interval of professional labour.”

No. II. *narrates the happy (?) change, when he became more enlightened, as he thought.* He fell in raptures with those, whom he had before hated. Query: Have not both the Captain and Mrs. Trollope a little constitutional proneness to extremes? But he takes care to inform us, that the *instruments* of his conversion were the Americans themselves, whom he met successively in various parts of the globe, “all of whom gave the most animating and unqualified praise to their country and its institutions; accompanied, *invariably*, by vehement denunciations against the whole race of travellers, whose statements

they represented, as being, *without exception*, false and slanderous, and consequently as doing their country no justice.” But the Captain became more wise, as none will forget, who have read his book; and he learned to *abate* a little from this inordinate disposition and offensive practice of self-praise. And he tells us, that, down to the time of his mission to America, when himself had got to feel more kindly towards these republicans: “I found *very few* people in England of my way of thinking.” Here we seem cast between two perils. If we subscribe to this statement of Captain Hall, we fear we should not only offend, but do injustice to the British public. But an escape opens before us: such might have been the temper of the Captain’s particular circle of friends; but we do not believe it to be characteristic of the British community. On the contrary, we have reason, not only to believe, but to know, that the British public, as a body, are generous towards the Americans. And we take this opportunity to say, as it is perhaps a befitting place, that we have not undertaken our present office, from any such conviction, as Captain Hall expresses above; nor for want of faith in the kind feeling of the English towards us. But, it is to *disabuse*

abused minds, and to wipe away, so far as our influence may extend, certain wicked aspersions, which are injurious to the best interests of society all the world over. And although we may seem a little severe towards the instruments of these aspersions, we wish to be fair ; and we doubt not we shall find an apology in the breasts of a generous public. Caterers and venders of scandal should know, that they cannot stalk abroad with impunity over the face of the earth, and find a market for their commodity, always open, with the better part of mankind—claiming and realizing, not simply exemption from rebuke, but approval and compliments for their labours.

No. III. *The noble, philanthropic, and romantic character of Captain Hall's mission, as depicted by himself.* “ Accordingly I set out for America, with the confident expectation, not only of finding ample materials for justifying these favourable impressions, adopted *from* the Americans ; but of being able, by a fair statement of the case, to soften, in some degree, the asperity of that ill-will, of which it was impossible to deny the existence, and which was looked upon by many persons in both countries, as a serious international evil.

“ Probably, therefore, there seldom was a traveller, who visited a foreign land in a more kindly spirit. (!) I was *really* desirous of seeing every thing, relating to the people, country, and institutions, in the most favourable light; and *was resolved to use my best endeavours* to represent to my countrymen what was good, in colours which might incline them to think the Americans more worthy of their regard and confidence, *than they generally were esteemed in England*. It was also part of my project, if possible, to convince the Americans themselves, that the English were willing to think well of them, and were sincerely anxious to be on good terms, if they could only see just grounds for a change of sentiment. Such were the hopes and wishes, with which I landed in America.”

Is the captain a knight? If not, surely he merits to be dubbed. Was ever a man in a better mood? Was ever a spirit more disinterested? The days of chivalry are upon us again. And behold the illustrious champion! His purpose is fixed; his heart dilates and beats sound and strong to the most generous sentiments. And surely, he will not easily be diverted from his purpose. So noble and great an object is worth

—not the labours of a man's life simply, though he were a prince—it is worth a crown of martyrdom in the end. And, doubtless, we shall see this true knight-errant, so clad and mounted and with such a heart, patient in toil, invincible in self-denial, and brave to encounter every obstacle. He has thoroughly adopted the worthy objects of his gallantry in his best affections, and no trifling accident will diminish his regard.

No. IV. “A thousand years would not wipe out the recollections of our first breakfast at New York.” Besides “the fresh shad,” “a great steaming, juicy beef-steak also made its appearance, flanked by a dish of mutton cutlets. . . . To these viands were added a splendid arrangement of snow white rolls, regiments of hot toast, with oceans of tea and coffee.” (!!!) And the stout-hearted knight's spirit is broken and subdued. His soul faints within him. If he were to live “a thousand years,” he would never get over it. A breakfast—not a meagre one—not one that threatens starvation—no—but a most bounteous breakfast—a breakfast, which, with all its other provisions, (as above) exhibits “a great steaming, juicy beef-steak”—(of which a true

John Bull should never be afraid)—this truly alarming repast has frightened his high soul out of him; and he betrays no more an excessive love for America! Like *another* one, whom we cannot name in our present mood, and while suspiring under the shock of our disappointment, he is cured of his “seditious.” His Majesty, the King of Great Britain, no doubt, has appreciated the importance and efficacy of that most fortunate incident, which so thoroughly rebuked an errant and impetuous tendency towards the sin of Republicanism, and confirmed for ever a gallant and meritorious officer in his “loyalty.” *

* The following is a description of a breakfast for *one* individual, in England, by Puckler Muskau: “In the middle of the table smoked a large tea urn, prettily surrounded by silver tea canisters, a slop basin, and a milk jug. There were three small Wedgwood plates, with as many knives and forks, and two large cups of beautiful porcelain. By them stood an inviting plate of boiled eggs; another ditto of broiled ‘oreilles de cochon à la Sainte Ménéhould;’ a plate of muffins, kept warm by a hot water plate; another with cold ham; flaky white bread, dry and buttered toast; the best fresh butter in an elegant glass vessel; convenient receptacles for salt and pepper; English mustard and ‘moutarde de maillé;’ lastly, a silver tea caddy, with very good green and black tea.” This breakfast was at an inn, in Woburn, Dec. 26, 1826. It will probably be allowed, that the German prince, on the whole, demonstrates the advantage over Basil Hall, in the ‘*material of description*,’

If it should be imagined by any, that we have overrated the importance of this breakfast, and that it deserveth not the epithet we have already applied to it, as having been “momentous,” we can only say, that from that moment, so far as facts demonstrate, the Captain abandoned his mission—relinquished his high and self-appointed trust, and devoted himself to—we will not say what. If we may take his own record, however, (before adduced) as testimony: He occupied himself, “in all parts of the United States,” in the distribution (by detail and orally, we suppose) of the first edition of “every word he has since published to the world;” not very well calculated, perhaps, to bring about the reconciliation he had so nobly proposed to himself on leaving England.

Moreover, forty-five days after the Captain's arrival at New York, we find him at a public dinner, Brockville, Canada, making a flaming, or rather a sort of splitting-hair-speech, on “Dependence” and “Independence,” in which he

though, it is not unlikely, that Mr. Hall had the better in the more *substantial* material for eating. But it is the *eventfulness* of Captain Hall's breakfast, that throws Prince Muskau's entirely into the shade.

gives some very substantial reasons for preferring the former to the latter. The *drift* of the thing is not very equivocal. It would probably satisfy any one's mind, that if the “breakfast” was not decisive, as we have supposed, the Captain had got thoroughly done *over*, or back again, from his Republican taint, before he arrived at Brockville—unless he hath in him a little bit of the hypocrite. And for our parts, we thoroughly absolve him from that sin. It is true, he occasionally puts on *airs*, but they are never, in our opinion, of a character to deceive.

Nor can we easily suppose, that the inconveniences and hardships, suffered between the breakfast at New York and the dinner at Brockville, could have performed the office of a total ejectionment of the intrepid Captain's philanthropy. Such a conclusion would be an impeachment of that sort of character, which is so advantageously displayed in extracts No. III. In our view, there is no philosophy to account for so great a change, short of the supposition, that this modern champion of Christendom was overtaken by some sudden and astounding event, which did the business at once, before he had time to muster and save himself. And such evidently, according to

his own account, was the breakfast at New York. He declares the impression indelible—within a thousand years;—and therefore as that period is somewhat beyond the age of man, it may be assumed as indelible. It must have been a tremendous shock. Not a single symptom of the proper spirit of the mission, so far as we have been able to discover, ever showed itself afterwards. He was no more the knight to put two quarrelling nations at one again.

The Captain must forgive us, that his *airs* have irresistibly provoked us to look at them, and see what they might be. We fear, it would be as utterly beyond our power to please him, in the notice of such an exhibition of himself, as it evidently was for him to please the Americans, after the exhibition of the New York breakfast. Could the Captain expect, that we should repose implicit confidence in such pretensions, if we did not find them sustained at the proper juncture? Such eminent virtue ought not, in our opinion, to have been frightened out of a man's soul by the merest trifles;—especially, when he had himself, as he says somewhere, been “*knocked* about all his life in every part of the globe;” and of course may reasonably be supposed not a perfect

stranger to *bruises*. But alas! with all his encounters, he never anticipated *such an one!*

We are sorry, that the Captain, out of mere love and disinterested kindness to us, Americans, should have run the risk of exposing the unsoundness of his loyalty at a certain period—and of subjecting himself to the charge of “*sedition*.” Be it understood, however, by these presents, if needs be, that ourselves will undertake his defence against all such suspicions. The Captain is not so capable of an equivocal purpose. Wherever he is, if the slight opportunity we *once** had to know him did not deceive us, his *airs* betray all his secrets. To have seen him once, especially in such *exciting* circumstances, as he always found himself in, while he was in America, is to know him in this particular. His greatest sin—if he has any—is the perpetual iteration, in his book, of “*My friends, the Americans*,” considering what he is about. Not, that we would not be ambitious to be so called, and to be the objects of such condescension; but it has occurred

* We once had the honour of devoting some hours to the Captain and his lady in America, by force of an item from his private mail. We were not honoured, however, by a notice in his book.

to us, that these expressions of fondness, while the other hand was slyly employed in a little matter of detraction, are not quite in character with the principles of the school, in which the Captain is supposed to have been educated. His purpose, all along, it must be confessed, is sufficiently undisguised; but this *accompaniment doth* seem to us a little incompatible. Not, that the Americans are wanting in gratitude, or would not respond to the Captain's professions, when made in a befitting place. But, in the circumstances, it was quite unnecessary, that Mr. Hall should be at the expense of so many attestations of his love. Less of it, would have been a little *less nauseating*.

From the *airs* of the Captain, which he put on, when he was about to pounce upon New York—airs so extraordinary and so eminently calculated to arrest attention—airs involving not a little of “the sublime,” and we may add, of what is allowed to be its next neighbour, of “the ridiculous;” from *these*, we pass to a consideration of his *humour*. If it has never been said, it ought to have been, and is an undoubted truth: that every man has his humour—his *besetting* humour—his own peculiar conformation of moral

temperament. This, to be sure, is a thing a little more occult than what we mean by his airs, and not so easily got at, or not so obviously developed. More properly, perhaps: a man's airs are the developements of his humour; or the external and impressive manifestations of the lively and active conditions of his humour. So that, when we are inquiring for a man's humour, we still have to do with his airs, so far as he has any; his airs are the most indubitable symptoms, or indexes.

And it is Captain Hall's humour, such as was exhibited in the United States, which we have to do with. And if our accounts of it should not agree, in all its features, with the exhibitions of himself at home, or in his Majesty's Navy, it is to be kept in mind, that the circumstances of these three several conditions, himself the judge, are somewhat diverse; and that the exhibitions of the temper must be expected to correspond with the nature and character of the provocations, by which it is invested.

But it may be thought, perhaps, that we are treading upon delicate ground; that this is the sanctuary of private rights.

We are in Court, observe. A man has said

sundry things, touching our character, which we do not think to be exactly fair. We come to defend, and to show, that it is not so. And surely, he who has taken so much liberty to deal with and expose *our* humours, while incumbent on our hospitality, and with no other provocation, than such ill manners in us, as were not our fault, but the fault of the father who begat us and the mother that bore us, because they did not train us properly, even by his own showing,—he will not object in good reason to our proof, that a part of the sin was in his *own* humour. If he does, we cannot help it. We know it to be our right. Do not all Courts allow of the most thorough examination to develope the *temper*, both of the criminal arraigned at the bar, and of the witness, who gives his testimony, as it may affect, and often entirely modify the judgment? That we are in Court, as a party, is not our fault. We have been brought here by—we will not say the misdemeanours—but the free and voluntary acts of him, who is supposed to object to the course of our examination. We propose to show the *humour* of these acts; or more properly, the humour, which occasioned no

small portion of the mischief, of which he complains, and which he brings to our charge.

We have said enough perhaps to show, that by the *breakfast*, or some other cause, (if we have not specified the right one, it is not because we have not tried hard to discover it,) the Captain lost, alas ! entirely lost—lost for ever the *blessed* humour, under the inspiring influence of which he embarked for America. There is no knowing what would have been the happy and glorious results, if he had not been overcome in an unlucky hour, by such an unlucky accident.

As we happened to be a witness of Captain Hall's *mood* and *manner* in America, for a short time, we have more to judge by, than his book : we have the man himself before our eye, in his own proper person, demonstrating his own peculiar *airs*. The book itself, as we opine, might be enough. But the very living enactments of the scenes he describes, himself before us as a party, and of which he might have written, with classical taste, and with the emphatic advantage of exact truth—*Magna pars fui*—we may say, that we are confident.

This *gude* man (is he not a Scotchman?) un-

fortunately did not know himself—a mistake, under which some men labour through life. He did not know, that himself was constantly stirring up a scene of mischief all around him in America. And perhaps he does not know, even now, that in *given* circumstances he is prone to look, and act, and smile, and wink contempt. And when this humour gets to be uppermost and becomes habitual, in the midst of the provocations of its own creation, it shows itself in more forms, than can conveniently be mentioned. Some of the unfortunate individuals, on whom it is inflicted, have philosophy and wickedness enough to make themselves sport with it; while another moiety are more or less vexed.

Now, suppose, that all the treatment such a humour meets with, whether it proceeds from playfulness or revenge,—and there is always a little of both,—has been accepted and *recorded* by this innocent and unsuspecting knight, as a *true* expression of the ordinary state of the affections and of manners, among those whom he encountered, during his tour through the United States. In whatever company he falls, this humour, (see his book, and judge whether he ever had any other; indeed he has himself settled the question,

by his own solemn declaration—that he always *reiterated* the same things, “in all parts of the country”—this humour, everywhere, imposes itself, and is itself, in turn, as a matter of course, imposed upon. Let this honest, frank man—not knowing himself in this particular—be so *honestly* served by *honest* human nature; and let him *honestly* appropriate his own *honest* storms of prodigal colouring to represent the mischief himself has thus *honestly* produced; and we *honestly* “guess,” (as is our privilege) that it must needs make an amusing picture! But our *own* humour inclines us here to enter our solemn protest—modestly, though—against this picture’s being taken, as a true account of a sober, or ordinary state of things.

But it may be said:—this proves, at least, one count of the indictment—that the Americans are an irritable race. Nay, but observe ye, we have taken care in the outset, to be disengaged from this ‘Dilemma.’ We wish you to understand, that this proof is against *human nature*. If ye will send a mischief-working man into any part of the world, ye will not be so unreasonable, as to make the unfortunate people, whom he visits, responsible for his conduct.

Another consideration:—The Captain states somewhere an important fact—that he “has been all his life at sea, knocking about in various parts of the globe.” And if, in addition to this, it be observed, that himself, appertaining to a *belligerent* corps, might very innocently have acquired somewhat of *belligerent* manners, with a little spice of a *belligerent* temper—and as a very natural consequence, he might also have exhibited, a little more than he was aware, of this *belligerent* compound. And in verity, we think his book gives a broad hint, or two, of this sort. And if now and then a petulant, irascible American showed himself somewhat *piquantly* at such manners, there seems to us to be some little of excuse—although we regret the fact, that he should not have kept a better command over his temper, when so much of *national* character was at stake.

To illustrate this matter of *humour*—how far it goes, and how all pervading is its influence, we shall perhaps be permitted to resort to comparison. We know very well, that James Stuart Esq. has already been called a ‘saint’ by one of the Reviewers, because he has assayed briefly to redeem some parts of American religion from the

aspersions of Mrs. Trollope. These portions of Mrs. Trollope's volumes were, as would seem, too sweet a morsel to be forced out of the maw of such an appetite. For the honour of human nature—more truly, perhaps, for the disgrace of the Americans—they wished them to remain. But, if Mr. Stuart be a 'saint,' by the laws of antithesis, or some other rule, Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hall are 'sinners ;' which last position being admitted, we will not contend about the former. It may be proper, however, to define the merits of Mr. Stuart's saintship. We find him, where 'saints,' in Mrs. Trollope's and the Reviewer's sense of this term, are not often accused of going, at all the places of public amusement —(amusements in America?) at all the theatres, and such like resorts. If we do not mistake, we have detected him taking a peep at some such places on the Sabbath. And in one place we noticed him speaking in very high terms of a Dutch deacon's piety, on Long Island, where he (Mr. Stuart) was at lodgings, because he prayed in his family *once a week!* Certainly, if Mr. Stuart be a 'saint,' he cannot be accused of being an extravagant one. On the whole, we think he must pass for an intelligent, observant man of

the world. And we perceive, too, that he is quite well known, personally, we mean; and that his character stands high, not only for his private worth, but as a respectable member of the legal profession, and as a clever and competent observer of men and things. We are truly glad, that such a man has spent "*three years in America*," and seen it, at least, as *thoroughly*, as any other witness, that has ever undertaken to revile it, and import scandal by wholesale from thence. It is true Mr. Stuart tells of us many disagreeable and stubborn truths. He shows up our vices, without sparing us. But we have no objection to it; because, we think, generally, he is fair. He looks at things without a jaundiced eye—through a healthy medium; and exhibits them, generally, in their own proper light. For ourselves, we welcome such travellers, and are confident they will do good. They will accomplish the purposes of the errand which Basil Hall set out upon; and which he so unfortunately abandoned: "*by fair statements to soften the asperity of ill-will*," and bring the two nations to think better of each other.

But to the comparison. Captain Hall travelled with his lady. Mr. Stuart travelled with

his. They both, no doubt, had good letters. We know that Captain Hall had. Mr. Stuart succeeded Captain Hall by a year or two; just long enough, perhaps, for the Americans to have realized all the benefit of the latter's publication; —at least, during the last half of Mr. Stuart's stay. Query: Was it the *correcting* influence of Mr. Hall's hand, that operated so much to the comfort of Mr. Stuart? In that case, certainly, the Captain was a blessing. But people do not change their manners so soon.

The facts are remarkable: That these two gentlemen, with their wives, should go over the same ground, in America, and move in the same society, and receive impressions so totally distinct and opposite! Captain Hall *never* found the manners of the Americans agreeable; even their most earnest offices of kindness were either disgusting, or revolting to him. On the contrary, Mr. Stuart always found or *made* things agreeable. He met with some inconveniences, which he candidly specifies. But invariably, wherever he travelled, the people were polite. They were even so, where he was not introduced. If he did not get to the table, in steam packets, or hotels, before the rest of the company were all

seated, he was uniformly surprised to find chairs studiously kept vacant for him and his lady, in the most honourable place ; and all and a thousand attentions of that sort of which he makes generous and grateful mention. He even leaves the impression, that politeness of this kind, and in other particulars, essential to a stranger's and a traveller's comfort and enjoyment, is characteristic of the country. We are merely alluding to his own impressions, as recorded by himself. It will hardly be expected, that we shall contradict him on such a point ; even though, in some instances, he may have done us more than justice. It is for the sake of contrasting his testimony with that of Captain Hall, that we adduce it. Captain Hall praises nothing—is satisfied with nothing. He is even offended with the God of nature, who made the country all so “unpicturesque ;” and if it had been possible, he would have made that the fault of the people. But, as he could not fairly do it, he has brought a distinct and grave charge against them for marring and deforming these deformities of nature ; for setting up zig-zag fences ; for leaving the stumps to rot out, instead of digging

them out ; for girdling the trees of the forest, and exhibiting their dead and sapless trunks ; as if the new settler, going into the woods, with no fortune but his axe, could afford to spend ten thousand pounds a year for embellishment, as the possessors of great estates do in England. “ An American settler can hardly *conceive* of the *horror*, (aye—absolute *horror*) with which a *foreigner* (a delicate, refined, cultivated foreigner) beholds such numbers of magnificent trees, standing round him, with their throats cut—the very *Banquos* of the murdered forest.”

We should have set one, two, or three exclamation points here, if the habitual *rush* of the wonderful had not made us cease to wonder. How true is it :—that one half of the world do not know how the other half live. We should like to see Captain Hall surrounded by an audience of those back-woods-settlers, who so *untastefully* make ‘ Banquos’ of their trees, while he should be delivering a lecture to them on the beauties of Shakespeare ; and then we should like to read the grave report he might afterwards publish in England of its reception. We have no doubt, that the Captain would put on the

most serious, imperturbable countenance, and swear to it, as a specimen of American taste and manners.

But to the point of Mr. Stuart's humour and Captain Hall's. There are two stories, narrated by Mr. Stuart, which we think are much to the purpose of illustration here ; and which, in our judgment, are emphatically *histrionic*, and in some points touchingly so. We allude to the scenes, first, between himself and party on the one hand, and Mr. Spencer, the Sheriff of Warren County, State of New York, on the other ; and next, between himself and another party at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, touching certain claims to a seat in the Stage Coach. We give them both from recollection, not having the book before us ; and for that reason, beg to be excused, if any trifling incorrectness should occur.

In regard to the first story, it would appear, that Mr. Stuart and his party, being at Glens Falls, on the Hudson, passing from Montreal to Saratoga, by way of Lake Champlain, had a wish to see Lake George, some nine miles distant. He engaged a carriage to take him the next morning, at an early hour, having ordered dinner to be ready on his return from the excurs-

sion. The carriage called, as agreed. But some one of Mr. Stuart's party, his wife we believe, having been ill during the night, they were not ready. "We cannot go till nine o'clock," was the word. "I am sorry," said the coachman, or "Charioteer," as Mr. Stuart calls him, "for that will not be so convenient for me;" and drove away. Mr. Stuart thought this was quite singular, as he expected to pay for any extra trouble. The coach, barouche, or whatever, returned at nine; and the party set off, still the worse for the indisposition of the night. The carriage being open, "the Charioteer," after a little, turned his head, and seemed inclined to make some conversation with Mr. Stuart. But Mr. Stuart, being in nothing of a better mood for night watching, rather discouraged and repulsed this impertinence; and of course, "the Charioteer," taking the hint, kept his wisdom to himself for the rest of the way to the Lake. And being dismissed, and receiving orders at what point of the shore to meet the party, who were going to take a sail, "the Charioteer" drove off. But the ill-mannered and sulky fellow did not appear, as ordered; and Mr. Stuart and his half sick and weary party had the prospect of being left with-

out boat, or carriage, at an inconvenient distance from any place of rest, or refreshment. Mr. Stuart, for these interested reasons, began to repent, that he had probably put the “Charioteer” out of good humour. At last, however, the truant came. But Mr. Stuart, being still in his power, was wise enough not to scold him. “Are you ready?” said Mr. Stuart. “I must wait for that boy,” said “the Charioteer”—a little fellow, that had rode out with him, on the dicky. Whereupon, Mr. Stuart was not a little puzzled, that the *boy's* convenience should be consulted, rather than his; especially, as dinner hour was near, the party faint, and all some ten or twelve miles distant. But he had no alternative, except submission, as this gentleman driver seemed quite independent. Their master, the boy, came at last, and in his turn; after which they were glad to find themselves driving towards dinner.

Mr. Stuart concluded, that he would, by a great effort of humility, try to make amends for his own misbehaviour to this republican. The republican, however, was not so easily won. Mr. Stuart renewed his efforts, tried every condescending way; and finally got him to talking. And, as it happened, they were mutually pleased.

Mr. Stuart found his “Charioteer” a man of information. He could readily answer every question, which Mr. Stuart wished to make about that interesting region, so full of the story of Burgoyne, and other items of the revolutionary war. And by some incidental turn of the conversation, it appeared, that the “Charioteer” knew more of the High School at Edingborough, Mr. Stuart’s own city, than Mr. Stuart himself. Before they arrived at the inn, they all got into good humour. It may be observed, that the Charioteer was well dressed, and of decent manners. And, marvellous to say, Mr. Stuart took such a liking to him, that having obtained leave of his party, he resolved to invite him to dinner.

In going to look for him, he found him in the bar-room, smoking his cigar, à l’Américaine. The unexpected honour being done, “the Charioteer” looked at Mr. Stuart for a moment with surprise, and then respectfully declined the invitation. But, as there had obviously been a little of courtesy between the parties, “the Charioteer” took this opportunity to inform Mr. Stuart, by way of apology, that his driver that morning was the Sheriff of the County; and that, having learned of his neighbour, the Stage Coach

contractor, who had promised to furnish the conveyance, that a stranger and foreigner was likely to be disappointed of a visit to Lake George, in consequence of the failure of the coming in of some horses and a carriage, that were expected, he, the sheriff, thought it was a pity; and said he would take over the party in his own carriage, rather than they should be disappointed. Hence the liberty taken by “the Charioteer” to say: “I am sorry.—It will not be so convenient for me to go at nine o'clock.” And the little boy, on the dicky, was the son of a man in the jail at Caldwell, whom the sheriff had given a ride over to take some change of apparel to his poor father.

We very much question, if Captain Hall had been Mr. Stuart, whether we should have had such a grateful and touching *dénouement* of this affair. We might have expected a tremendous storm between the parties; and a record, that would have lighted up the whole island of Great Britain by the blaze of its angry fires. So much for difference of *humour*.

The other story we have alluded to, is Mr. Stuart's dispute at Pittsburgh for the seat, which had been promised him by the Clerk in the

Coach Office. Mr. Stuart was unwell; the Coach for Philadelphia was to leave in the night; and Mr. Stuart did not think it prudent to go, unless he could secure a seat least exposed to the weather; which was pledged to him. The Clerk, honestly, should have added: The claims of ladies always excepted, Sir. As it happened some ladies presented themselves, and their protector, a gentleman, claimed for them the ladies' privilege. It was night, and dark; and as Mr. Stuart had got snug in his place, he refused to resign it. A high dispute arose; and he was compelled at last to give it up. We sympathized with Mr. Stuart thoroughly—more especially, as ourselves were served with a lie at that very office, in the summer of 1830. But the case of Mr. Stuart, as a stranger and being sick, was peculiar, and he was right. And we should not hesitate to say to Mr. Griffith and his Clerk, that their conduct was dishonest and cruel. Mr. Stuart was exposed to and actually suffered a double injury—one in the operation of the Coach establishment, for violating its engagement; and the other, for the estimation in which he was held by the witnesses of the dispute; more especially by Mr. Biddle and his interesting company. Mr. Stuart

confesses his fault very humbly, and in our opinion, very unnecessarily. He says he “could almost have wished himself under the earth, when he got the first glimpse of the lady, who occupied the seat, which he endeavoured” so stoutly “to retain from her.” Mr. Stuart was evidently overcome, in this instance, by the charms of female beauty. He viewed the question very differently and *dispassionately* before day-light. His *humour*, however, as a gentleman, made ample amends in the course of the day; and before they reached Philadelphia, some two or three days’ ride, he had insinuated himself so much into the good graces of this offended party, that a lady was intrusted by Mr. Biddle to his charge, when Mr. Biddle and his daughter had occasion to turn off from the main route. So easy is it for a gentleman of good humour to get along, even in America. Had Captain Hall been there, we should doubtless have had a memorable record of American incivilities. Even Mr. Biddle’s young, beautiful, and accomplished daughter, who was all this in the eyes of Mr. Stuart, would not unlikely, in the regard of the Captain, have turned out a monster of the ugliest human shapes, and of graceless, uncouth

manners. And as for Mr. Biddle himself, he and the Captain might possibly have ended their quarrel in an affair of honour, provided Mr. Biddle's rank had entitled him to it.

A propos:—"I cannot conceive," says Mr. Stuart, "how this could happen," alluding to the sufferings of Captain Hall and his family, on this very route between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Mr. Stuart found the "road perfectly smooth and perfectly safe." But "*their* sufferings (of Captain Hall and his family) exceeded any thing they had previously experienced in America." And yet Mr. Stuart and the Captain passed on it at the same season of the year, and so far as Mr. Stuart could learn from inquiry, the road was equally good on both occasions. Marvellous this! But every thing depends upon the *humour*. We ourselves happened to travel the same road, in its whole line, in July, 1830; and so far as our recollections serve we can say with Mr. Stuart, that we found it "perfectly smooth and perfectly safe." And we can say, moreover, that we know it to be an *old* road. And yet the Captain and his family suffered more misery upon it, than in any other part of the United States!

But it is time we were done with this humour of the Captain. Our apology for entering into this examination, and this sort of moral analysis, is partly selfish :—to relieve ourselves from the oppressive burden of sympathy we have been obliged to feel for the sufferings of this unhappy family, while sojourning and travelling in our unhappy country; and partly to demonstrate to his sympathizing countrymen, that in truth, the case was not quite so bad. And we confess we were very much relieved and quite happy, to find the gallant officer one night, while in bed, in Upper Canada, (in his Majesty's dominions, observe,) after having done penance some thirty or forty days among those vermin, the Republicans, drawing on his gloves, stockings, drawers, and great coat; and then throwing himself in a fit of despair on the ground, (there being no floor) wrapped in a sheet—all to no avail;—and at last compelled, like Jonathan under the assaults of John Bull, “to lie still,” and resign himself to the army, by the forces of which he was completely surrounded, and at last subdued. And we beg it may not be supposed, even for a moment, that we were at all wicked in this satisfaction; but on the contrary we charitably

hope it will be believed, that it sprung up from unmixed benevolence; that it was founded entirely on the consideration:—that the Captain's absorptions at the time, and the sanguinary impressions he must have received, would relieve him, in some slight degree, and during that comparatively happy period, from the recollection of the horrors inflicted upon him at New York, and on his passage from that city, by way of Albany, to Buffalo and the Canada frontier. The suffering and long suffering Captain had now got home, where every thing was as it should be. “In every part of Canada we found the inhabitants speaking English, and acting and looking like Englishmen, without any discernible difference. The air we breathed seemed different. The sky, the land, the whole scenery appeared to be altered.” And, we presume he meant to say, the condition of the *beds*, &c. “On the contrary in the United States,” and so on.

In addition to the many other distresses of the Captain, he was constantly and intolerably annoyed in the United States, by being absolutely forced to render extorted compliments to the country, its institutions, &c. and being doomed to hear the people praise themselves, in all cir-

cumstances and at all times. If the Captain wishes to get at the secret of this, we beg leave to admonish him again of that besetting and *mischief* working humour of his, as the legitimate cause of his troubles. Surely, when those wicked republicans, discerning the mood of the doughty knight, that had come among them, were tempted to make themselves merry a little, by administering fuel to his passion, putting him to full proof and seducing him on to the top of his bent; they never dreamed of the second and grander act of the comedy :—that they would yet have the sport of seeing the whole British nation made fools of in the same way. Let the world be assured there was no such malice in their hearts. For ourselves, and for all our countrymen, who had the honour of paying some attentions to the Captain, while he was in America, we repent sincerely, not to say tearfully, (though it happens to be too late,) that having found this worthy gentleman in such a humour, we should have been so strongly and so irresistibly enticed to feed it. It is altogether our own fault. For we saw well

“A chiel's amang us—taking notes,
And, faith, he'll print it too.” *for the ~~new~~ 1822*

The “ chiel ” made no concealment of what he was about. And yet his behaviour was so queer, so truly comical ; his *airs* were so much like one, who “ had been all his life at sea, knocking about,” unaddicted to the manners of civilized life, and unacquainted with the common sympathies of society ; his resolute and heroic determination not to be pleased was so prominent and so much upon the surface ; the curl of his lip, and the wink of his eye were so significant and so provoking ; that we can only console ourselves, notwithstanding the hazard was so great, as the result has proved, that there yet was an excusable temptation for treating the Captain according to his obvious moods. Had we thought and been duly certified, as we might have been, that John Bull is so easily gulled, and that the Captain would certainly take all this gravely, and swear to his record so stoutly, we might, perhaps, have been saved such trifling sport, at our own grievous expense. It is a common proverb in America, that the only argument of *comparison*, by which we can silence John Bull, and make him turn pale, when he comes among us, is by our thunder and lightning. But this answered no purpose with him, who had

been so much over the world, and who could always answer: "They beat that in the Indian Seas."

The most astounding home shot, (considering that it had some relation to *naval* affairs) which this gallant officer ever received from these *self*-praising Americans, as narrated with great dignity and ineffable contempt by himself, happened on Lake Champlain, off Plattsburgh, after having endured the most painful inconveniences in his steam-boat passage thus far from St. John's:—"What place is this?" said the Captain to an American. "Oh! don't you know? Why, that's Plattsburgh. And there is the very spot where our Commodore, M'Donough, defeated the English squadron." "I went to bed," says the Captain.

If, indeed, it is to be understood, that this fellow knew, that his interrogator was an Englishman, especially, if he knew, that he was an officer in the British navy, we confess, it was "too bad." There was in it no tenderness at all. Nay, it was absolutely rude. And we do not wonder, that the Captain was thrown upon his back. We wonder more, that he did not keep his knock-down a secret of his port-folio. The scene, however, taken in

connexion with its graphic, and most significant conclusion, reminds us forcibly of an anecdote of a little coloured girl, a great pet in the family where she happened to be born, in a country town of Connecticut;—who, when a pair of bull's horns, attached to the skin, just flayed, was laid down at the door of the farm house, in her sight, ran to her mistress, in trembling and breathless trouble; and although it was in the morning, and without assigning any reason, she lifted up her arms for protection, and cried: “Missy, I want to go to bed.”

Be it understood, therefore, that having thought it fair to give a hint, or two, of the *moodiness* temper, of which the noble and high bearing Captain was partly suspected, while in America, we have supposed it would be just, so far as these suspicions may seem well founded, that this peculiar *humour* of the Captain should be considered, when his testimony is taken, respecting our “irritable nationality,” and other kindred vices, of which we stand accused. Let that matter, however, go as it will, to be believed or disbelieved, with whomsoever it may be a subject of interest. With us it is not a charge inflicting any great anguish of spirit. So far as

it is just, as there is no lack of admonition, “ of line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,” it must be attributed solely to our incorrigibleness, if we are not reformed.

And let not the Captain imagine, that his labours have been lost; or that the friendship he professes for the Americans, is not reciprocated; or that they would not be glad to see him again. We hereby assure him, and undertake to be responsible, that if at any future time, he shall think it will be convenient and edifying to make another tour through the United States, he shall not be in danger of life, or limb, or insult, as a consequence of his book; only, perhaps, it would be reasonable for him not to expect to be so much incommoded and overwhelmed by the simultaneous rush of “troops of friends,” immediately after his letters of introduction are sent out, to hail his arrival in every city and in every part of the country, and to annoy him with importunities to accept their services, as was the case, when he was there before. They would probably prove how susceptible they have been of improvement under his hints, and behave better, and be more agreeable.

As the unfortunate humour of Captain Hall

rarely allowed him to be pleased, while travelling in the United States, and as he met with boorish manners and gross incivilities almost everywhere, we are tempted to conclude our somewhat protracted remarks under this head, by the following apposite testimony of Mr. Stuart:—

“ I have mentioned every instance, without exception, where the treatment at any of the hotels was not such as a traveller has a right to expect; and I may fearlessly ask of any one entitled to answer the question, whether it be at all likely, that an individual, travelling through Europe, as many thousand miles, as I did through America, almost through all the United States, unknown, and generally without any recommendation, would have had as many acts of kindness and attention, and as few instances of incivility to record, as occurred in the course of my long journeys.”

V.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S HUMOUR.

WE are sorry this individual witness is a lady. But, as it so happens, we will endeavour to treat her tenderly. The reprobations of a want of gallantry towards the fair sex are so fixed and stern, that any man of ordinary courage might well shrink from the encounter. But when women put on men's clothes, and men's armour, and attempt to fight the battles of men, they must forgive us, if in the dust and confusion of the onset themselves have made, we mistake and treat them as men. And even when they write legibly upon their colours: 'We are women,' so long as they have sword in hand, it may perhaps be pardonable for any body, on whom in their eccentric moods, they are pleased to make a rush, to fend off, provided they are sufficiently careful not to inflict any deadly wound. Certainly, we have no ambition for the glory of killing Mrs.

Trollope. Personally, we would rather be killed by her a thousand times, if that were possible. But this lady, it is thought, has been in a slight degree, audacious, and might reasonably expect a gentle rebuke. Indeed, she says somewhere herself (we cannot now quote her words—but) in substance, that she knows very well, she will be contradicted by every American, from Louisiana to Maine:—a conscience, not unlike the Captain's. She will not, therefore, be taken by surprise. We have before suggested, that it is not the personal importance of Mrs. Trollope, that has induced us to take her in hand;—nor would we detract from it a single jot. We know nothing of her, except by her literary celebrity; the rich harvest of which, there can be little doubt, has filled her with a satisfaction, and raised her to a conscious eminence, far above our humble reach. Wanting this notice from the public, she would of course be spared the honour of a notice from us. And to have purchased the former and secured it so triumphantly, might well arm her with a lofty defiance against our petty and innocent missiles. And as Basil says, he has never vexed, and intends never to vex himself, with the reading of American notices of

his book on the Americans ; so we presume Mrs. Trollope will never condescend to look, from her proud elevation, on our remarks. It is not for their edification, that we write ; although, it must be confessed, they have imposed upon us the necessity. And this, we suppose, will be gratifying to them, inasmuch, as it is an indirect compliment to their importance. They have all the glory of having attracted no small amount of public attention, in a way and on matters, that have been highly relished ; and all the glory of being contradicted ; the last of which, according to their own logic, only confirms the truth of their statements.

But to divide Mrs. Trollope from the Captain, and proceed on our way, we remember just now, that some one has said in these latter days, that “ Woman, in her own proper sphere, is mighty. But when she descends from her elevation, and ceases to respect herself, by rejecting those proprieties, with which she can never dispense, without deducting largely from her legitimate influence, conventional courtesy ought not to screen her from admonition and reproof.” Not a bad text this, for us here to preach a very practical sermon from. We may, perhaps, at

least, take it as our shield and panoply—sound-
ing so orthodox as it does. It involves an axiom,
the scope and bearing of which, in the present
application, are not undefinable. Has Mrs.
Trollope, or has she not, “*descended* from the
appropriate elevation,” and from the high dig-
nity of woman, ‘in her “Domestic Manners of
the Americans?”’ Has she, or has she not,
joined fellowship with a host of libellers of a
community—with the caterers and venders of
scandal—and outstripped them all in the essen-
tial enormities of their vocation? We propose
to develope the *humour*, which has dictated these
effusions, so far as it is made apparent by her
own hand.

In the first place we will take her own con-
fession of “*sedition*” towards the government,
institutions, and, we suppose it must compre-
hend also, the *society* of her native country.
For reasons not revealed, she had become so far
dissatisfied with each and all, and with the minor
things comprehended in them, as to make up
the one grand motive of turning her back upon
them for ever. Clearly, she once resolved them
to be vicious. The reasons must have been
vested in the things themselves, or in the unre-
a

sonable person, who had chosen to find fault with them; or they must have been divided between the two.

Suppose they were in the things. It matters little as to the humour of the individual towards them, for the time being; only that her disrelish was well founded. They are as good now, as they were then, except so far as the acts of public reform have vitiating them. At any rate she has returned, and re-adopted them. Her affections have changed, and she now loves what she once hated, either for good or bad reasons.

Or suppose the reasons were in herself alone, as seems to be implied by many things she has published, and which are more loudly proclaimed by her acts. In her last resort, she can hardly avoid being obliged to confess, that she alone was in fault. She is proved, then, to have been once unreasonable—to have been in very bad humour—disaffected and alienated from home, and country, and former connexions—and in such a mood to have abandoned them. And to have been once so thoroughly disgusted with all these things, which are now affirmed to be so excellent, would seem to demonstrate no very desirable state of the affections. As to the secret reasons

—they are out of reach. But the grand fact, which they led to, stands confessed. She became “seditious,” and went away.

So much for the humour of the lady, which resulted in her self-expatriation. And nothing appears, but that this humour was sound, and strong, and determined, when she embarked for New Orleans. From her decided character, we may suppose it was so.

What her original and specific purpose, in going to America, was, is not distinctly announced by herself; but is generally, and piece by piece, revealed, as being to better the condition and prospects of her family. She went over in company with Miss Frances Wright, and appears to have been on terms of great intimacy with her.

Mrs. Trollope, of course, will not object to our speaking of Miss Wright in connexion with herself, so far as she has recognised that connexion in her own pages. And it may be proper, that we should in this place acquaint the reader with such portions of the remarkable history of this individual, as have emblazoned her reputation before the world, by her own public acts. We have Mrs. Trollope's certificate, that she was “a

lady of fortune, family, and education, whose youth had been passed in the most refined circles of private life." And she is an English lady. We have learned incidentally from the British press, that having, some dozen years ago, or more, suffered the rejection of some offering made to the stage of London, in the form of a tragedy, we believe, she elected the alternative of trying her fortunes on a wider theatre, and went to America. Having performed the usual tour from North to South and back again, and taken a peep at Niagara, she returned to England—and as a matter in course, wrote a book of travels, rather in compliment of the country, where she had been a guest.

But they, who have written tragedies, may be expected to enact some extraordinary things. This lady, it would seem, like the Rotunda School, at Blackfriars, attained, in process of time, to the discovery, that Christianity is a fable of man's invention, and the common laws of matrimony an intolerable condition of slavery, &c. &c. &c. She was accordingly, as is usual with such characters, filled with ardent aspirations to redeem the world from its unhappy bondage to these slavish customs—and doubted not, that she

herself was commissioned—from heaven perhaps she thought—to accomplish the work. But where should she begin? Her native country had not given her much encouragement, for it had rejected the hearing of her *tragedy*. We are curious to know, whether her tragedy made the first developement of these doctrines, and whether the London Stage is really so pure, as to have declined it on that account.

But Miss Wright had been to America, and found them a liberal minded race, and easily susceptible, as she thought, of taking any reasonable novelties. It was resolved, therefore, that America should receive the first offer of her new religion and new condition of society. And, that she was sufficiently sanguine of success may be inferred from the fact, that her zeal never cooled, and her energies flagged not, until she had publicly preached her doctrines, in her own person and from her own lips, from the high places of every chief City in the United States, from Louisiana to Maine—and at last compelled to shake her garments and the dust of her feet against the unworthy and despising republican free thinkers. As might be imagined, the appearance of such a prodigy made no small stir in

the land ; and for many months, or a year or two, the common newspapers reported her progress, as regularly, as that of any menagerie, or extraordinary mountebank show, that ever passed through the Union. Hearers and admirers she never wanted ; for every tavern and whiskey and ale-house, and every den of vice in the land, disgorged their filthy and staggering hordes, who swallowed the delicious hopes she held out to them, with as much satisfaction as their drams ; and swore roundly to the truth and excellence of her doctrine, and staggered back to their cups and debauchery.

To return :—“ Mrs. Trollope,” says the Quarterly Reviewer, “ according to her own story, left England an ultra-whig as to Church and State, with a view of inspecting a country ruled on really liberal principles, under the guidance of a cicerone no less liberal, than the far famed Miss Frances Wright, then lecturer-itinerant against Christianity, and Matrimony, and all other old-fashioned delusions, but now, alas ! for philosophy ! a Mother !—and we have been told —(though we forget the name)—a wife !”

The facetious Blackwood introduces her in the following style : “ Mrs. Trollope, being instigated

by the Devil and Miss Fanny Wright,—we imagine she will not deny the agency of either,—was induced, with the approbation of her husband, to accompany this lady to the United States, *with what precise object we are not informed*, but apparently with the intention of establishing part of her family in those Western regions.”

“With what precise *object* we are not informed.” Blackwood seems to have had his suspicions. And from the manner and openness of the Quarterly Reviewer, we should imagine, that he had his.

We submit:—What do all these facts suggest? If Mrs. Trollope did not see, nor feel the impropriety of being in such company, nor shrink from confessing such intimacy; if she did not find any reason, even down to the day of the publication of her book, to express her surprise at the doctrines proclaimed so publicly and so extensively by Miss Wright, and to add her disapprobation; if she could speak of the “shuddering of millions,” not positively, but by an apparent tacit implication, as if it were a laughable discomposure of weak minds; and all without bringing in any protection to defend herself against the inference of her

feeling a sympathy ;—what are we to think ? It is true, it was not, at least, not of course, her sin to have been in the same ship with Miss Wright ; nor to have recorded any facts she might please, in Miss Wright's history ; but if she had wished to avoid criticism in this matter, she should have taken care to close the door against the inference of having been too intimate, or of having sympathized too much, with that lady. If Mrs. Trollope was willing it should be understood,—as on the whole we naturally infer was the fact,—that she had no very serious objections to Miss Wright's views, we here take the liberty of suggesting the propriety, that this particular shade of her temper, or of her *humour*, should be kept in mind, when we come to consider her testimony on the subject of religion.

If we have not already made a sufficient apology for examining this witness, notwithstanding she is a lady, rather closely, the common maxim, that private feelings and private interest must yield to public good, offers itself to our behoof. And this maxim has two parts, or two grades of application : the first demanding of individuals a generous sacrifice for the public ; the second,

where private prerogative has been forfeited by encroaching on public and individual rights. It is the latter feature of the rule only, which we presume to apply here. Mrs. Trollope has impugned essentially and radically the *religion* of America, and that not only generally, but particularly. She has told some scandalous, and even horrible stories about it,—stories, scarcely less scandalous, scarcely less horrible, than those, which were customarily circulated against primitive Christians; who, along with other nameless atrocities, were “accused of cementing their unhallowed confederacy with the blood of murdered infants!” And this lady solemnly affirms, that she has *seen* and *heard* these things, and narrates the particulars, as they fell under her own *personal* observation.

As these are grave charges—charges, in which a multitude of individuals, still living and well known, and who have hitherto held a respectable rank in society, are concerned;—charges, falling upon and covering at least *two* of the most numerous and most respectable denominations of Christians in the United States;—charges, imposed upon the entire British community, not to say, upon the world; and which, so far as we

have been able to learn, have, in certain quarters been entertained with respect, and swallowed with greediness, and produced an extensive influence ; —for these and such like reasons, it has seemed meet unto us to inquire who this witness is, and what may be her temper towards religion generally. If our impressions on this point, as received from her own record, are not well sustained —if they are wrong—we do not insist upon them. If they are right, and justified by the subject matter of appeal, we do not think it necessary to say, that the testimony is of sufficient public importance to demand such notice. It was certainly in Mrs. Trollope's power to dissever herself from Miss Wright, and to disclaim all fellowship in her peculiar doctrines, if no such sympathy was felt. It was an act of justice to herself, which, we confess, as it seems to us, would hardly have been overlooked, in a right state of feeling. While, therefore, we should be unwilling to do any injustice to this witness, we deem it fair, on account of the importance of one of the subjects of her testimony, to scrutinize her character in this particular. In another place it may have an application.

Mrs. Trollope professes to be a staunch friend

and advocate of the Established Church. And in reference to this profession, we have thought it a little remarkable, that, during her three years' stay in America, she never stepped foot into an Episcopal Church, so far as her own notices go to prove. Perhaps she considered, that the defection of that Church, with the defection of the Colonies, was enough to make it unworthy. Indeed, she has hardly spared the English Church for its unreasonable separation from the Church of Rome. By implication, she has even sealed it under the common doom of a furious fanaticism. “The Roman Catholics *alone*,” she says, “appear exempt from the *fury* of division and subdivision, that has seized every other persuasion. Having the Pope at their head, *regulates, &c.*” “I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati,” she adds, and compliments him personally, and the Church to which he belongs, in no very measured terms. From all which, it may, perhaps, reasonably be collected, that in truth and at the bottom, she is a round and sound Romanist.

But besides the indications of Mrs. Trollope's unfortunate temper towards religion—especially

in the forms of it she was doomed to encounter, while in the United States—we are also favoured with the frequent and explicit declarations of her own records, that she was thoroughly disappointed in all things else. On this point, of course, there is no question. It is true, she seems to give very good reasons. But it is to be observed, she had, in the first place, turned her back in disgust on her native land. And suppose, she had made out a Chapter of reasons for that. Suppose, for example, she had happened to go into America at New York, and been pleased;—that she had succeeded in her speculations, whatever they might have been;—and that she had sat down to write a book, setting forth the reasons of her dislike of Great Britain, and of every thing in Europe, and of her preference of America. What then might we not have expected from her “rhetorical pallet?”

For, it would seem, that when she finally arrived at New York, from the South West, notwithstanding all her misfortunes, she came very near repenting of all the bad stories she had told of the country. How satisfied—how delighted—and into what ecstasies was she wrought, at the sight of “silk and satin furniture! Mirrors,

as handsome as in London! Cheffoniers! slabs! Marble tables! Carpets! port-folios! nick-naes! bronzes! busts! cameos! Alabaster vases! and in short, *all* the pretty coxcomialities!" We were quite overcome at all this; and thought—what a pity, that Mrs. Trollope went into our country at the wrong end! And then, again, we thought, well enough, perhaps, as it is. For, if things had so turned out, as to put Mrs. Trollope into the *humour* of writing a book on the other side of the picture, we might have had the half of Great Britain treading on her heels, and overwhelming us with a general and simultaneous rush of immigration on our territories! Not, that they would not be welcomed. But it might be inconvenient for too many to come at once. And besides, we should not like them to have come on the force of exaggerated statements, to mortify us, and be themselves mortified. On the whole, therefore, we think it well, although we have perhaps suffered a little by it, that Mrs. Trollope's humour inclined her the other way.

"Had I not become heartily tired," says Mrs. Trollope, "of my prolonged residence in a place (Cincinnati) I cordially disliked, and *which, moreover, I began to fear would not be attended*

with the favourable results we had anticipated, &c."

As we happened to spend the summer of 1831 at Cincinnati, our attention was attracted to a somewhat remarkable edifice in the City—unfinished and unoccupied, except for a purpose we will soon notice. It was remarkable for its fashion on the exterior, and more so in the interior; remarkable for the ineligibleness of its relative position, considering what it was built for; and remarkable, as we learned, in its history. We naturally inquired what it was? “A bazaar,” was the answer. Not feeling any special interest in the thing, we only remember to have been informed, in substance:—that it was built by a *foreigner*, or foreigners; (we probably received the *name*, but did not keep it in memory;) that it was a ruinous concern to the projector, or projectors, to the builders, to the workmen, and all concerned; and that it was held liable for the numerous demands, which lay against it. A thing of that sort is commonly called in America —‘a folly.’ Our impression is, that having disappointed the original design, it had been appropriated to some theatrical exhibitions, mountebank shows, and other *amusements*, which the

sober people of Cincinnati thought not very favourable to public morals. For, when in the summer of 1831, it came to be opened, as a place of public worship, for the accommodation of a newly organized *Presbyterian* society, the public were very much astonished, and thinking it a *hoax*, flocked in crowds to see what would come next out of that wicked place. It was supposed by the vulgar, that to fulfil its characteristic destiny, and to push its history to a climax of horrors, nothing more or less was designed, than to set up there at last, and on the Christian's Sabbath day—a solemn mockery of all religion. When lo! there was nothing but praying and preaching in the common way. It may not, perhaps, be altogether pleasant to Mrs. Trollope to be informed, that the Cincinnati 'Bazaar' came to such a desecration.

Whoever were the original projectors of this institution, (and common rumour professes to have settled that question) they cannot, in our opinion, be held responsible for its subsequent and unworthy appropriations, when it was no longer under their control, and since it had failed of its first design. It was no doubt intended to answer the honourable purposes of a

London bazaar; and for aught we know, was an innocent and honourable speculation, but proved an unprofitable and vexatious one.

However any one may despise the Bible on other accounts, there is one good piece of advice in it:—that a man, who is going to build a house, should count the cost, whether he be able to finish. We will suppose, that a Londoner, with a better stock of London wisdom, than of shares in the Bank of England, goes to Cincinnati to make his fortune by speculation. He imagines, when he gets there, after looking round, that nothing would be so fine, nothing so profitable, in that rising City of Western America, as a London Bazaar. He begins to bustle; opens his plan by degrees; is believed to have money; ‘there is nothing like him; he will be the making of our City.’ At last, having offered sufficient bait, he lays down his scheme, and calls for bidders. The contract is soon settled, and the wondrous building begins to rise. But the hungry families of the workmen must be fed; and the principal builder, or builders, must meet their necessities. One expedient is resorted to, and another; mutual confidence begins to be shaken; the enterprise droops; one falls off, and

another, and another ; and long before the top stone is laid, or the last finish given, things have come to a dead stand.

Our London gentleman by this time has encountered an infinite deal of vexation. At first he met with nothing but smiles ; now his blessing is sour looks, frowns, rudeness, and the frank telling of a little bit of a Yankee's mind. Himself has become sour ; he frowns and is rude in his turn ; is compelled to it in self-defence. His bright dreams of a London bazaar are dissolved ; the people do not appreciate his motives ; they are an unworthy race. ‘Indeed, all that has been said of this new world, and of this great City—of this generous and high-minded people—is a mere fable ; and henceforth I'll give them their dues.’ And he sets himself down to write a book, in revenge of their ill manners.

For one reason and another, not openly revealed, except as accident has since disclosed them, our heroine, Mrs. Trollope, “had become heartily tired of her prolonged residence at Cincinnati ; and which, moreover, she began to *fear* would not be attended with the *favourable results anticipated.*”

First, she was in bad humour with England.

Now she is in bad humour with Cincinnati, with America, and with every thing, that appertains to it. When a lady's expectations are crossed, at all points, and in her grand projects—especially if she be ardent—it would be very unreasonable not to expect some little freaks of petulance. And these must be as lasting and as great, as her disappointment and chagrin. We could wish for Mrs. Trollope's sake, and for our own, that her plans in America had succeeded; that her 'South Sea bubbles' had proved a substantial reality. But since it has turned out otherwise, both she and we must try to make the best of it.

"The notorious Miss Wright happened to be there (at Cincinnati) about the same time of the erection of this wondrous edifice, endeavouring to inculcate her principles, and obtain a foothold in society. This building, it was said, was intended for her use—a Temple of Freedom. Their avowed object was a Ba-zaar Mrs. Trollope was an enterprising and courageous woman; but neither enterprise, nor courage was sufficient to thread this labyrinth of perplexities. As a choice of evils, she abandoned her projects, and returned to England, and is now the Authoress of a work on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans." That she should write, if she wrote at all, with some acerbity and much extravagance, is not merely natural, but pardonable. For who ever looked kindly, or patiently, upon those who, however innocently, have occasioned the loss of fortune, time, and temper?" *New York American.*

VI.

TRIAL OF THE WITNESSES.

IT is true, indeed, that we have already done some little incidentally in the way of trying these witnesses; but they have not yet been fairly in Court for this specific purpose. It has seemed to us proper, that they should be brought out somewhat more formally; that some items of their testimony should be examined in detail; that some specimens of their peculiar *manner*, should be farther considered; and that some of the common measures of estimating the value of evidence should be applied; in order that ourselves and readers may know, on the whole, what to think of them. We neither promise, nor threaten, however, to go over the wide field, which themselves have surveyed. We have followed them only once in a hasty flight, taken but a few notes, omitted many which we could wish were before us, and have no time for a second

review. We can only make a few extracts, some general references, and record our general impressions.

We will take them separately. First, Captain Hall. We have already exhibited this gentleman in what may distinctly and emphatically be called his *airs*. This peculiarity as a general attribute, constantly recurring, and thus making a host of the same set of features, under their various forms, has seemed to us so striking and so impressive, that a hint of them in this place is perhaps quite sufficient. That affectation (shall we call it ?) of high, and noble, and disinterested purpose, in going to America—that pompous parade of chivalrous intent — that apparently grave and serious plan of reconciling the two nations, and making them feel better towards each other—when compared with the course actually pursued, is so glaring—that one can hardly look at it in such light, without a feeling bordering on contempt. If the gentleman, when recording these pretensions, had also added his confession :—‘ I am in sport ,’—it would have been in good keeping with the sequel. As it is, however, it is sufficiently in order with his characteristic airs.

It has been suggested to us, since we have been in England, quite *gravely*: that the Captain went to America to write for a *ship*. We do not mention this, because we think it true, or worthy of credit; but merely hypothetically, as a supposition, which would afford the clearest possible solution of the mysterious, and in this light only, consistent course he actually pursued. The fact, however, that the existing government had not rewarded the service, robs the supposition of all credit; or else proves them to have been very ungrateful. Notwithstanding the Captain appears to have been so highly charged with kindness, when he set out, we hardly think it requires a serious attempt to prove, that he ever wasted a great deal of love in detail on that Republican race;—although it must be confessed, he is somewhat prodigal in his *professions* of fondness. We are more inclined to think, that his fountain of benevolence must have been drawn dry, or broken up, not by his own fault, (although perhaps he might have been more upon his guard)—but by some such unlucky accident, as the New York breakfast.

But to the Captain's testimony. “As a proof of their sincerity (the Americans' sincerity in

challenging scrutiny and criticism) they not unfrequently urged me to speak fairly out in their presence, and to give my opinions fully upon all I saw, public and private.” And the Captain, it would seem, did not fail to gratify them in this particular. “‘ What do you think of us, upon the whole?’ was a question put to me every day, and almost in every company.” At Albany, a member of the Legislature, after having made some ridiculous displays of himself, in a debate, itself in all its parts irksome and ridiculous, approached the Captain, who was standing near the door, and said with a knowing air of confident superiority : “ Well, Sir, what do you think of us? Don’t we tread very close on the heels of the mother country?” And such questions, as the following, he says, were constantly made :—“ Don’t you think this a wonderful country? Don’t you allow, that we deserve great credit? Had you any idea of finding us so far advanced? Don’t you admit that we are becoming a great nation?” &c. &c.

It is true the Captain has done us the honour, to say: “ that persons of sense and information were, of course, above descending to such arts to extort praise.” But he “ speaks of the general,

average mass of society in America, the current of whose thoughts appears always to set in that *one* direction." "It is amusing enough," says the Captain, "to observe, that whenever an Englishman and an American meet in that country, they seem to fancy it a point of conscience to put their lances in rest at once, and try to unhorse each other, with or without subject of dispute, like the knights of the Fairy Queen," &c.

"It is amusing enough," we are forced to add on our parts, that this gallant Captain never found out, while he was in America—and he perhaps still is ignorant—that himself was enacting so well, and reducing to actual history, the part of a "Knight of the Fairy Queen." We do not dispute the Captain, in regard to all, or any of his accounts of this self praise, and of this extorting of compliments, which make such a figure in every chapter, not to say, on every page of his volumes; except, perhaps, it may be proper to advise all whom it may concern, that a little allowance should be made for that *colouring*, which a true knight, directly from the heat of the encounter, might be expected to give to each and every several scene. The Captain has given us such an affecting abundance of this

sort of thing, that the real truth, as developed in another place, will more easily be appreciated,—viz. that the waggish Americans, discerning the Captain's humour, (not very difficult to see) could not resist the temptation of seducing him so often into the scenes, which his and their mischief together created. And the pleasantest part of it is, and altogether to the credit of the Captain's honesty, that he should never have been undeceived. Verily, if the Captain should ask us, “What do you think of it, *upon the whole?*”—we cannot aver, that this question would inflict upon us so much torment, as he was doomed to suffer, by its so frequent occurrence among the Americans to him, for the sake of getting his opinion of their country. But still we might be obliged to borrow his own language, to say—which we do to the great and thorough content of our hearts, nothing abating—“that, upon the whole, it is amusing enough.”

It is curious to observe what an “indistinct, dreamy kind of feeling” the Captain got into, on his arrival in America; which, he says, lasted several days. We should not have dissented, but rather believed him, if he had said, that it lasted all the while he was in the country. Every

thing was so decidedly half way between that which is foreign and not foreign, English and not English; the dress and gait of the "*natives*," their manners, language, tone, accent, were all so different. In Canada they spoke "English English." And it was not until Captain Hall had nearly finished his tour in the States, that meeting with Noah Webster (Dr. Webster) at New Haven, the American Lexicographer, he was finally convinced, even to his own satisfaction, that the Americans employ only about *fifty* words in all, which are not used in England; and that, "with very few exceptions, all these apparent novelties are old English words."

And yet the Captain's general testimony, respecting the language of the Americans is thus summed up by himself:—"In all my travels, both among heathens and among Christians, I have never encountered any people, by whom I found it nearly so difficult to be understood as by the Americans. So much for *language*," says the Captain. What shall we say to this? Is it credible, or incredible? Perhaps it would be as much to the credit of the Captain, if we should come to this conclusion—that.

no other man was “ever encountered among Christians, or Heathens, so difficult to be understood,” as himself.

We know no good reason, why we ourselves may not be taken as a fair specimen of the language of the Americans. We beg leave, then, to narrate a couple of anecdotes, one of which applies here in two or more points.

Being at an inn, during an excursion in Great Britain last summer, “mine hostess,” for her own convenience, said: “Will you dine with the Major, to-day?” “Pray, Madam,” we replied, “have you his leave? Don’t impose us on a stranger.” “But,” said the good woman, “the Major is a good man as ever was, and very accommodating.” And so we sat down, perfect strangers to each other. “The Major” holds a commission in his Majesty’s service, and was a lodger there, recreating in the country, as we happened to be. Not to speak for ourselves, he was certainly very polite, and on our part we tried not to be absolutely boorish. We talked of course, being the only two at the table; and by some hazard, an incidental allusion was made to the Americans. “The Americans,” said the Major, “are savages.” We hesitated for an

instant, whether we would declare our relation; but a second thought resolved us to see what the thing might come to. “Why, Sir?” we answered.

“Have not Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope proved it?”—said the Major.

“But, Sir, do you believe all they say?”

“Why should I not—at least the substance? And as to Captain Hall, his profession may certify for him.”

“But, Sir, since you make Captain Hall’s profession his voucher, without impeaching him personally, you must have lived long enough in the world to have learned, that there are knaves and fools in every profession.”

Notwithstanding we had been careful to save Captain Hall personally, the Major still thought there was too much meaning and point in this remark to be altogether comfortable. He hopped, as we thought, an inch or two from his seat, and showed some other signs of manner, face, and speech, indicating a little and partly kindling spark of resentment. A little cooler of a word or two, however, obtained his acquiescence—that the Captain could be fairly tried only on his own personal merits. The question and the

field were now open, and we entered upon it in good temper, discussing the subject in general and detail some two or three hours — ourself cautious not to betray our relation. Neither did the Major suspect it. We confessed to him, that we had been in America, and travelled extensively there, and ought to know something about it. The Major yielded point after point; and had we been willing to discover ourselves, and shown as much zeal, as those self-praising Americans, who first converted the Captain from his first errors, we are not sure, that we might not have succeeded, in firing the Major's soul with that same high spirit, which prompted the gallant Captain to go and defend the Americans against all the world.

The Major grew so kind as to say at last: "I should like to go and see New York."

"But, dear Sir, when you once get there, you should see somewhat of the country."

"I might, perhaps, go to Niagara Falls—perhaps, to Philadelphia and Boston. But I could not endure to travel in the country. The people are savages—they are not civilized."

And all this while the Major understood us so well, that we are quite sure, he did not for a

moment suspect, our blood and tongue were not good English.

The other story. We met in Scotland last summer three brothers from London—one in the profession of the law, another a physician, and the third a student at Oxford. We travelled in their company at several successive times, wandered among the Highlands, and went to Staffa together. We became somewhat intimate, as fellow travellers, each being careful to avoid impertinent questions, as to personal history. As we had found no occasion to say we were from America, without imposing upon our company a gratuity, we remained a long time concealed in this particular. From incidental conversations our company knew, that we had been in that quarter of the globe. As we were walking one day, on the isle of Mull, in the neighbourhood of Tobermorey, we discovered for the first time, by some leading questions, or remarks, that our company, having for some reason fallen in doubt, were willing to have the question settled, whether we were English or not. They were far from being rude, however. Not having before taken any pains, either to conceal or disclose the fact, now sought to be ascertained so delicately,

although we had been several days in company, inasmuch as it was evidently fished for, we turned wicked all at once, and resolved, for a while at least, to keep the secret. But while sitting at dinner the same day at Tobermorey, and talking about the passages across the Atlantic, one of the gentlemen seemed to imagine, that he had got us in his power, without a violation of good manners. “How many times, Sir,” said he, “have you crossed the Atlantic?”

We can scarcely remember when we have been more vexed, than at this question. And we betrayed it distinctly by a momentary pause. To tell the truth, we did think it rude. For we had been not a little amused, and tickled inside, at their previous sly endeavours to get this question solved, ourselves affecting not to perceive their object; and liking the fun, we intended to keep it up. But what could we do now? We were caught. We could not conscientiously say: “So many times, Sir, that we have forgotten the number.” We were, therefore, compelled to answer:—“*Once, Sir, if you please,*” biting our lip with dissatisfaction. And their own arithmetic helped them, as we suppose, to the rest. And it passed off, without any demonstration

of triumph on their part, although it was a real one. Of course, we were no longer hidden. And we talked openly after that, as an American.

And this to show, that the American *tongue* is not sure to betray us, even in Great Britain; notwithstanding Basil Hall's testimony, that it is so peculiar he could not understand, nor be understood in America. We suspect the Captain speaks *figuratively*, now and then; and we should have concluded, that he was indulging in tropes in this matter, if he had not said in plain “English English,” that he meant *language*. But as tropes, and figures, and *airs*, and various other signs, are employed in the office of language—it is possible the Captain meant to say—that he could not make his *AIRS* to be understood. He labours under a mistake, however, even in that. The Yankees have more perspicacity, than he has given them credit for.

It is, perhaps, still more curious, that we should have taken this London trio for genuine and full blooded Yankees, of the New England stamp, for the first day of our intercourse with them. And when we came to be certified, that they were born and bred in London, it seemed to us incredible. Of course, we esteem this no

other than a compliment. There are certain things about New England gentlemen, well bred, which we supposed we understood. And we were quite confident, that we saw these marks upon these London gentlemen, and were anticipating the pleasure of a mutual interchange of American sympathies, at the proper time.

We earnestly wish, that Captain Hall had favoured us with a glossary to his work, or some standard of interpretation, by which we might understand when he is serious, and what he means. For instance, (but that is only one of a thousand) are we to understand, that in the midst of all the plenty, that abounds upon Hudson's River, in the Steam Boats, or any where else, that the Captain's little girl, "*from sheer hunger*, during a whole morning, dragged the passengers about the decks, opening every box and door, that she could get at, till she fairly dropped to sleep at full length, in the middle of the deck?" What, it may be asked, becomes of the Captain's reputation, as a father, or his wife's, as a mother, or his maid servant's, as a nurse, that this suffering and starving child should thus be in the hands of strangers; and when it could stand and walk no longer, from exhaustion and

faintness, that it should fall forsaken and alone, upon the open and exposed deck, and rest in the quietness of sleep, because it had not strength to cry? Verily, we should have expected to see it in the arms, and resting on the bosom of its mother, and realizing all the soothings of a mother's sympathy—in such a starving condition. If Captain Hall had wished to prove how utterly impossible it is sometimes to find food, even for a little child in America, he should have taken care not to prove himself a greater monster, and more unnatural, than all. And he should also have had regard to the reputation of the mother of his desolate child.

But the amusing events of West Point, which immediately succeed this dying scene, have put us in very good humour with the Captain, notwithstanding we were just now vexed with him for his want of natural affection. From selfishness, because the child even yet and notwithstanding had strength to make itself heard, or from a better feeling, the father betakes himself to very extraordinary measures, and finally succeeds.

But the prettiest thing of all is, that to satisfy the Captain's stomach and his lady's, either at West Point, or somewhere else, a servant comes

flourishing in, after much ado, holding up and spreading abroad a beef-steak, as big as the Captain's waistcoat, flapping its wings like a bat, and exclaiming in triumph: “Here, Sir, do ye see this?” A more serious affair, however, which the Captain has yet to settle, lies between him and Colonel Thayer, the Superintendent of West Point, according to the account given us by Mr. Stuart—in which, it would seem, the Captain states *one* thing, as a matter of fact, and the Colonel *another*. But we suggest, to save more serious consequences, that the Captain should send over a message to the Colonel, that the matter in question was only one of his (the Captain's) *tropes*—and that a note of explanation be inserted in the next edition of the book. Doubtless the Captain did make mistakes, and often indulged in the reckless laying on of his glaring colours. Though he might have been more correct, he would also have been far less amusing, if he had not done so. The just view of the case, in our opinion, is, that such writers as Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope are not to be held accountable for the exact truth of all their statements.

For example, the Captain: “Away we went

(in a stage coach) through *mountains* of sand, dashing into ruts (in sand?) a cubit in depth, and casting up clouds of dust, which enveloped the whole party.” This, certainly, for a part of it, might have done well, as a picture of the sands of Arabia. But in application to America, it may be called high colouring.

Take Captain Hall’s description of Rochester:—“ Every thing in this bustling place appeared to be in motion. The very streets seemed to be starting up of their own accord, ready made, and looked as fresh and new, as if they had been turned out of the workmen’s hand but an hour before—or that a great boxful of new houses had been sent by steam from New York, and tumbled out on the half cleared land. . . . I cannot say how many Churches, Court-houses, (only one of these to a County) Jails, and Hotels I counted, all in motion, creeping upwards. Many streets were nearly finished without names. . . . Here and there we saw great warehouses, without window sashes, yet half filled with goods. . . . I need not say, that these half-finished, whole finished, and embryo streets were crowded with people, carts, stages, cattle, *pigs*, far beyond the reach of numbers; and as

all these were lifting up their voices together, &c.

“ When a forest is levelled with a view to the building of a town (in the Western country), one man, possessed of capital, will clear his lot of the wood, and erect houses, or even streets, across it; while on his neighbour’s land the trees may still be growing. And it actually occurred to us several times, within the immediate limits of the inhabited town (of Rochester,) in streets, too, where shops were opened, and all sorts of business going on, that we had to drive first on one side, and then on the other, to avoid the stumps of an oak, or of a hemlock, or of a pine-tree, staring us full in the face.

“ On driving a little beyond the streets, towards the woods, we came to a space, about an acre in size, roughly enclosed, on the summit of a gentle swell of ground.

“ What can this place be for?”

“ Oh,” said my companion, “ that is the grave yard.”

“ Grave yard?—what is that?”—said I. For I was quite adrift.”

To have made this scene perfect, and in good keeping with a former one, where the Captain

had like to have got into a “grave yard” for the last time, he should have added: “I went to bed.”

“As fast as the trees were cut down (*in*, and on the *skirts* of, this town) they were stripped of their branches, and drawn off by oxen, sawed into planks, and otherwise fashioned to the purposes of building, without one moment’s delay. There was little, or no exaggeration, therefore, in supposing with our friend, that the same fir, which might be waving about in full life and vigour in the *morning*, should be cut down, dragged (out of the dark forest) into day-light, squared, framed; and before *night*, be hoisted up to make a beam, or rafter to some tavern, or factory, or store, at the corner of a street, which *twenty-four hours before had existed only on paper, and yet which might be completed, from end to end, within a week afterwards.*

“And now,” said a sportsman, coming out of the woods, where he had lost his horse and been lost himself, as he met the Captain and his companion,—“now that I am fairly out of the thicket, I am almost as much at a loss, as I was before. For you have been getting up such a heap of new work here, (in this rising town) a

man does not know the land (the new streets) from day to day. You have placed such a lot of taverns and houses on the skirts of the forest, so many lime kilns, grocery stores, and what not, side by side, or jumbled together among the trees, that for the life of me, I scarcely know where I've got to, more than I did a while ago, when straying among the trees after my horse."

But all this, it will be said, is self-evident painting. Not any more so, gravely, so far as we are able to judge, than the whole of the Captain's three volumes on America. It only happens here, that the subject is of such a nature, that any body, in any part of the world, can judge for himself. No one would hesitate to make very large reductions and subtractions from this account, before it can wear the shapes of probability. But the Captain himself is quite as serious here, as any where else. He is so much in the habit of doing his things in this style, that, like the fellow, who has told a false story so long as to have forgotten it is false and as to believe it true, so we suppose the Captain, if he should descend to look at this, will chance to express his surprise, that we do not subscribe to the exact truth of his record. Provided the matter

be well understood, we are not in the number of those, who will presume to challenge the Captain's right to this practice, as having been fairly acquired by prescription. We happen to have been acquainted with the City, or town of Rochester, in almost every stage of its history, from the foundation of the first street to its present growth. And we can certify, that much which the Captain says about it, is true. There are very few other things he says of the country, of the people, or their manners, of which we have not also some personal knowledge. We speak very soberly, when we say, that, in our judgment, his testimony generally needs to be qualified—and sometimes in very large measures.

We again refer to James Stuart Esq. for comparison. In the first place, Mr. Stuart saw more of the country, of the people, of their manners, of their every thing, than Captain Hall; and his opportunities of correct observation, were, of the two, the best; although Captain Hall's opportunities were by no means defective; and he is so much the more inexcusable, in our judgment, for having made such a use of them. Next, Mr. Stuart was a competent observer—in every way competent—nobody will doubt it. And what is

a far more important and a far higher qualification—he is an honest reporter. Nobody will doubt that. We have not the least concern, but that the British public will receive his testimony. The face of his record bears all the required marks of truth and honesty, besides the weight of his personal character. It is almost a perfect manual of the kind; and we are sorry to be obliged to say, that it is the first one we have ever known, so large and full, executed by a British hand, or any other, worthy of such entire confidence.

Lay Mr. Stuart's picture of America and Captain Hall's, side by side—and then, if both are affirmed to be equally fair, they do not treat of the same people. If Mr. Stuart's is just, Captain Hall's is not simply unjust—but it is egregiously so. Both these can never stand the ordeal of examination. One must sink, and retire into contempt and oblivion, before the face of the other—except as infamy shall make its monument. As powerfully as some men are swayed by prejudice and political interest for a while, truth will at last prevail.

We had almost said, that the Captain is a greater offender for what he has not said, than

for what he has. But that, perhaps, would partly prove him true. He was at least quick enough to see a fault. But we are not disposed to accuse the Captain of malice in his aspersions. Nevertheless, his *humour* was not altogether of the best sort. It was of a twofold character:—it was jaundiced and it was simple; the last of which led him into perpetual blunders, as well as that it engendered perpetual mischief by provoking mischief. Of that we have already had examples enough. His moral jaundice constituted a medium of vision, through which he saw nothing but faults—and a temper, which inclined him to find fault with every thing he saw. His book, therefore, is a continuous record of fault-finding. Had his candour towards the virtues of the Americans, (and even *they* will yet be allowed to have *some* virtues) been equal to his humour for criticising their vices, there would have been something to balance his accounts, as they now stand. And although he had been unjust, he might have done good. His error would have been venial. But as it is, he has no redeeming quality; and we are much mistaken, if even those, who have admired and approved him do not get to think so too, ere long. They will

say:—although we liked the fault, so long as it served our convenience, we despise the fault-finder. “ Although they laughed at the tricks, they would not, for the world, be convicted of having done them themselves.”

For the present we dismiss the Captain, to return to Mrs. Trollope.

As the principal count, on which we propose trying Mrs. Trollope, will occupy a place by itself, after sundry other matters have come under consideration; and inasmuch as it is, in our estimation, very capital, and involves an affair of no little consequence, we shall not just now undertake to bring out the full merits of this lady, as a witness. In addition, however, to the developments already made, there are several very prominent matters and exposed conditions of her testimony, which are sufficient to make a fair demonstration of her character. It is to be remembered, that she solemnly and frequently affirms to *exact truth*; and in one place she gives us to understand, that none of the conversations, or dialogues, or colloquies, which she narrates, were got up “ *à loisir*,” but reduced *verbatim*, immediately after they occurred, and “ with all the fidelity her memory would

permit." Under this head, therefore, she professes what might be equal to *verbal* accuracy.

Take for example the *vulgarisms* of language, in word and phrase, which she professes to give; and these more frequently occur in the narration of dialogues, when we are especially assured, that we may rely on perfect accuracy of report. We think it somewhat better not to quote any, than a *few* of these. The class is so numerous, that it would be a great task to collect them all, and arrange them. And after all we could only affirm, or deny respecting them, as American, or not. This we can do quite as well in the gross, leaving them at rest where the lady has placed them, as in particular—inasmuch as that we are favoured with this advantage, viz. that nine-tenths of them, at least, fall on one side. We honestly think a greater proportion than this. And this, it may be remarked, being a mere question of arithmetic, is one that can easily be settled. Let any one, who has resided long enough in those sections of the United States, which afford characteristically different classes of *vulgarisms* and *barbarisms* of language, read Mrs. Trollope, and mark all her professed quotations of this kind, subtracting those, which

belong to America, from those which do not—and we do not hesitate to say, that the remainder will be at least *nine to one*. It will not be understood, that we mean to deny the fact of such violations of pure English in America. There is enough, and quite too much of it. But we are only inquiring, whether Mrs. Trollope has *hit* them. And we are obliged to say—*nay*—not one in *ten* of her pretended examples. We deem ourselves competent to decide this question, as we are perfectly familiar with all the vulgarisms of those regions of America, which Mrs. Trollope visited. It would be impossible for her to quote a *genuine* example, which we should not recognise, or a *false* one, which we should not detect.

The provincialisms of language, as found in the United States, are generally of two classes—one peculiar to the North, the other to the South. There is, however, a third and minor class, formed and forming in the West, compounded partly of the two former, and having many things peculiar. An American, who has been a little while in these different sections of country, soon becomes familiar with them all; and it is impossible he should not recognise them instantly,

wherever he meets them. We were quite amazed, therefore, after having read Mrs. Trollope's *nota bene*, that her readers might depend on her accuracy in things of this sort, when we so rarely found any thing, that we had ever heard in any part of America. We were in doubt, at first, whether they were pure inventions—until every now and then we detected vulgarisms, on which we had happened to blunder in one part and another of the British Empire. At last, the class detected, as British, even from our own little observation, became so numerous, we were forced to the conclusion, that the *nine-tenths*, not American, were partly English, partly Irish, and part Scotch. We are inclined, indeed, to think, that some of them are mal-formations of Mrs. Trollope's own workmanship. There is a large class of vulgarisms in the "Refugee," which were never heard in America—and we doubt whether they were ever heard in Great Britain. Besides verbal errors of this kind, Mrs. Trollope is quite sure, whenever she gets an American talking, whether man, woman, or child, or in whatever condition of life, to put entire phrases of bad construction into his or her mouth, not a single feature of which have we

been able to recognise, as American. As there are quite enough truly genuine, we have only wondered, that Mrs. Trollope so rarely, scarcely ever indeed, gets the right ones.

All this, however, is quite a venial offence, and worthy of no remark, except as it goes to show the value of her testimony. She pretends to special, and even verbal accuracy in this particular. We were not a little amused, in observing not long since, that one of the British periodicals, after having passed some very severe strictures upon Mrs. Trollope, complimented her highly for her great fidelity in taking off the Americans, in the matter now under consideration. At another time, as we sat in the reading room of the Royal Institution, a gentleman came in, made a little flourish, slapped his hand upon his thigh, and said: "It makes me perfectly happy to see Mrs. Trollope take off the Americans!" alluding to this point.

But notwithstanding all these departures from accuracy on this head—and this so seldom hitting of the truth, we have the following *general* certificate to every *particular* of the same class:

"And here I beg leave to *assure* the reader,

that *whenever I give conversations*, they were not made *à loisir*; but were written down *immediately* after they occurred, with all the verbal fidelity my memory permitted." If that which is affirmed to so *especially*, turns out so *veraciously*, what are we to think of the rest?

Like Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope makes a very free, and sometimes random use of her "rhetorical pallet." Both equally seem desirous and resolved to make an impression. If there is not interest enough in what is really palpable of the subject, fancy is ever at hand with her munificent creations. Both seem to have imagined, that the retail of common dull life out of their manufactory, was never anticipated, and would never answer their purpose. They were both evidently made for livelier scenes. They like to see things and the world all in motion. And if they do not find it so, it will not be their fault, that it is not made so. For example:—if it should be thought, that St. Paul's Church, in London, is not in the right place, and might be drawn off on wheels, Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope would not be content, that it should go safely to its place of destination;—but they would wish to see the lofty dome

tumbling down upon the heads of people, till a thousand of them, or more, were killed—and making a great dust besides.

It is true, they do not set things in motion at Cincinnati, quite as big as St. Paul's. But according to Mrs. Trollope they wheel about houses there at a great rate—all that are not found in the right place. But it should be observed, these are wooden houses, that are seen running about the streets. They must have chimneys, however, and these could hardly be of wood. They are doubtless brick, or stone—and of course rather a heavy, inconvenient concern, to move entire. Mrs. Trollope informs us, that, by the time these houses, in their peregrinations, have advanced a few rods, the chimneys tumble down, and are spilled out;—all which we can most readily believe, provided it be well established, that they ever set out upon their journey. Captain Hall's Rochester fir, waving freely and joyously to the winds in the morning and untouched, and in the evening making part of a finished house—and Mrs. Trollope's houses and chimneys walking, or being walked, through the streets of Cincinnati—we suppose are *hyperboles*. We know very well,

that they are accustomed to do things quickly at Rochester; and we have seen wooden houses moving through the streets of Cincinnati;—but not *chimneys*!

Mrs. Trollope delights in adventures, and in getting on the borders of disastrous or calamitous incidents. We find her with her children, one hot summer's morning, at Cincinnati, “packing up books, albums, pencils, and sandwiches, and despite a burning sun, dragging up a hill so steep, that we sometimes fancied we could rest ourselves against it by only leaning forward a little. In panting and in groaning we reached the top, hoping to be refreshed by the purest breath of heaven; but to have tasted the breath of heaven, we must have climbed yet further, even to the tops of the trees themselves, for we soon found that the air beneath them stirred not, nor ever had stirred, as it seemed to us, since first it settled there, so heavily did it weigh upon our lungs.

“ Still we were determined to enjoy ourselves, and forward we went, crunching knee deep through the aboriginal leaves, hoping to reach some spot less perfectly air-tight than our landing-place. Wearied with the fruitless search, we decided on

reposing awhile on the trunk of a fallen tree; being all considerably exhausted, the idea of sitting down on this tempting log was conceived and executed simultaneously by the whole party —and the whole party sunk together through its treacherous surface into a mass of rotten rubbish, that had formed part of the pith and marrow of the eternal forest a hundred years before.

“ We were by no means the only sufferers by this accident; frogs, lizards, locusts, katiedids, beetles, and hornets, had the whole of their various tenements disturbed, and testified their displeasure very naturally by annoying us as much as possible in turn. We were *bit*, we were *stung*, we were *scratched*! And when at last we succeeded in raising ourselves from the venerable ruin, we presented as *woeful a spectacle*, as can well be imagined! We shook our (not ambrosial) garments, and panting with heat, stings, and vexation, moved a few paces from the scene of our misfortune, and again sat down.”

As we have text enough here to last us, in the way of commentary, for a good while, we will not meddle with the army of mosquitoes, that followed, or with the almost dying scene of getting home under a mid-day sun, by a round-

about and tedious way, having tried in vain for exemption from the perilous annoyances in the forest.

Now, it happens, that we ourselves have been up the said hill, into the said retreat and shades, on a hot-summer-day, for a like purpose—though not, perhaps, with an equal supply, certainly with less *parade*, we hope, of “books, and albums, and pencils, and sandwiches;”—and we have been there, not once, nor twice, nor six times only. And we know all about it. It is not unlikely, that we have sat on the same deceitful log. But as for the “frogs, lizards, locusts, katiedids, beetles, hornets,” &c.;—and being “bit, and stung, and scratched,” &c. we are unable to report in every particular. We think there might be katiedids and ants there—but all quite harmless;—perhaps an astonished toad. This “woeful spectacle,” these “stings, and this vexation”—are things, which we do not understand. We suppose, too, that we ought to know all about the vermin, and insects, and reptiles, and venomous beasts, even of that very and identical spot—as well as of the room where we are now writing. And we verily believe—mosquitoes excepted—that they are as dangerous and as

troublesome in one place, as in the other; and that we are as likely to be “bit, and stung, and scratched,” where we now are, as on that hill behind Cincinnati—and on that very log—even though it should fall down under us, and disturb and set in motion all manner of creeping, and hopping, and flying beasts and living creatures, that might be housed therein. And we are strongly inclined to the opinion, that if Mrs. Trollope had said simply and only,—*that she and her party laboured up the hill, were deceived by the hollow log, broke down upon it, picked themselves up, and then went home again*—her story would have been as much less interesting, as more exactly accordant with the facts of the case.

For another specimen, take the following record, which we have seen running the rounds of the Newspapers in Great Britain, as a piece of veritable history:—

“Persecution (in America) exists to a degree unknown, I believe, in *our* well-ordered land, since the days of Cromwell. I had the following anecdote from a gentleman, perfectly well acquainted with the circumstances. A tailor sold a suit of clothes to a sailor a few moments before he

sailed, which was on a Sunday morning. The Corporation of New York prosecuted the tailor, and he was convicted, and sentenced to a fine greatly beyond his means to pay. Mr. F. a lawyer of New York, defended him with much eloquence, but in vain. His powerful speech, however, was not without effect—for it raised him such a host of Presbyterian enemies, as sufficed to destroy his practice. Nor was this all: his nephew was at the time preparing for the bar, and soon after the above circumstances occurred, his certificates were presented, and refused, with this declaration—“ that no man of the name of the family of F. should be admitted.” I have met this young man in society; he is a person of very considerable talent, and being thus cruelly robbed of his profession, has become the editor of a *Newspaper*.”

As to the hear-say part of this testimony, the reporters of it to Mrs. Trollope are not within our reach; nor under our hand. And even, if we could catch them, we think it would be quite unnecessary to notice their story. But, there is one part of this account, which Mrs. Trollope affirms on her own credit:—“ I have met this young man in society;” and she had been in his

company enough to be able to certify to his talents. There can be no doubt, then, that he was excluded from the bar, and compelled to become a Newspaper editor—which any body may do, without being obliged to ask leave of any authority, so long as he can find patronage.

We are quite glad to learn, even from this source, that the respectable profession of the law, in America, is so strongly guarded, as to be able to defend itself against the intrusion of scandalous characters; although, we confess, we had entertained some doubts, whether the guardians of that learned profession, either in America or in Great Britain, were very scrupulous on that particular point; or that the examination of Candidates, if it extended so far, was very nice under this item. But, it would seem, that the nephew of Mr. F. was excluded for something deemed scandalous. To set up religious persecution, either from *Presbyterians*, or any other sect,—and it would be the least regarded from *Presbyterians*,—as a reason for excluding any Candidate from the bar, in New York, or in any part of the United States, that we know any thing about—is ridiculous and silly enough. We do not pretend to doubt, that Mrs. Trollope believed

the first part of this account, having herself so promptly volunteered as a witness to the last. But, if she had been a little better acquainted with American society, and had a nice regard to her own credit, she would never have published a record to prove, that she moved in the same circle with a young man, who for want of character—allowing her own story to be true—had been shut out from the American bar!

Mrs. Trollope seems no where to entertain a very kind regard for Church-going-people, priests, and the like—unless, peradventure, they be papists. And the story, just narrated, appears to have been got up—or told rather—to give them a hit,—but unfortunately she has dealt upon herself the heaviest blow. It is *nature's* Sanctuary, which Mrs. Trollope, in her benevolence, wishes people to worship in:—

“ Oh ! how can they renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her vot'ries yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom yields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven ;
Oh ! how can they renounce, and hope to be forgiven !”

“ How is it—(Oh ! how is it) that the Ame-

ricans can leave their wives and daughters (on Sundays) bound in the iron chains of a most tyrannical fanaticism immured with hundreds of fellow victims, waxing pale, listening to the roaring vanities of a preacher, ‘ self-elected and self-ordained ’—and canonized by a College of old women ? Often, as the subject has pressed upon my mind, I think I never so strongly felt (as in America) the conviction, that the Sabbath, the holy Sabbath day, the day on which alone the great majority of the Christian world can spend the hours as they please, is *ill* passed (if passed entirely) within brick walls, listening to an earth born preacher.”

If we understand Mrs. Trollope, we suppose she prefers the French mode:—To Church in the morning, if convenient;—better, however, on the promenades, in the Parks and fields;—but by all means to the theatre, in the evening.

On the subject of crime in America, Mrs. Trollope remarks:—“ The difference between us and the Americans is this:—that in England the laws are acted upon—in America they are not. Trespass, assault, robbery, nay, even *murder*, are often committed, without the slightest attempt at legal interference. Murder there, is only a

half hour's wonder." And all this of that country, of which other travellers testify, and almost universally—that there is so little crime,—that people very extensively do not take the trouble to fasten their doors at night! and which is very well known to be the fact. Ourselves have lodged scores of times, not to say hundreds, which we believe would be nearer the truth, in parts of the country very remote from each other—and slept, with a perfect sense of security, when we knew, that the doors of the house, leading out, were open directly upon us.

The sum of Mrs. Trollope's testimony is this:—that wherever she goes in America, she encounters "frogs, lizards, locusts, katiedids, beetles, and hornets;" she is "bit, and stung, and scratched;" she meets with "woeful spectacles;" she sees houses running a race, and their chimneys tumbling down; men make nothing of robbery and murder there; until "the only regret she feels in leaving the country, is, that she had ever entered it. For," she says, "we had wasted health, time, and *money* there:" and "it was no very agreeable conviction, that our Cincinnati *speculation for my son* would in no wise answer our expectations."

As we have intimated, that we purpose bringing forward Mrs. Trollope again, to examine her testimony on a distinct class of facts, which we esteem to be of some higher importance, we recommend, in the mean time, the specimens already presented, as being, what we consider, a very fair index to her general character. And inasmuch, as we shall probably find it convenient to give her a good share of attention in that place, both on account of the intrinsic interest of the subject, and the difficulty of exhibiting her evidence upon it in its true light by a few words, we cannot so well afford here to analyse her volumes particularly, on the numerous topics and facts, that have fallen under her notice—notwithstanding we might easily make a book of strictures, as large as the text itself. Her sojourn in Maryland and vicinity is very tempting to our critical *cacoethes*, as being exceedingly curious, and not a little romantic. At one time we find her revelling in the bosom of a country, which she describes as a bed of flowers. Maryland, by the by, is miserably poor and barren—worked down to absolute poverty. Next we find her peeping into dens of horrid and poisonous snakes, surrounded by them, and sometimes compelled

to fight her way through them, with some little slaughter of the tribe. Next she is encountering a tornado, exposed to all its fury—enlivened, of course, by incessant flashes of the lightning, and by the murmurings and peals of the loud artillery of heaven. “The heavens blazed and belowed above and around us.” She and her female companion take refuge behind the rocks, which are nearly blown away, receiving meekly the merciless peltings of the storm—and gazing submissively each at the other’s pale face. She is a guest in high life at Stonginton; but if we might judge from the parties, made for her, the circle, in which she moved, was in nowise covetable. Take her own account of one of the families, which made an entertainment for her, and to which she “readily consented:”—

“It consisted of a young man, his wife, two children, a female slave, and two young lads, slaves also. The farm belonged to the wife, and I was told consisted of about three hundred acres of indifferent land, but all cleared. The house was built of wood, and looked as if the three slaves might have overturned it, had they pushed hard against the gable end. It contained one room, of about twelve feet square, and another

adjoining it, hardly larger than a closet; this second chamber was the lodging room of the white part of the family. Above these rooms was a loft, without windows, where I was told 'the staying company,' who visited there, were lodged. Near this mansion was a 'shanty,' a black hole, without any window, which served as a kitchen and all other offices, and also as the lodging of the blacks."

The fact, that Mrs. Trollope was commonly called 'the English old woman' in America, even by boys in the street, is sufficient proof, with those who know any thing of the state of manners in that country, how remarkable, and in what particular way remarkable, she must have made herself. Indeed, it might answer as a rule all the world over.

We have been forced to notice the elevated sphere of society, in which Mrs. Trollope must have moved, by having been constantly annoyed, from the time she entered America till she came out again, with "the smell of onions, whisky, tobacco, &c. &c. &c."—as also by many other indications, not necessary to be specified. We are sorry, for many reasons, that her good humour was so much disturbed by these and other causes.

We had thought of saying a word of Mrs. Trollope's delicacy. But as delicacy itself interposes its inhibitions so earnestly against the transfer and arrangement of the class of specimens, which her pages afford, we must be excused for the omission of that topic. We are aware, that Mrs. Trollope accuses us of being over nice in America. But having been so bred, we cannot help it. And, perhaps, we may yet see reason to congratulate ourselves, that certain

— “ customs have not brazed us so,”

and made us

— “ proof and bulwark against shame.”

VII.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS.

IF this class of the ‘Detractors’ be not burdened with the guilt of the original sin, some of them have promptly volunteered, and wrought most zealously, as coadjutors in the common cause. To overlook them, therefore, in the discharge of our office, would be treating them with a contempt in bad keeping with our own consistency. For the notice we have given to these travellers, as before confessed, is done solely on the credit of their endorsers. On the failure of the principals, therefore, we may be permitted to have an eye to their friends, who have engaged to support them—more especially, as the latter have resolved, that the story is good, and that it shall be maintained. We reserve to ourselves, however, the right of selection from the Class, and cannot be pledged to call upon them all. We begin with the Quarterly—and for aught we

know at present, we may end with him, as a representative of the community.

As one of the most recent, and perhaps most spirited notices of this topic by this Reviewer, was discharged in the act of ushering Mrs. Trollope into the world, we shall hope to have done him a satisfactory honour, if we begin with his commendations of the “Domestic Manners,” and end with his strictures on the “Refugee.”

There was something in the time and circumstance of the announcement of Mrs. Trollope by the Quarterly, not unworthy of remark. There was a *dubiousness* in all heaven—the heaven of political aspects, we mean—an uncertainty which way things, rapidly hastening to an eventful crisis, might turn. All commanding and controlling influences, therefore, at such a moment, were big with importance; and every feather in the scale still had the weight of a feather. An atom was more than an atom; a breath was equal to a breeze; an argument, good or bad, if it only moved things the right way, had an important value for the time being; and it was not a moment to be scrupulous about the means of accomplishing a worthy end. As the events, to which we allude, have apparently

got into a settled course, and are not to be influenced by us, we are not aware of sinning against propriety, or violating decorum, by expressing our conviction, that the circumstances of the time were likely to affect the structure of such a piece of composition, on such a topic, at such a moment, in that respectable and influential Periodical. And in such light there is some apology for the demonstration of a little more than common zeal, for some extravagance even, and for a little over-shooting of the mark.

How else are we to reconcile the difference of treatment, which Mrs. Trollope received at the hands of that same Reviewer, at no greater interval than from March to December of the same year, 1832? And we may add—the difference of treatment, which the same grand topic received, from the one to the other of these periods?

But let us first look at the Quarterly's notice of the "Domestic Manners." The most cordial and greedy welcome, with which it was even seized upon, has not escaped the notice of the world. As far as this Periodical has been read—and we believe its scope of circulation is limited only by the range of English literature—

its very and eager pouncing on this prey, so opportunely tossed within its reach, has been remarked :—

“ This is exactly the title-page we have long wished to see ; and we *rejoice* to say, that, now the subject has been taken up, it is handled by an English lady of *sense* and *acuteness*, who possesses very considerable powers of expression, and who enjoyed *unusually favourable opportunities* for observation. A book of travels in any country, by a person *so qualified*, might be considered valuable ; but *assuredly* it was most wanted in case of *America*, and especially at this moment, when so much trash and falsehood pass current respecting that ‘ terrestrial paradise of the West.’ ”

There is more involved in this welcome and in this praise, in our regard, than what we have even yet hinted at. That it is taken up greedily, is sufficiently obvious. That the commendations of the writer are strong and full of soul, either from respect to her merits, or for some other reasons, is no less clear. How much of them she has a right to take to herself, she has no doubt settled before this time, if she has read the strictures by the same hand on her “ *Refugee*. ” And we are here given to understand, that America was not fairly known before ; that this was the very thing “ *most wanted* ” at this particular juncture ; and that this was the magical wand, armed with a power to dissipate the “ *trash* ”

and correct the “ falsehoods so current respecting that terrestrial paradise of the West.” Surely, there would seem to be not only zeal, but some little of passion in all this. “ We have been *sickened*,” says the Reviewer, “ *over and over again* by the preposterous praises of these republican institutions, &c.” This, at least, is not equivocal; it is frank; and late in the day, as it may seem, we congratulate the Reviewer, that he had at last obtained a help so meet for his purpose; that he could now lay open the entire burden of his mind, being sure of relief with the remedy in his hand.

The Reviewer acknowledges:—“ We have read Mrs. Trollope’s book with interest and *instruction*.” It is the “ *instruction* ” part, let it be observed, for which we have been tempted to make this last quotation! We could have no doubt, from other statements, that the Reviewer had read the book with “ *interest*.” And the particular *kind* of instruction, and the bearing thereof, will by and by appear.

“ Before giving quotations to *substantiate* this *high* praise, &c.” the Reviewer proposes to consider some dozen points of radical and essential difference between Great Britain and America,

sufficient, in his judgment, to remove them so far asunder, as to disarm the comparisons, that have been made by his opponents, of all their force—so far as they designed to suggest domestic improvements on this side of the water. It will be seen, that the Reviewer was not unconscious, that he had given “high praise” to this lady; and that he promises to substantiate her claims to it, by her own records. As to the *dozen* points of difference between the two nations, we do not notice them for the sake of taking part in the controversy, in which the Reviewer is engaged. It would be indecorous for us in our circumstances; but so far as we are misrepresented to our disadvantage, it will doubtless be conceded, that we have a right to disabuse the public mind.

Point 1. America is a vast and thinly peopled country, and Great Britain is a little spot and densely crowded with tenants, &c. The particular specifications under this head, and the remarks upon them, we pass over.

2. America has no rival neighbours, &c. We pass over this.

3. We are informed by the Reviewer, that *four-fifths* of the settled portion of the United States is worked by slaves. As to slavery itself

so far as it *does* exist in the United States, it is by so much too far ; and we have no apology, or extenuation to plead for it. Our readers are sufficiently well informed, to know how it came there ; and we will heartily join our prayers and our efforts with the noble zeal and the divinely inspired spirit of the British nation for its extermi- nation from the face of the earth. Nothing gives us greater satisfaction—our heart bounds with joy and exultation—when we read, not unfre- quently in the British journals, of the arrival of a ship in this, that, and another port of Great Britain, from the Southern States of America, or from any other part of the world, where slavery is tolerated, with a slave on board, as one of the crew, and it is whispered in his ear, as he steps on shore, “ You are a freeman ! ”—and he turns and says to his master :—“ Good by, Sir ! ” This is a gem of the brightest effulgence in the British crown ! a virtue the praise of which is in itself, and constrains the silent and reverential obeisance of the world ! It is an example, which cannot fail to have its influence. The sympathy of the free will yet give freedom to the slave. And while we are so full of admiration for this virtue, we cannot consent to make any subtrac-

tions from this account, by bringing into this place a consideration of some of the actually existing and well known domestic relations of the British empire. Our Reviewer himself has unavoidably suggested them; and the virtue of the British community is hard at work to relieve them; and that is enough.

Nevertheless, it is not to be forgotten, that the British crown is not only involved in the common responsibility of having slavery in so many of its Colonies, but in what can hardly be called a less sin:—that of having originated and legalized the trade, which has imposed and entailed the dreadful evil on the Western world.

It is confessed, that the United States have done less in the cause of emancipation, than they ought to have done. The application of the remedy for such an immense calamity, we need not say, is every where slow. But the United States, simultaneously with the British Government, have some twenty-five years ago, abolished the trade, and decreed it piracy. And while not a single Colony of Great Britain, where slavery existed, (permit us to tell the truth,) has yet proclaimed domestic emancipation, *nine* of the original *thirteen* states of America have done

themselves this honour, most of them long ago. Three of the new States have abjured it for ever in the outset of their existence; and the nation, having no control, *as a nation*, over the individual slave States in this particular, are yet not asleep on this great and momentous theme. Public opinion is doing its work, in connexion with all the comparative disadvantages and impending evils of slavery. Scores of thousands, not to say, hundreds of thousands of slaves have already been offered freedom by their masters, as soon as they can be placed in a situation to enjoy it—it being understood, and we are sorry to say it, that the laws of the Slave States do not permit the owners of slaves to emancipate and leave them within the limits of the Commonwealth. It is to be observed, that these statutes have their foundation professedly in the necessity of self-protection. The original and *moral* right of slavery is rarely asserted, or attempted to be vindicated, in the United States. And by means of the American Colonization Society, that noble institution, as we are constrained to call it, in conjunction with other auxiliary and combined efforts, it is confidently believed, that some more energetic, more efficient, and more extensive

relief will ere long be conferred on this depressed portion of the American community.

But the Reviewer says—*four-fifths* of the settled territory of the United States is worked by slaves. Does he indeed hold the responsible place of supervisor of the Quarterly, without having ever laid his eye upon the map of that country, of which he speaks so confidently ;—or without having possessed himself of information, so easily attainable, and for the want of which any schoolboy of ten years old in *New England*, would chance to be thumped over the head by his master as a stupid blockhead ! It would be too much, in our judgment, to say, that *four-fifths* even of the Slave States, South of the Potomac and of the Ohio, is worked by slaves. Let the Reviewer elect unto himself between ignorance, not very excusable, and an intention, the character of which is too obvious, to need to be defined.

4. The climate of the United States, in all their Southern portions, and that far towards the northern boundary, we are informed, is uninhabitable for half the year ; and that all who have money enough, are obliged, in the warmer seasons, to “scamper off for their lives into the

Canadas, and into the northern corners of the Union ;” and that all the wide spread valleys, through which their boasted rivers run, are steaming for ever, when the intolerable frosts will permit, with fatal miasmata. As this is not the fault of the people, even if it were true, we have only to commend the picture to the amusement of all whom it may concern.

5. And next cometh the steam navigation of the United States, compared with that of Great Britain, so much to the disadvantage of the former. Like a brother John Bull, who, being suddenly astounded and turning pale at a clap of thunder in America, confessed, that they had nothing like that in *his* country, claiming superiority, however, in every thing else;—so our Reviewer seems somewhat reluctantly disposed to yield the palm to American rivers over those of the British isles. But, as to the boats and packets, that float upon them, they are mean enough. They have scarcely one in all their list, that could breast an ocean wave for “ ten minutes.” So, however, that they answer brother Jonathan’s purpose, he will be content. He would hardly make good his own reputation, as an economist, if he should build his

boats for the Mississippi and its tributaries, after the same fashion with those, in which he ploughs the wide main. He is not so vain of show, if we may pay him a compliment; and besides, we imagine, they would ill make way where he wishes them to go. As the shipping of America is well enough known, both in her navy and commercial craft, even to the British community, we do not think it necessary to make this question a subject of controversy. That a grave Reviewer, however, like the Quarterly, should occupy his pages with such matter, partly suggests the suspicion to our minds, that he must have felt himself in some distressing want of better.

6. The Americans have no king, no court, no aristocracy. Although this would be ridiculous enough, when brought as a grave charge against the Americans, yet we have it not in our hearts to speak irreverently, nor even disrespectfully, on this point. We venerate the institutions of Great Britan. We regard them as one of the strong holds—a bulwark of the liberties of mankind. And we have as much affection—yes, we will say, *affection* for William IV. as could reasonably be demanded by any one of his Majesty's subjects from a republican of the United States.

We are not conscious of any thing, but the kindest feelings and the best wishes for his Majesty's person and family; and we can as conscientiously and as fervently pray for the best and highest weal of his Majesty's Government, as we observe it administered, for aught we are able to imagine, as any one of his most dutiful and loving subjects. And we do not fear to say this, in face of the nation, where we owe our first and highest allegiance on earth; because we know that notwithstanding all the hatred they are accused, by these libellers, of cherishing towards the country and nation of their ancestors, they are yet capable of appreciating these sentiments, and will think it no sin in us, either to have felt, or confessed them. We are not disposed, therefore, even if decorum allowed, to indulge in detraction here. And we have nothing in store, even for a fellow-countryman, that should do this, and that on the territories of his own government, but rebuke for what is not only unnecessary in maintaining a decided preference and a suitable respect for the institutions of his own country, but unbecoming the proper dignity of his character and national relations.

It is true, indeed, that the fact — that the

Americans, have no king, no court, and no aristocracy, make, in some points, a radical, and in all points, an essential difference. But so long as each nation chooses and ordains this difference—and it is doubtless a voluntary condition in either case—neither has a right to remonstrate against the preferences of the other. So far as we can appreciate the bearing of this statement of facts by the Reviewer, and remember his reasonings, he adduces it to prove, that the Americans must necessarily be destitute of the most refined state and the highest culture of society.

That there is a majesty about a royal house—especially such as that of Great Britain; that there is a splendour emanating from such a Court; and a glitter in the privileged conditions of a numerous aristocracy—when compared with the simpler forms of a republican government, republican institutions, and republican society—is not a question, that remains to be disputed. That they have a social and moral influence, diffusing itself downward and over the entire mass of the community, above which they tower and move in such exalted, dazzling, and inapproachable eminence—is no less manifest. And, that there are some species and some degrees

of refinement, so far as the etiquette of manners is concerned, in such a state of things, which cannot reasonably be looked for in an infant Republic, that has struggled into existence and been raised to its importance by dint of toil—might also be allowed, even without disparagement to the latter. And besides, it is unnecessary for us to say, that it is among the fixed and cherished principles of the American Republic, to avoid studiously and for ever the appropriate splendour and manners of a kingly Court, and that one Article of the national Constitution has shut the door against the creation of privileged orders in the community.

But if the Reviewer means to say, that the American Republic and its institutions are *constitutionally* unfavourable to the highest culture of mind and to the establishment and use of the best forms of manners, we stand at issue. We are aware, that the want of a standard, acknowledged by both parties here, must almost necessarily embarrass and suspend a final decision. And for aught we see, the question must hang in Court—each being allowed the enjoyment of his own opinion. It must be acknowledged, however, that, although there are no limits to

the possible degrees of mental improvement, or to the acquisitions of knowledge, yet is there a *ne plus ultra* to the most desirable state of *manners* in society. And that point, we are inclined to think, is within the reach of every class of mankind, in every part of the civilized world, who have leisure and opportunity to cultivate manners. It is, if we may venture to define it, the simplest elegance and greatest ease of the simplest accomplishments, acquired by opportunity and custom, adapted to the various relations and conditions of life, prompted by benevolence, and united with the rites of hospitality. A king can do no more—and the meanest of his subjects might possibly do as much. Hospitality of course, in its comforts and conveniences, must always have its limits in the extent of means, appertaining to the host. But good manners, and the best of manners, are not the monopoly, either of wealth or of rank;—much less are they the monopoly of a nation. Although they cost some pains, yet they are not of difficult attainment. Indeed, they may be mimicked, after the manner of monkeys. How many lackeys of this kingdom, (we speak soberly,) changing places with their lords, would

enact a far better part? And how many maid-servants, admitted as rivals, in grace and dignity of mien, would bear away the palm from their mistresses.

And as to mental culture, acquisitions in science, improvements in the arts, and accomplishments in literature, it were a pity, indeed, other things being equal, if an old country could not demonstrate some advantages over a new one. And yet, in the present state of the world, when every new thing of importance in science and literature, is instantly recorded and scattered over the face of the earth through the agencies of the press, it may be observed, that however one nation may have older and better endowed Universities, the real advances of knowledge in different nations are not measured by this accident. There are always lovers of science and devotees of learning, not a few, in every considerable community, whose ambition will keep them in equal pace with the most accomplished of their respective professions in any part of the world. An old and long prosperous community may ordinarily display an advantage both in the amount and quality of productions in the fine arts.

If, moreover, our Reviewer means to be understood, that a Court and an aristocracy secure a greater amount of refinement, as comprehending a greater proportion of the community, however he may be right in theory, which after all must remain problematical, we humbly think, so far as our own observation extends, that he is wrong in *fact* in relation to the communities, which are the subjects of comparison. The want of a common standard again, we are still aware, may also here make an unfortunate difference; and therefore this particular form of the question seems destined to rest unsettled between us.

7. The Americans have no Established Church. We need not say, that they are also contented to be without this. The question seems to be, which is better. It is not for us to discuss this subject for the British community. They appear resolved to do it for themselves. And it would be improper for us, in any case, to meddle with their affairs. We claim only the right of correcting misrepresentations, respecting the economy and operation of religion in our own country.

And first, Captain Hall, who, says the Quarterly, “is the British traveller, whose views of society and public feeling in the United States, merit

most confidence," and who himself assures us of the great "pains" he has taken to be "correct" on all the subjects of his communications, has certified the British community, that *Unitarianism* has obtained triumphantly the vantage ground in New England, and will without doubt overrun the country—there being no orthodox Establishment to arrest its progress. With him agrees Mrs. Trollope, if we mistake not, although she was never in New England. And also many other British travellers have said the same, or tantamount. Therefore, it is said, an Establishment is indispensable for the defence and propagation of orthodoxy. It may be so. But this particular argument, failing in the facts, on which it is founded, must itself fail.

It is true, that in the history of Boston and Massachusetts, Unitarianism did once obtain a footing and an ascendancy of influence, before the people, as a body, were aware of its insinuations and progress; until, about thirty years ago, or twenty-five, scarcely a Church in the City of Boston, a few of the Methodists and Baptists excepted, and perhaps some of the Episcopalians in *form*, could be found, that was not under their entire con-

trol, or deeply tainted. It had also spread extensively in the State of Massachusetts, and lighted down in some other parts of New England. The legislature of the State above named was under its control, and all important public offices of the Commonwealth were monopolized by it, until it was discouraging enough for any one to think of aspiring to place, unless he were an Unitarian. It had taken, and still holds possession of the University of Cambridge. And all this, before the people had become awake to its advances. The alarm, however, was at last taken, and appeals were made to the Bible. Andover Theological Seminary was established, and Amherst College since. The controversy became warm and vigorous ; people and Ministers took sides ; and with no other influence, than public discussions in the pulpit and in the press, and public opinion, so great has been the change and reaction in about twenty-five years, that out of *four hundred and six* Congregational Churches in Massachusetts, only *fifty-six* are Unitarian ; out of *fifty* of all sects in Boston, less than *one-third* are Unitarian ; scarcely a youth is ever sent for Education to Cambridge, except the sons of Unitarians ; the

orthodox, who, a few years ago, never thought of measuring strength in the state legislature with their opponents, have recently done it with triumph; and the Unitarians have long since begun to cry—"persecution." Now it is very well known that no sect of religionists is accustomed to raise this sort of clamour, so long as they are the dominant party. Besides, that Unitarianism, in Boston and Massachusetts, has so rapidly yielded to the lights of discussion and to the force of public opinion, when challenged to action by appeals from the Bible—it is also in very ill savour in all other parts of the United States, and a Congregation of this sect is rarely to be found. It may also be added, that even in Boston, the religion itself being rather cold, the attendance upon its ordinances indicates sufficiently the slender hold it has on the affections of the people; and so also every where else, so far as we have observed.

We have noticed, since we have been in England, a respectably looking little pamphlet, the title of which is something like this:—'The rapid increase of Unitarianism in the United States, in the organization of *one thousand* new Congregations in twenty-five years.' We are glad to be able to

say, that this is an *American story* in the ironical sense. And yet it has some foundation in fact. It relates to a new and noisy sect of ignorant enthusiasts, who have made their way principally into the dark corners of the new settlements, within the above named period, and who are in fact Unitarians. Their preachers are all itinerants; and when one of them has collected a small group of people in some retired place, and exhausted his doctrine and influence in a few weeks, it is then set down on the list of Congregations; and away he flies to make another in the same way, and every one he leaves behind is soon dissolved, and no more is heard of it. This is substantially the history of the *one thousand* Congregations. They have appropriated to themselves exclusively the name of *Christians*, not allowing it to any other people. But as it was not to be expected, that all the rest of the world would resign this right of Christian baptism, it is very singular, that they are commonly called *Christians*, the first syllable retaining the same enunciation, as in *Christ*. They have no connexion whatever with the Unitarians, commonly so called. No two sects could be wider apart in their common sympathies. The Unitarians

rians *proper* have some claims to intellectual culture, and pride themselves in their philosophy —whereas these *Christ*-ians are the most ignorant people, that can be found in the whole country.

Thus much for the necessity of an Established Church to defend orthodoxy against Unitarianism and other heresies. The result of this controversy in Boston and New England has proved, that nothing is so efficient, as free inquiry, and an appeal out of the Bible to public opinion and to the common sense of mankind. America will not soon be in danger of Unitarianism, whatever else may come.

We have heard, that Dr. Chalmers has pleaded the necessity of an Establishment in America, to supply her immense religious wastes, that are reported to exist, both in the old and new settlements—especially in the latter. We have the highest veneration for Dr. Chalmers; but as we know something of America, we must take leave to dissent from him in this particular. And that we are not abandoning our defensive position here, we hope it is sufficient for us to observe, that we intend going no further than to state the facts of the case, which have been falsely as-

sumed, or rather, perhaps, we should say, taken on a false report.

We may premise, however, that so far as we are acquainted with the history of religious Establishments, in Protestant countries, they are more addicted to leaving Churches already organized unsupplied, than to extending their Apostolic labours into waste regions. We are quite confident, from what we know of the genius and character of the American Government and people, that a national religious Establishment with them would be utterly powerless for such an object. Even the ordinary Ecclesiastical organizations of the different denominations of Christians, *as such*, are so sluggish and inefficient in *Missionary* enterprise for the destitute, at home or abroad, that little dependence can be placed upon them. Nearly all this work, in the United States, is assumed and accomplished by voluntary associations, national and minor—such as the American Bible Society, Tract Society—Domestic and Foreign Missionary, Sunday School, Colonization, Temperance, and various national societies, with their numerous auxiliaries and dependencies. And these institutions are quick and energetic: they adapt themselves

instantly to the exigencies of times and cases, as they are developed and transpire. As they depend entirely upon the virtue of the people, and originate in that source, they are always in the hands of men, whose virtues are adapted to the particular purposes of the several institutions—and of the most efficient and active men of each particular class, whom the whole community affords. For as all is voluntary, nothing but feelings so inclined and ardent, will enlist and take the leading agencies of the several enterprises. It is a moral economy, which is morally certain to secure the greatest moral energies, adapted to each specific object. Men, however able, secularized in all their feelings by secular and state occupations, must necessarily be ill qualified for such business. Even if they were possessed of the appropriate zeal and sympathies, and could fully and feelingly appreciate the objects, in a state of mind vacant of other and oppressive cares; yet the fact of their other and weighty absorptions, must necessarily disqualify them for energetic action in these directions. It is this very system of voluntary enterprise, so prompt and efficient, obeying almost on the instant the active virtue of the people, which has

set in motion those itinerating apostles of benevolence, through the new settlements and religious wastes of America, who have been represented by Mrs. Trollope and those of her class, as hovering in clouds, like birds of ill omen and of prey, over the whole Continent, and of whom, Mrs. Trollope, at least, has spoken in terms of the darkest and most reproachful colouring. In the proper place we shall endeavour to settle the question, whether they are indeed deserving of this reproach. We shall then and there have a serious settlement to make with Mrs. Trollope, and those who have sustained her in these most scandalous aspersions. For the present, it is sufficient to remark, (and we do it for America only) that no state religious Establishment, no Ecclesiastical organization, could ever have framed this machinery so promptly, or set it in motion with such efficiency and power. Nay—in America, such a project would have been entirely abortive. As it is, it might be inferred, even from Mrs. Trollope, who declares, that in no country is there so much religious tyranny, as in the United States,—that the religious interests of the people have not been neglected; and if her story is true, even in a small part, it may also be

inferred, that notwithstanding they are without a religious Establishment, instead of having too little religion, they have too much.

This brings us to another argument in favour of an Establishment:—that it is necessary to check fanaticism, and regulate its milder kind—enthusiasm. Or, as the British Critic would have it:—“Such an Establishment may be said to hold in its hand a sort of *safety lamp*, which might do much, if judiciously and carefully used, to prevent such frequent and dangerous explosions of the *spiritual fire-damp*.” This, however, let it be observed, is all based on the assumption, that Mrs. Trollope’s and such like accounts of religion in America, are to be received, as *characteristic* of the country. “If her representations be *accurate*,” &c.—which we shall inquire into by and by; and to that examination we must refer the reader for what might otherwise have fallen into this place.

It is said, moreover, that the support of the Christian ministry in America, for want of an Establishment, is insecure and inadequate. The fact of such insecurity and inadequacy, in some measure and to a considerable extent, we shall not assume to deny; but, that it is justly

attributable to this cause, is, in our judgment, much more questionable. Since this fact is alleged against us, we find upon inquiry, that the working clergy of America—and they *all* work there—are generally much better supported, than the *working* clergy in the Established Church of England; and that the measure of their support is ordinarily graduated by the fidelity of their labours; which so far as we understand, is not always the case here. Indeed, we believe it is strictly true, at least a general truth, that faithful and laborious ministers of religion in America, are almost invariably treated with great respect and tenderness; and that, relying immediately upon the virtue of the people for support, the instances are very rare, when they are permitted to suffer great and obvious inconvenience for want of it.

On the whole, we have often thought, when we have seen the friends of the Established Church of Great Britain, appealing to the state of religion in America, to prove the necessity, utility, and importance of their own system, that if they knew the exact operation of the American system, they would look for argument to some other quarter. If they can see sufficient reasons

intrinsically, or extrinsically, or from both sources combined, to satisfy themselves in having things in their accustomed way, without doing injustice to others, those, who have no concern in their affairs, would be very unreasonable, as well as impertinently officious, to object. But we must insist, that they do not take for their foundation all the slander and scandal, which could be collected and raked together by industrious caterers and laborious scavengers, who have volunteered their services to America for that purpose.

We have lying before us at this moment a pamphlet of 64 octavo pages, under the title of "*Remarks on the Moral and Religious Character of the United States of America, supported by numerous Extracts from the best Authorities*," published at Colchester, Essex, 1831, for the express purpose of defending and supporting the Established Church. Really, it is so very bad, that we do not like to distress our readers with samples, taken, as the author says, from "the best authorities"—and running up to Extract No. 44. We will only quote his first remark after he has concluded them, which we think is well supported by the scraps he has adduced:—

"After looking at these Extracts, brought

down to the spring of the present year, (1831) well might we ask ourselves, not simply whether these people (the Americans) are Christians; but whether one hundredth part of them ever heard the name of Christ?"

Did we not know, that the Established Church of Great Britain has better arguments than these, by which to support itself, we should have inferred, that it must be in a bad case to be compelled to such a resort. Since, however, we are forced to encounter things of this kind, even in the highest authorities, in the most respectable and influential Periodicals and Reviews, we think it should make a satisfactory apology for us, when we endeavour, in self-defence, to show things as they are. If, as the Quarterly says, the Church is "the fly-wheel" of the state, we are not only content, but shall be happy, so long as all those who are interested, may enjoy the full benefit of its regulating influences; but we pray, that they will be pleased to get the fuel, which may be necessary to propel the machinery, out of the mines of their own country, if it needs must come from the lower regions.

8. The Americans have no national debt—to bless them. But observe: there is no difficulty

in creating one, either by a gratuity to some needy and suffering nation, or by some act or acts of national prodigality. It is always easier to get in debt than to get out. And when the Quarterly shall have proved, as promised, that a national debt is really a blessing; and if it shall be thought, that John Bull has such an abundance of it, as that he can, without prejudice to himself, spare a moiety to brother Jonathan, they being on such good terms, let a negotiation be opened; and when John happens to be caught in a generous mood, after a good dinner, or some such time, get him to sign a treaty, by which this loaf shall be equally divided between the two.

This is a curious subject. We wait with impatience for the fulfilment of the Reviewer's promise; and while he is about it, he would no doubt confer a great favour on all individual persons, who happen to be in debt, and on all insolvents, by demonstrating, that their respective conditions, commonly supposed an evil, and which themselves perhaps have felt to be inconvenient, are really a blessing. And who knows, but that by this means, he might introduce an improvement on such an extensive scale, as to revo-

lutionize not only the grand community of nations, but every minor community of individuals; and henceforth we shall see every nation, and all persons making haste to get in debt; and the more the better. The old system of laws, of courts, and the vulgar notions of justice must all be changed. The creditor, instead of vexing the debtor with “pay me that thou owest,” must have the right of bringing an action, for not being permitted to enlarge his credit; and blessed be he in those times, who shall have the good luck first to bring his neighbour in debt, as he will always have the right to keep him there, and to push him on.

But seriously: May we not suppose the Reviewer intends to prove, that if the fundamental capital of the British nation be *twenty-four hundred millions*, the debt of *eight hundred millions*, owing to themselves, is so much additional capital, on which the nation is actually trading? And, inasmuch as the interest only can be paid, and the funds being distributed, as widely as possible, among the wealthy and influential, it presents the moral certainty against the dissolution of the social fabric. But, alas! the only advantage of the trade is to the fundholder—

and that only so long, as he has the prospect of maintaining the integrity and social consistency of the community, *quo ad hoc*. Every other trade and every other property—but this is not our business. The national debt, the Reviewer says, “is the sheet anchor” of the empire !!!

9. The social fabric of America is a rope of sand—or an “immense sand-bank,” without consistency, and for ever changing. If, however, we are to receive the testimony of Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope, and others of this class, the Americans are the most stubborn and the most bigoted people in the world, in all their national attachments. We are willing to leave the Reviewer and these witnesses to settle this question between themselves. Or, suppose we allow their sayings to merge and neutralize each other, and the compound, if not agreeable to us, would perhaps do us no discredit.

10. The Americans have no indigenous literature—or little more than a storm of newspapers. And they have so little taste, or love of learning, that they are quite satisfied with such importations, as make the scum, floating on the surface of European lore. They have no public libraries, except *one* at Philadelphia, and at two or

three other large towns on the sea-coast. Proof: “Mrs. Trollope,” says the Reviewer, “seems to have bestowed much attention on the state of *education* in America, and inserts several *literary* conversations, which give *us* curious enough peeps behind the curtain;”—by which it is shown that Pope, in America, “is considered quite fustian;” Byron a renegade; Shakespeare not much better, &c. &c.*

* It has been suggested to us by a friend, that many persons in England would be interested in a more serious notice, under this head of American Education and Literature—although the remarks of the Quarterly seemed to us so puerile, that, independent of this hint, we could hardly have been settled into gravity. We have consented, however, to the following note:—

The *Colleges* of the United States, which answer in their design to the Universities of Europe, and many of which are in fact, as well as in name, Universities—are in number *forty-six*, scattered over the Union. Although the majority of these are yet in their infancy, their plan is liberal and nearly uniform, being constituted to rise to any importance, which the growth of the country may sustain. This scheme is to afford like facilities and means of a liberal education, as in the Universities of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe. None are admitted to the Colleges and Universities, except by a preparation in common English literature, in the incipient stages of the Latin and Greek Classics, and of Mathematics, a course generally pursued at the public *academies*, as they are called, which answer to the German *Gymnasia*, and which exist perhaps on the average to the number of *twenty* to each College in the whole country; besides many scores of private schools of the same nature. As we happen to have a Catalogue of the Officers

Master Reviewer, we commend thee to thy books again, as thou evidently hast an honest mind. And when thou gettest to the right of the case, the world will doubtless have it. Nay—we

and Students of Yale College, New Haven, for 1831, before us, with a statement of the course of instruction ; and that is perhaps a fair sample of the Colleges of the country, as to their plan and course of study prescribed to the students; we will make a few extracts :—

Terms of Admission.

“ Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class (the number of Classes are four, embracing a course of four years, in every College of the Union) are examined in Cicero’s Select Orations, Virgil, Sallust, the Greek Testament, Græca Minora, Latin and Greek Grammars, Writing Latin, Arithmetic, English Grammar, and Universal Geography ; and every Candidate must have completed his fourteenth year.

Course of Instruction.

“ The Faculty, to whom are committed the government and instruction of the Students, (under graduates,) consists of a President ; a Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology ; a Professor of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages ; a Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy ; a Professor of Divinity ; a Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory ; and eight Tutors.”

The Tutors are in fact Professors, under the accidental name of Tutors, because they have more to do in hearing recitations, than in delivering lectures.

“ Each of the Classes attends three recitations, or lectures in a day. The following scheme gives a general view of the studies, in which the students are particularly examined each year, and are merely elementary :—

recommend thee to go thyself to America, and see how these matters are. We cannot stay to discuss the subject at large. Yet we do certify thee, there are more books in America, by far,

Freshman Class, or First Year.

Horace, Livy, Græca Majora, Roman Antiquities, Algebra, and Euclid's Geometry.

Sophomore Class—or Second Year.

The Latin and Greek Classics continued, with the higher branches of Mathematics, including Rhetoric.

Junior Class—or Third Year.

Latin and Greek Classics continued, the same and different authors; Mathematics in advancing stages; Natural Philosophy and Mechanics; Astronomy; Logic; History with text book; Hebrew, French, and Spanish languages; and Chemistry.

Senior Class—or Fourth Year.

Latin and Greek Classics continued; Rhetoric and Oratory; Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; Natural Religion; Evidences of Christianity; Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry; and Political Economy.

We have taken the liberty to abbreviate and generalize this list, and merely to indicate the elementary parts of the course. Exercises in English, Latin, Greek, and other compositions, are understood to be included, and also in Elocution, with general reading.

We make the following Extract, as expressive of the views of the Officers of this institution, in their plan of education for the four years.

“The object of the system of instruction to the undergraduates in the College (University) is not to give a *partial* edu-

than we can conveniently count. And thou hast missed it a little in thy reckoning of the libraries, &c. Go and see. This said Mrs. Trollope has not seen *all*. And besides, we are not quite

tion, consisting of a few branches only ; nor on the other hand, to give a *superficial* education, containing a little of almost every thing ; nor to complete the details, either of a professional or practical education ; but to commence a *thorough* course, and to carry it as far as the time of a student's residence here will allow. It is intended to maintain such a proportion between the different branches, of Literature and Science, as to form a proper symmetry and balance of character. In laying the foundation of a *thorough* education, it is necessary that *all* the important faculties be brought into exercise. When certain mental endowments receive a much higher culture than others, there is a distortion in the intellectual character. The powers of the mind are not developed in their fairest proportions, by studying languages alone, or Mathematics alone, or natural or political science alone. The object, in the proper Collegiate department, is not to teach that which is peculiar to any one of the professions ; but to lay the foundation, which is common to them all. There are separate schools of Medicine, Law, and Theology, connected with the College, as well as in various parts of the country, which are open to all, who are prepared to enter on professional studies. With these the undergraduate course is not intended to interfere. It prescribes those subjects only, which ought to be understood by every one, who aims at a *thorough* education. The *principles* of Science and Literature are the common foundation of all high intellectual attainments. They give that furniture, and discipline, and elevation of the mind, which are the best preparation for the study of a profession, or of the operations which are peculiar to the higher Mercantile, Manufacturing, or Agricultural establishments."

And these are substantially the principles, which regulate this particular part of the course of education in all the Colleges

sure, that this Cincinnati "scholar," from whom, as a party in the dialogue, this "*literary conversation*" is quoted, is the very best specimen.

It would hardly be fair, for example, if we

and Universities of the Land. The subsequent fitting for either of the three professions, embracing every where and for each, a course of three years, may be pursued at the Colleges, or at separate schools. The ordinary term of a thorough education in America, at the preparatory schools, at the Colleges, and professional lectures, is about *ten years*—and that we mean, after a youth of twelve or fifteen has entered upon his Latin and Greek exercises.

The following is a numerical list of the students at Yale College in 1831:—

Theological Students.....	50
Law Students.....	33
Medical Students.....	69
Undergraduates of the Four Classes.....	346
<hr/>	
Total.....	498

Including the Academical and Professional Departments of Yale College, or the University *proper*, besides the office of President, the following Professorships were filled in 1831:—Professor of Law; of Science and Practice of Law; two of Theology; of Sacred Literature; of Chemistry, Pharmacy, Mineralogy, and Geology; of Surgery and Obstetrics; of the Theory and Practice of Physic; of Materia Medica; of Botany; of Anatomy and Physiology; of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages; of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; of Rhetoric and Oratory; of French and Spanish languages; besides *nine* Tutors, or Sub-Professors: in all *twenty-six* Instructors actually employed.

This is the Institution over which the Rev. Doctor Dwight presided, and of which Professor Silliman is now a distinguished ornament. We mention these two gentlemen, because their

should go back to America, and give as a specimen of the state of knowledge in Great Britain:—That we met in society there a gentleman, of one of the learned professions, (whether edu-

names are more prominent in Great Britain. And Yale College, although one of the best in the country, is a tolerably fair picture of all the institutions of the same class.

The Library of Cambridge University is *thirty-five thousand volumes*; of Yale, *twenty thousand*; we include in the reckoning the smaller libraries, belonging to Societies of Students, but equally the permanent property of the Universities. Brown University, Providence, has a library of *twelve thousand volumes*; Union College, Skenectady, *fourteen thousand*; Bowdoin University, State of Maine, *thirteen thousand*; St. Mary's, Baltimore, *ten thousand*; Alleghany College, *eight thousand*; &c. &c. Many other of the Colleges have respectable libraries of several thousand volumes, and some of them in the new and Southern states, being in their infancy, are not so well furnished. The libraries of American Colleges are very select, and there is rarely occasion to count duplicates. The value of a library, as is well known, does not depend upon the number of volumes, but upon the selection.

The number of Theological Seminaries, Law Schools, and Medical Institutions, independent of the Colleges, we have not in our power to state. They are numerous, however, of each class; and some of them very prominent and respectable. We could mention several; but are not furnished for a perfect list.

Of course all these Institutions are entirely above that fundamental system of primary Schools, which constitutes the basis of common and universal education in America. There are several grades and species of Seminaries for higher education of the youth of both sexes, in extensive use through the country and in the Cities, which might be of interest, had we room, to notice.

cated at Oxford, or Cambridge, we are ignorant,) who asked us: " how large a place (town) is America ?" Being somewhat embarrassed, after we discovered, that he really meant "*town*," and being before some company too, we replied: " It

If there is *one* public library at Philadelphia, we suppose there may be a *score*. All the large Cities and towns have public libraries. We do not think there is a village, or parish in the older settlements of New England, which is not furnished with one, or more, in constant circulation and use among the mass, as well as the more literary portions of the population, with the old and young. We have been well acquainted with scores of towns and villages, and never knew a public library to be wanting. One of the characteristics of mental activity [in the country, is exercise in books. The taste for reading Newspapers in America, which is commonly remarked by foreigners, is only and fairly the index of a *general* taste for reading.

As to the *indigenous* literature, it could hardly be expected, that a people so young would have much to boast of in this particular; but if the Quarterly Reviewer had taken the trouble of looking into the quarterly list of new publications, which is always to be found in the North American Review, if we mistake not, and in other places within his reach, he might have been made wiser on this point.

And as to the flimsy importations of superficial matter, what mean the complaints of the Book trade in London, that nothing valuable drops from the press here, but the Americans immediately seize and appropriate it, without leave, or compensation?

Although the whole range of English literature answers the same purpose for America, as for any part of the British empire, is it not well known, at least among the *better* informed, that the American world, young as it is, is getting to have a literature of its own? Verily, it is easier to make assertions, than to prove them; but there is some risk in it.

is a pretty large place, Sir." "And how far, Sir, is it from Madagascar?" "A long journey, Sir, especially on *foot*." We could not help saying so, and we jumped immediately to another topic, hoping to find us both a little more at home.

Mrs. Trollope has somewhere said, that "America is hardly better known (in England) than Fairy land; and the American character has not been much more deeply studied, than that of the Anthropophagi." It is somewhat amusing, that this lady, by the same stroke, should have hit the Quarterly Reviewer here, and constrained him to come under her tuition. How large a portion of the British community are enlightened in the same way, it might be difficult to tell. It would have been still more amusing, if Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hall had undertaken and succeeded to convince the same class, that the Americans are actually "Anthropophagi."

11. The Reviewer accuses us of having the American Aborigines on our hands—the Indians; and of not treating them very fairly. He knows little enough of this thing. So far as our individual conscience is concerned, we confess, that, as a nation, we are guilty of more sin in this parti-

cular, than this Reviewer ever thought to bring to our charge. But as we may, perhaps, offer to his appetite a more grateful repast on this topic, independent of these pages; which, but for the great love we have shown him here, we might almost hope would claim his attention; and which, moreover, would furnish an excellent apology for him to scourge the Americans to his heart's content;—for these reasons, we say no more in this place, than that:—*We are guilty.*

12. And lastly:—The Americans have no *Botany Bay* to stow away their rogues. And inasmuch as they have a great aversion to hanging, and are continually dispensing pardon, and sending out their convicts on society—and each member of society being a freeman and entitled to the elective franchise—they are likely soon to become a nation of rogues. It is to be hoped, that the Americans will profit by this suggestion—and if it is not even now too late, that they will set themselves about the business of hanging, as they do at the Old Bailey, in good earnest—and thus save the world the trouble of a grand convocation and festival of the nations to hang them all together. In London, or in England, we forget which, in either case in England, we

are told by Prince Muskau, that a child is independent at eight years old, and hanged at twelve. We confess, however, that in some things, the Prince is quite as hard upon England, as Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope are on America. For instance, where the Prince says: that in London “selfishness and avarice gleam but too clearly from every eye, and the City wears a repulsive, sinister aspect, which almost reminds one of the restless and comfortless spirit of the —.” “In England the most frequent and ordinary theme is a *theft*.” In America, we are told, it is a “*dollar*.” But all the world know, that this is ill nature. It only proves, that every community is liable to get hard rubs from foreigners, and ought to teach us the lesson, not to be greedy to entertain scandal.

After having disposed of these dozen points of difference between Great Britain and America, the object of which appears to have been to silence that pestiferous horde, who are perpetually bringing forward that “terrestrial paradise of the West,” as a pattern for Britain to copy after, until the Reviewer had been “sickened over and over again,” he addresses himself directly to

“substantiate the high praise” he had already bestowed upon Mrs. Trollope.

Inasmuch, however, as we have had so much to do with this lady already, and have an important matter yet to settle with her, we will only claim the attention of the reader here to one capital item of the “important instructions,” for which the Reviewer confesses himself so much obliged to her. It is this:—

“All the freedom enjoyed in America beyond what is enjoyed in England, is enjoyed solely by the *disorderly* at the expense of the *orderly*.”

The Reviewer seems to be in a perfect ecstasy at this most felicitous hit. He wakes, as from the dream of an age, during all which time he had actually been dreaming of exactly the same thing, but could never define it. It had no shape, and yet he knew it. All other British travellers in America knew it. The British community at home had been well certified of it. Yet no one before was ever able to reduce it to form. ‘*εὑρηκα*, *εὑρηκα*: I’ve got it! I’ve got it! That is the very thing. Strange, that nobody ever saw it before,’—says the Reviewer; or we imagine we hear him say it. Then we seem

to see him skipping and hopping in the very delirium of his joy; and if he had happened to be in his bath, we fear that, like his old Grecian Archetype, he would have forgotten to dress himself, and run naked through the streets of London to proclaim his satisfaction, and in his frantic mood call for victims for a hecatomb.

But we must make our peace with this man. We begin to feel kind towards him already, the very moment we think of passing from the "Domestic Manners" to his treatment of the "Refugee." But alas! "lasso!" for Mrs. Trollope. We are more than half disposed to think, that Reviewers, like butchers, have no mercy. How could he, who apparently entertained, who certainly manifested such kind affection towards this lady in March, (or was it April?) treat her so cruelly in December? What offence has she done? Her second book certainly could not be reckoned an advance on the first in the way of caricature. Yet, strange as it may seem, this is the grand fault alleged by the Reviewer, who has all at once become indignant at such abuse of the Americans. Why so scrupulous? As the lady in this instance only professes to write a fable, pray, why not indulge herself and

her readers in the sport, if they can really enjoy it? We are not aware, that it hurts any body. If, however, it were possible for circumstantial evidence to establish the truth of the "Domestic Manners," we should say, that the barrenness of imagination in the "Refugee" demonstrates incontrovertibly, that the Authoress must have had the elements of fact to work upon in the production of the former. We do not so much blame the Reviewer, therefore, that he has set his seal of reprobation upon the latter, as a novel. But, in the name of gallantry, why did he not leave the lady alone, if he could not in conscience praise such a worthless thing? She had done one good and meritorious service: she had made the Reviewer himself, we could believe, fat with satisfaction. She had "instructed" him. He confessed himself her pupil. He gratefully acknowledged his obligations, and praised her up to the skies. She had discovered, and brought out into the light of sunshine, what himself and the rest of the world had only dreamed of, and might have died dreaming of. Even Captain Hall, whom we had once thought a twin brother, was a mere baby to her. What more unnatural then—what more ungrateful—

what more cruel to the very darling of his former affections, to come out against her so soon, and in this manner, and so unnecessarily, and deal with her so rudely? He had given her a seat in the clouds, and now as if in wrath and fiendly satisfaction, he plunges her down to the lowest abyss!

But, what is most remarkable of all, the Quarterly Reviewer, if it can be believed, has really turned friend and advocate of the Americans! Look all, to the repentings which the following extracts will show to have been kindling within him:—

“ To say, that this tale (the “ Refugee”) is singularly unskilful, would be almost flattery;—we have seldom met with more of childish improbability, combined with less of surprise and interest. It was intended, we suppose, as a peg, wheron to hang the drapery of the satire: but it is a peg wretchedly ill-fashioned and ill-covered. The fable is exactly of the old Minerva-Press brood: the characters are wire-drawn common place, from beginning to end; and the only one of them (Emily Williams of Rochester, who had the good fortune to become Lady Darcy) that excites any thing like sympa-

thy, could not have existed amidst the brutally gross state of society which is described around her.

“ We are really sometimes quite puzzled to know, whether Mrs. Trollope intends, in the long string of gross vulgarities prepared for us, to furnish a *serious* delineation of the society of America; or only a laughable lampoon. If the latter, she may have succeeded well enough; if the former, *we (?) must take leave to hesitate for a moment*, (is it possible?) before we *deliberately stretch* our faith to the full extent of her demands. We have seen Americans in this country; we have read the language of their fictitious characters of all degrees, and from various hands,” &c.—yet says the Reviewer most emphatically: —(what could be more so?) *Credat Judæus*. Who can believe Mrs. Trollope? “ The story is absurd *nonsense* from beginning to end.” (!!!)

“ As we long since acknowledged, (1829,) we look with complacency, with self-gratulation, and with emotions of honest pride—when we behold ten millions of human beings sprung from ourselves—speaking our language—disposed, like ourselves, to cultivate freedom in speculation and in action,—initiated in the habits of order, inte-

grity, industry, and enterprise, which Britain has diffused through all the ramifications of society,—drawing from the fountain head of knowledge the land of their ancestors—whatever of the arts, the sciences, and the decorations of life, can be accommodated to the advancements they have hitherto made in social life.

“ We may say, *that nothing we have ever heard* (!!) leads us to believe, that a foreigner, who conducts himself like a gentleman and like a man of sense—and, *mutatis mutandis*, we believe we may appeal to Mrs. Hall (!) for the other sex,—may not visit all districts (of America) and all classes, not merely without encountering the offensive and insolent brutality here depicted (by Mrs. Trollope), but with the assurance generally of a welcome in every form of intended kindness and hospitality.”

And all this from the Quarterly Reviewer? And shall we not forgive him? We should like to shake hands with him. But, by the by, when we bethink ourselves a little, it may be prudent not to be too hasty. People, who turn about quick, need some probation. And besides, that “ irritable nationality ” in us, that “ soreness,” that “ morbid sensitiveness,” that “ unpleasant

disease," which has so long been seated and stirring in our blood, must naturally require a little time to be worked off; even under this healthful medicine of returning good nature. In the mean time we shall know, whether these men will be found remaining in their present position.

But there are not wanting, perhaps, some obvious reasons for this change. Although a man might appear inconsistent, yet he does honour to himself, in making known his adoption of new opinions, if they are better supported than those he has abandoned. And although in the common Calendar of reckoning time, there are in fact no more than eight months between March and December of the same year;—yet in the *events* of 1832, not a little calculated, perhaps, to affect the opinions in question—at least so far as to detract somewhat, and for all practical purposes, from the importance of those, supposed in this case to be given up—in *that* year, it may be said, there was comprehended an age; nay, many ages. There were certain great questions, problematical in their aspects, and which had hung long time in doubtful suspense, still pending in the spring, which were for ever

decided before autumn. It may be expedient, therefore, for a man to come round, when, if he is not wrong in principle, time and circumstance discourage his perseverance. It may be even noble, if he changes from bad to good. We think after all and notwithstanding, that the Reviewer has saved his consistency, in a measure, by certain appearances. We are, however, and on the whole, satisfied he is in a good way.

It is remarkable, moreover, that our Reviewer is not contented to speak for himself alone in these repentings and advances, in this generous and kind endeavour to make up—but he brings in the Right Honourable Sir George Rose, with an extract from his Speech in the House of Commons, March 22, 1832; who was once a public functionary from the Court of St. James to the Government of the United States; whose testimony, therefore, is worth something; and whatever American is not satisfied with it, would be very unreasonable. It is noble, it is generous, it is high-minded; it ought to heal ten thousand wounds; and we could wish, that such a man, and such a voice, and such declarations, from such a place, might have their proper influence,

in those quarters, to which they were evidently directed:—

“ In that people of our descendants, as the heirs of our blood, our language, our laws and institutions, we are bound to honour ourselves. The power of these things cannot have been extinguished in a possession of fifty years, by a free people. I have always *deplored* the tone of disparagement of manners, and modes of living and thinking in the United States, with which *so many* of our modern writers of *travels* abound, and which tend to disunite two nations, whose union would confer incalculable advantages on the civilized world. They are an enlightened and energetic people, to whom mighty destinies appear to be confided. For these reasons, and because I am grateful for the kindness I have experienced there, even in a period of great excitement, I can affirm, that I speak as dispassionately of their institutions, as I should of my own. I found, that *all* the books of travels had *under-rated* the character of the society of the United States.”

Who can read this, Englishman or American, and not feel the sentiment of deep and unfeigned

regret, springing up and swelling large and full within him—nay, and not feel the pulse of a quick and strong indignation, beating at his heart—that so much base trash and foul scandal have not only been circulated widely in the two communities, in relation to each other, but entertained, and welcomed, and loved, to blight the kindest feelings of our nature, and the holiest charities of earth!

VIII.

AMERICA THE SCAPE-GOAT.

AND for whose sins ? It happens, that there is a pestiferous set of men in Great Britain, formidable for their numbers and influence—called *radicals* by their opponents—*self-styled* Reformers—who have long been the disturbers of public tranquillity ; who are ever resolved and striving after change ; never content with things good, but prone to make them better ; who are addicted to the framing of new theories of government and society ; who ransack land and sea, earth and heaven, for facts, out of which to construct arguments to answer their purposes ; and who, unfortunately for America, have, in all their restless enterprises, discovered there is such a place, and imagine, that they have found there some patterns of things, that suit them. Ever at war with those, to whom they are opposed, they have pitched battle and been fighting, we

know not how long, by affirmation on the one hand and denial on the other, as to certain facts, reported to exist on the other side of the Atlantic.

That there is such a community, as the United States of North America, we believe is considered well authenticated;—although, if it could answer any substantial purpose in the controversy, the denial of it would not be at all marvellous, and the faith of not a few would probably be made to stagger, if not to yield the ground entirely. That these States were once Colonies of Great Britain, and in a pet of dissatisfaction renounced their allegiance, and fought away stoutly, till the Mother Country found it convenient to let them slip from the cords of her restraint and love, and go and do what they would—is also remembered and generally admitted. That they have grown up into some importance, and been unnatural and impudent enough to do battle a second time with their old mother—is all so recent an affair, that the *impression* is not entirely effaced. Ever since they put on the airs of independence, and had the ill manners to nod defiance to the rest of the world—no not exactly so—but to say, they would have their own way—they have received now

and then a glance of observation from the European side, to see what they might come to.

But, it happened, that, finding themselves at large, and under the necessity of framing a government, they took it in their heads to run the hazard of an experiment, which it was supposed by all the rest of the world, was already proved, and could never do well. They chose to have a Republic—a government of the people; and hitherto, we believe it is pretty well understood, they have maintained it; and they must needs—as must be confessed was somewhat natural—make a little bluster about it, and a little boasting withal, and tell the rest of the world, in their practice, that this was the best way. All this could not be most agreeable to those, who differed from them in their opinions, and in the actual way of carrying on their affairs; especially so far, as it might be observed, that this example was becoming infectious. The ancient and proud nation of France soon and very unfortunately, as all the world knows, tried the experiment. And since that tremendous shock of the nations, and the most calamitous results, which came out of it, have given their awful lessons of instruction, the world has been

content to save itself, as much as possible, the hazard of violent revolutions. Indeed, Europe has but even just now become tolerably composed from the extensive and almost universal convulsions, that have arisen from the irruptions of the moral volcano of the Capital of France. Great Britain has been involved in them, in self-defence; and all Europe has been involved for an age. Europe may be said to have been absorbed, for the mean time, in its own agitations and in the care of itself.

During this while, in distant retreat, and unexposed to the common peril, without a rival neighbour, and with every possible advantage, physical and accidental at least, if not moral and intrinsic, the United States have risen from infancy to manhood; and in some sense, and regarding the rapid and wide spreading out of themselves over their vast territories, they have attained even gigantic dimensions.

Before the late peace of Europe, Great Britain had hardly an opportunity to cast a glance after her “runaway child,” and see how he might be growing. And when unexpectedly she came to have a little quarrel with him in 1812, 13, and 14, which he, wicked fellow, thought

she had provoked—she was, perhaps, a little surprised at the vigour of his powers, notwithstanding they were never mustered, for the good reason, that the contest was generally unpopular. The only place, where the arm of the child was felt, was on the deep—as that sinew of his strength is always ready, and does not depend on the pulsations that are beating at the heart. But that matter is settled, and we hope will never be stirred up again.

Since the adjustment of that collision, and a general peace throughout the world, the Continent of Europe being opened to travellers from England, Europe has been naturally and reasonably more attractive, as well as more convenient of access, than America. As a consequence, few of the better informed have crossed the Atlantic. No small horde of self-banished emigrants, indeed, have gone that way; and now and then a roving, and perhaps, wild adventurer, well stocked with self-sufficiency and superciliousness, not wanting in cleverness, and fit even to write a book, if he should get turned back and find a motive for it, in consequence of having been disappointed by indulging unreasonable and romantic expectations.

Now we happen to be caught in serious mood, we may, perhaps, as well discharge ourselves, in relation to this point, of a serious and grave opinion. Notwithstanding, that we are charged with accusing British travellers in America of unfairness; and notwithstanding the door is closed against us beforehand by the obtrusion of the postulate, that all our gainsaying only proves the truth of what we deny; yet it is in truth no other than a laughable spectacle, to parade before our mind's eye, the little, and not very little library of most rare trash, which, within twenty years, has been inflicted upon the British public, by British travellers, professing to enlighten them concerning America! What a heap! It strikes us unavoidably at this sight, that it might be well for the world, if every community had a special code of statutes, making it highly penal on any Author, (and his publisher and nearest of kin to be involved in the responsibility) professing to speak of facts of whatever kind, if he cannot be acquitted by a jury of twelve competent men, first, for common probity; next, for a reasonable ability to treat of his subject; thirdly, for competent means of information; and lastly, for a decent style of writing. The

public, doubtless, would be none the poorer, if this list of qualifications were greatly extended, and made rigid in the extreme. But what we have specified might do to begin with. We are aware, indeed, that this proposal is not very republican; but never mind that.

Setting aside James Stuart, Esq. Captain Hall is no doubt as good as any, in point of ability and Classical purity. As to his fidelity, we say nothing. Mrs. Trollope is sufficiently clever, and by no means awkward in her way of literary gossip: The now forgotten and henceforth to be unknown of this class, make a sufficient variety, and some of them wear the garb of decency. As for their credibility, generally, the less is said, the less offence, perhaps;—though some few of them are not the worst reporters of things, which came within their observation. If we inquire for the two qualities of a fair and tolerably adequate picture of the United States, so far as it can be compressed within such limits, and in the form of observations by a traveller, let us not be supposed uncharitable, when we say honestly, from all we have read and all we have had reported to us, we know of nothing of much value, till the

recent production of Mr. Stuart. There may have been some honest and well-intended efforts of this kind, that have not fallen under our observation. But not a few of those, that have obtained no small degree of celebrity for the time being, are really base.

On the whole, it is a singular and even marvellous fact, how little of that kind of intercourse has been had, between the people of Great Britain and the United States, that could make them acquainted with each other; and what amazing, and we may add, deplorable advantage this circumstance has given to those, who have been willing to misrepresent one people to the other! Nearly twenty years of peace to the world, and the channels of intercourse all wide open, one would suppose, that two nations, of the same stock, same language, and originally of the same habits, and having so much intercommunication in the way of trade, ought to know each other better.

But this is indeed a far longer preface, than we had intended—and perhaps it will be thought not a very pertinent one—for the yet somewhat equivocal and pointless head-line of these now current pages: *America the scape-goat.* But

the foregoing remarks may at least go to show, why America has become so, and why, in some measure, she still remains so, in the particulars and in the relations, which we have in view to develope.

We cannot imagine, that delicacy, or decorum, or both, which are essentially one in their present application, should forbid us to allude to the general fact, so openly acknowledged and discussed by the press and in all other forms of intercourse —that the characteristic tendencies of society, in these days, are setting powerfully towards change. When we presume to take this liberty, it is simply for the consideration of facts, and not for the purpose of meddling with affairs, that do not belong to us.

The advocates of change in Great Britain, as is well known, are pleased occasionally, and when they think it may answer their purpose, to make reference to the government, institutions, forms and operations of society of the United States; and in this way, they bring themselves perpetually in collision with their opponents, as to the real character and substantial forms of the facts quoted. Now, while we profess and intend to have nothing to do with the points at issue

between these parties, we distinctly assert the right of self-defence, so far as we are injured in the management of their controversy. If one party will quote us, they are bound to do us justice; and their opponents, in replying to them, are under the same obligations. If in the quarrel, we are unfairly treated, and neither party will trouble themselves to set the matter right, they must excuse us, if we undertake to do it ourselves, provided we think fit; or if we choose to take the cheapest way, and content ourselves with rebuking them for their improprieties.

That we are not mistaken in this impression, viz. that America has had the misfortune to fall into the hands of two conflicting parties on this side of the water, and between the two to be rather rudely handled, we will take the liberty of introducing two or three extracts in point, which will probably be allowed to be of no mean authority:—

“ Our soured and *imbittered* feelings towards America would have utterly disappeared long ere now, but for the unceasing efforts of these *pests* of civilized mankind, who still persist in wearying the ears of Englishmen, with the name

of the American Republic, because their confused and purblind optics cannot or will not see, that the government and institutions of one people and one form of society, may not be equally well adapted to every other.” *Quarterly Review.*

The epithets “soured” and “imbittered,” as marked above, do not occur in the same sentence of the text, in which we have taken the liberty to place them here. But they stand in the previous paragraph, and are referred to here, as the subject. It is therefore perfectly fair.

“ We have had, at least, enough of late years of the politics of the United States, and have been sickened over and over again by the preposterous praise, of these republican institutions, which are to eclipse, in their natural consequences, all the glories of Europe in war, in letters, and in all the graces of life. We should pass over such things with the transient hopeless sort of shrug of the shoulders, with which we dismiss the periodical nonsense of a radical newspaper paragraph, were it not, that America and her institutions are held up, not only for admiration to this country, but very often for imitation, if not in their whole extent, at least in many particulars, respecting which the two

countries are so totally dissimilar, that any political comparison between them—except for the purpose of contrast—is utterly useless. When these speculations are boldly obtruded upon the notice of our countrymen, as formulæ for actual practice, we feel it our duty, not to take their conclusions for granted; but to turn the telescope of truth to the existing facts themselves, and through the medium of an intelligent traveller's optics, 'bring life near in utter nakedness.' In this spirit we have read Mrs. Trollope's book with interest and instruction," &c. *ib.*

This, we are inclined to think, will be allowed to be distinct and pertinent enough. And it is to be observed, that the "telescope of truth" here resorted to, is no other than Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners;" and "the medium of an intelligent traveller's optics, bringing life *near* in utter nakedness," is the same. And this "telescope of *truth*," and this *magic* "medium," have been employed with "interest and *instruction*."

We will now introduce the British Critic, who is also obliged for *his* "instructions," to the same most *veritable* authority.

"It will be found by those, who consult Mrs.

Trollope's volumes, that the *state of religion* forms one very prominent department of her exhibition of American manners; and an *opening is thus provided us* for some observations on a most *momentous topic*, and one which falls more especially within the province of a Theological Journal. Our own establishments and usages of every description, and more especially those connected with religion, form at this moment a subject of much intemperate discussion among ourselves. It is, therefore, not very unnatural, that we should be induced to examine attentively the condition of other countries in this respect; and this, with a view to ascertain, whether the absence of all such institutions as our own, is quite so favourable to the best interests of Christianity, as certain of our revolutionary projectors are apt to assume. We have unfortunately among us a number of *good haters*, who scowl at bishops, and prebendaries, and parsons, and whose claws may be seen to dart from their sheaths, the instant that tithes and Church lands are mentioned. And the eyes of such reformers flash with exultation, whenever they anticipate that blissful period, in which the sons of England shall glorify, by their imitations, the wisdom and

virtue of their transatlantic brethren, and shall honour the Christian faith with that most inestimable of all privileges, the liberty of shifting for herself!"

After deprecating the "monstrous coalition," and "unhallowed league of Dissenters with Radicals, Infidels, Atheists, and Romanists for the destruction of the Established Church of England," the Reviewer adds: "And *America* is the land, to which all these parties are incessantly pointing, as the bright example, which Christian communities are bound to imitate, if they would see the gospel, *laying aside every weight and running with patience the race that is set before it.*" Under these circumstances, we cannot but be strongly impelled to examine the course of experiment, which is now in a course of trial in the Western world."

The British Critic, as well as the Quarterly, is willing to take Mrs. Trollope's testimony, when it answers his purpose; and fortunately for him, he can scarcely traverse her pages amiss. But there is one point on which he courteously and artfully declines her assistance, and prefers the help of American divines, to condemn them, even out of the words of their own mouths.

This British Theologian likes Mrs. Trollope well enough, in all that regards her representations of the forms and developements of American religion, but he does not care to take her testimony as to its amount. If we mistake not, she will certify him most abundantly, that there is not simply enough, but by much too much of religion, not only in the large Cities and towns, and in the old settlements of the country, but also in the new; that everywhere, throughout the land, the *amusement* of the people is psalm-singing and preaching; and that in no country in the world is religious tyranny so universal. What would seem “religious tyranny” to Mrs. Trollope, we think by this time, may easily be imagined. Why did the British Critic, who holds Mrs. T. so valuable a witness on other points, decline her testimony on this? Why, to be sure, when American Divines would suit his purpose better, there would seem to be no substantial reason that he should not honour them.

And what is the point, to which he has adduced their evidence? It is not unknown, even in England, that the Christian public of the United States have been deeply anxious a few years past for the religious condition and prospects

of the rapidly extending and rising settlements of the West; that frequent appeals have been made to established and well-ordered communities of the East, in behalf of the new settlements; that the religious statistics of the country, from North to South, and from East to West, and that of every Christian denomination, have been made out and published; that the special efforts of the Church of Rome over the wide vale of the Mississippi have been ascertained and reported; that, as the body of the Republic was moving Westward, it has been deemed important and indispensable to the future salvation of the country, that Christianity and its ordinances should be made to keep pace with its advances; that it was manifest the public were not sufficiently awake to the importance of this momentous theme; that the religious wants of the new and rising settlements of the West were urgent and urgently increasing;—and on the foundation of these and the entire class of similar facts was raised this hypothesis:—that unless the Christian public of America and all who duly estimate the importance of religion to the future welfare and best interests of the nation, should be roused to united, earnest, persevering, and energetic effort

for this specific and grand object, the dearest hopes and high interests of the Republic were in peril.

The grand mistake of the British Critic is, that he has taken the *hypothesis* for the *fact*; and while he is deplored—no doubt with true Christian sympathy, though with hopelessness—over the sad condition and gloomy prospects of the United States for want of a Church Establishment allied to the State,—in which country, to use his own language, “civilization (in the mere human and conventional sense of the word) is advancing with gigantic strides; but Christianity is halting behind the march of civilization with weary, and to all appearance, despairing step;” and where, “in the course of a generation or two more, there will probably (hypothetically?) be millions upon millions of human beings, as destitute of Christian knowledge or principle, “as the savages that howl on the banks of the Missouri;”—yes, at the very moment, while the Reviewer is weeping over this sad spectacle, the half of the work, more or less, which he would bring in an Establishment to accomplish, is already done; and the other part, we trust, is in good and hopeful progress. The appeal has

been made ; it has met with a quick response from the bosom of the community ; the spirit of the nation has been stirred within itself, and moved forward to the work ; and the field, whitened to harvest, is already so full of labourers, according to Mrs. Trollope's account, that she has been obliged to run away, lest she should be cut down and bound up herself, as a bundle. We think possibly it might have been for her improvement, if she had been caught.

But let the British Critic dry up his tears, so far as the want of an Establishment for America is concerned ; and if he is really so much addicted to sympathy, that he cannot help crying, perhaps it might suit him as well to sit down and weep with Mrs. Trollope, that there is so much religion in America, the greatest danger is, they will never get rid of it. Let the Reviewer be moreover informed, that if for default of apostolic zeal in the Established Church of Great Britain, or for being burdened with affairs of state, or any other matters of weightier moment, or more appropriate devotion, they cannot reach the religious wastes of the British isles ; and if moreover they will accept of foreign aid, we think it not improbable, from the present

prospects of a good supply in America, that a corps of Missionaries might be spared for this service. They do things of this kind rather quickly on the other side of the water. When wants are developed, they are immediately responded to. The whole machinery being voluntary, unincumbered by secular weights, unembarrassed by secular hands, that same pulse of the heart, which beats the wish, offers the requisite agency ; and we more than half think that they would even make an extraordinary effort for the benefit of Great Britain, if the necessity of the case were fairly made out and laid before them. Nay, so confident are we, on our parts, that we are willing to engage the business shall all be done in the course of a year—or at least, before the people here shall have decided the question of Establishment or no Establishment.

We have been tempted to make the following extract, not only because it helps the showing we are now making out, but because, in our opinion, it really contains a latent germ of sound philosophy. When the Reviewer shall be better informed, and his vision become clear on the point, if he will take the trouble to work the passage over again, he will chance, with all his

cleverness, which no man can dispute, to make a capital thing of it. Pursuing his drift, in the same line of our last quotations, he says:—

“ While the *lump* (of the American community) is increasing on all sides, with a prodigious power of expansion, the supply of *leaven* is comparatively so penurious, that the extremities will never be reached by its healthful fermentations. The care of man’s eternal interests is placed beyond the pale of *secular* responsibility. If the whole country were sinking into the Serbonian bog of infidelity before his eyes, the magistrate, if he had the will, would be without the power to interfere for its deliverance. The preservation of the country from unbelief, or Atheism, must therefore be intrusted, humanly speaking, to impulses quite as uncertain and capricious, as its preservation from dram drinking. The stability of religious sects is no better provided for, than that of temperance societies. All is committed to the energies and feelings of exemplary individuals, or of small and unconnected communities.”

One of the points, involved in this passage, on which the British Critic needs information, is, that the “impulses” of the American Temperance

Society are not quite so “uncertain and capricious,” as he seems to take for granted. On what authority, we should like to ask him, does he make this assumption? It cannot be from its history, surely. We commend to his attention an article he will find in the North American Review, for January 1833, which we presume lies upon his table, or is somewhere near at hand. He knows the character of that work, and will probably allow, that it is not much more addicted to submit itself to transient, “uncertain, and capricious impulses,” than the British Critic. But it has there confessed itself a thorough convert, though long time and reluctant in being made; it has expressed its highest veneration for the Society; proclaimed its unquestionable triumphs, on the largest scale; and prophesied over its future and perpetually advancing career. We will venture to say, that two or three years ago, the North American Review felt as little respect for the American Temperance Society, as the British Critic does now. We hope the latter will make as good proficiency in the same study; and when he shall have learnt what stuff that Society is made of—and, moreover, that it is constituted identically of the same materials,

as those numerous voluntary associations, larger and smaller, national and auxiliary, and of every sect of Christians, which have undertaken, from irradicable and undying principles of judgment and benevolence, to supply the moral and religious wants of the wide country, in whose destiny themselves and their children are so inseparably and so deeply involved—then, we do him the credit to believe, he will at least be wiser, if he is not more gracious.

And here we may remark, that this Reviewer's arithmetic, by which he has made out the future religious condition of America so dark and desperate, is probably not unlike, in its elementary powers, to that, which, in the estimation of the disclosures of the American Temperance Society, has arrived at the result, that the people of the United States are a *nation of drunkards*. But, so they be reformed, they may yet be saved. Provided the statements of the *religious* wants of that country, to which the British Critic refers with so much feeling and sympathy, and which perhaps have induced him to offer up so many prayers, that the American people may yet repent and be blessed with a national religious Establishment—provided, we say, these state-

ments shall have had their intended and full effect, as we are sure they have to a great extent already, in rousing the people, and uniting their combined and efficient exertions to supply those wants—it is comparatively of little consequence, that the British Critic and those of his class, have taken advantage of the ignorance around them to make unwarrantable deductions. It is the worse for themselves, indeed, and somewhat to the disparagement of America. Let the same investigations of the ravages of ardent spirits and other spirituous liquors be made for Great Britain; let the same or like estimates be made of those subjects of his Majesty in the two kingdoms, who do not hear the sound of the Gospel from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from year to year; and see what will be the result. If the Americans have spoken strongly and eloquently over these two capital and alarming evils, it was to secure attention, and compass their object at home. And if they have been misrepresented abroad on that account, they have at least secured a domestic advantage.*

* It is possible, indeed, and not altogether improbable, that the British Critic has come to his conclusion of the deplorable religious prospects of America, partly under the influence of

And here we had almost been impudent enough to challenge a comparison, and to ask the simple question:—Whether this State religious establishment has in fact demonstrated as much promptitude and efficiency for the supply of the religious wants of the British Empire, as have

some of the *ex parte* statements, if they may be called so, of individual Christian sects, who, in their accounts of the wants of the country, have left out of view the spaces occupied by other Christian denominations, and given them no credit for their extensive and useful labours. We have seen such accounts, and we consider them very improper and injurious. They are improper, as not showing due respect to the labours of fellow Christians, under other names; and injurious, as they present a false picture of the religious state of the country. To deduce conclusions from such premises, will necessarily lead to error—and error on a large scale.

There is another rule of estimate, by which similar erroneous conclusions have occurred; and that is—by counting the population and the ministers of all sects; and then supposing, for example, that one minister is needed for every thousand souls; and that consequently, the scores and perhaps hundreds of thousands of people in excess of one thousand to one minister, are entirely destitute of the preaching of the Gospel and of Christian ordinances. Whereas, it is well known, that the Missionary enterprises of the different sects, and the entire economy of the Methodist Church, are all designed to fill up this chasm, as much as possible, where there is no settled ministry. There is probably no corner, even of the newly settled territories of America, which is not visited occasionally by some of these itinerating and faithful Evangelists; although it is doubtless true, that many of them are poorly supplied. But the greatest exertions are being made to relieve these wants.

characterised the voluntary associations of America? “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

But the British Critic avers, that the American magistrate is excluded from all participation in the labours of this field. *As a magistrate, ordinarily, his services would be of little worth.* This kind of business, in America, is intrusted to the hands of men, who have the spirit of the vocation. If the magistrate is disposed to lend his personal influence and aid, it is so much gain. But what a sad hinderance, what a dead and immovable obstacle would he be, if the work depended on him, when besides the embarrassments of his secular absorptions, he may happen to have no heart for it?

We may, perhaps, as well conclude our extracts under this head, with the following from Blackwood, on account of its peculiar *amiableness* :—

“We hope, that all true Britons hate American manners, and to the full extent of their influence, the American people. They must either do that, or hate their own manners and themselves.” This, we suppose, must be set down, as an exemplification of Christian charity! That this business of hating should be well paid back,

(not that we promise it) is not unnatural, and would be at least equally Christian. But Blackwood, for the sake of the amusement which he affords the world, in his freaks and wild vagaries, is to be indulged to say what he will; and we engage to take it all in good nature. There are others, however, who profess to be serious in these matters; and among them are to be found, as we have seen, some theological doctors.

On the whole: The point, now in question, stands confessed at large, and in various forms. “Our *soured* and *imbittered* feelings would have utterly disappeared, long ere now, but for the *unceasing* efforts of these *pests* of civilized mankind, (the Reformers) who still persist in wearying the ears of Englishmen,” &c. “We have had enough, at least, of late years, of the politics of the United States, and have been sickened,” &c. We therefore take Mrs. Trollope’s “telescope of *truth*,” and the “medium of this intelligent traveller’s optics,” for the sake of the lessons of “instruction,” which they afford. Thus the *Quarterly*.

The British Critic: “An *opening* is thus provided us (by Mrs. Trollope’s volumes) for some observations on a most momentous topic,

and one which falls more especially within the province of a Theological Journal. Our own establishments and usages of every description, and more especially those connected with religion, form, at this moment, a subject of much intemperate discussion among ourselves. We have, unfortunately, among us, a number of *good haters*, who scowl at bishops, prebendaries, and parsons, and whose *claws may be seen to dart from their sheaths*, &c. And the eyes of such reformers flash with exultation, whenever they anticipate that blissful period, in which the sons of England shall glorify, by their imitation, the wisdom and the virtues of their transatlantic brethren, &c. It is, therefore, not very unnatural that we should be induced to examine attentively the condition of other countries (*that country*) in this respect," &c.

We hope it is unnecessary for us to make an apology for requoting here some of this language, as it is in fact real economy, and more pertinent, than any reference we should be able to make, in the way of circumlocution. We have perhaps too been working a little in the dark, under this head. And now that we hope we shall be seen to be immersing into the light, we had a wish,

that these confessions might be looked at again. We take these gentlemen, and all who sympathize with them, at their own word; we submit ourselves solely, in this matter, to their guidance; we go so far as they go, and no further. They tell us they are in trouble; and they confess, that their only dependence for relief is on the Fearons, the Fauxes, the Halls, and the *Trollopess!!!*

Gentlemen: If ye cannot do better than this, we are sorry for you. Like murder, truth will out in the end. We distinctly aver, that we have nothing to do with the *cause* of these gentlemen—nothing with their domestic circumstances, and relations, and prospects. But when they set their foot upon our territory to defame it; when they lay their hand upon our institutions to asperse them; when they enter our society to violate the rites of hospitality; and sacrilegiously profane and pollute our most holy things; then are we in a controversy. It is not enough for these gentlemen to say—they have only played the cards, that have been dealt out to them. They will be noted for the company they keep. They who lodge and horde with gamblers, and are habitually found at their table, must expect

to be taken for a part of the club. They, who have indorsed the paper of defaulters, are lawfully held responsible.

But they have been candid, at least unguarded enough to give the reason: they were in trouble. And it became necessary to make *America the scape-goat to bear away their own sins*. They must prove that America is *not* what she has been represented to be; and to accomplish this, they have not hesitated to resort to the most unworthy means: by taking libellers into their fellowship—by admitting the traducers of a nation's reputation to the communion of their tables—by not only giving currency to slander, but indorsing for truth scandal, so foul, that decency blushes at the story. That this language is not too strong, we trust will appear from the exemplifications, which are now to come under review.*

* It is perhaps pertinent to parts of this section, especially to page 220 and *preceding*, to say, that a recent demonstration is even now being made of the promptitude and efficiency, by which appeals for domestic or foreign charity are answered directly from the people of the United States. The famishing thousands of the Cape de Verde Islands, who appealed in vain to their king and country, in vain to Europe, in vain to the world, are at this moment subsisting on the bread that has freighted whole ships, sent out for no other purpose than this errand of mercy from the United States—not by the Government—but by the private and individual contributions of the people.

IX.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S ACCOUNT OF REVIVALS AND CAMP MEETINGS.

IT may be remarked, that the term “Revivals,” as applied to certain events in the religious world of America, is rarely understood and constantly misapplied in Great Britain. In some instances, it is misapplied innocently; but in certain quarters, and more frequently, perhaps, it is done, apparently from motives, the character of which we will not undertake to specify. We need not, perhaps, say, that the application of this term by Mrs. Trollope, in the instances we are now to consider, and whenever she alludes to the subject, belongs to the latter class.

Properly, a religious revival, or revival of religion, in America, means—a more than ordinary attention to religion in any particular community, as a parish, a village, town, or city, so as obviously to affect the public mind, and arrest

general attention—the consequence of which is, that a considerable acquisition is made to the number of professing Christians. We make this remark, merely to show, that we have not set the term 'Revivals' at the head of this section, as used in its American and appropriate sense; but only as used by Mrs. Trollope and others in Great Britain who appear to have relished her observations upon this subject. In this class is to be ranked a Theological Review, the British Critic, which seems to have been much edified by these grateful communications of that lady; and even somewhat more than edified. It reckons itself positively enriched by new stores of information, especially on account of their appositeness to its own purposes. To use the Reviewer's own language, which he has employed to express the satisfaction, that many of his readers would have felt at the "exhibition of the ludicrous *peculiarities* of their fellow-creatures," if he had not *conscientiously* "abstained" from all extracts having such a tendency, he has himself actually strutted about, and stretched his neck, and "crowed like chanticleer" for the excellent picking, which Mrs. Trollope has thrown down to himself and his brood. He has manifestly considered it a

perfect triumph ; and has even taken the pains and condescended to make out an apology for such an exhibition of himself :—

“ We are indeed far from believing that a disposition to view things in the point of humour, must necessarily indicate malignity of heart. A confirmed and thorough-going disciple of Democritus is, undoubtedly, a heartless being ; but we, nevertheless, do verily believe, that there are multitudes of humane, charitable, and religious characters (like ourself), who have some slight dash of his philosophy in their composition ; and who yet are total strangers, to the sardonic bitterness, which distorts the countenance of the scorner, *whenever the frailties, or absurdities of human nature are shown up to public derision,*”—as, for example, we are about to do.

And so confident is the Reviewer in the unquestionable veracity of his authority, that he has actually thrown down the *glove* to all Americans, as the doughty champion of his mistress, and stands on the margin of the arena to see who may dare to take it up :—

“ If they (the Americans) should deem it worth their while to attempt an exposure of her (Mrs. Trollope’s) exaggerations (as doubtless they

will call them), it will be to no purpose for them to say—that some irregularity must be expected, when agents of such power are at work, and that strange fire will sometimes mingle with the sacred element, which descends from heaven to baptize the souls of men. The credit of their cause will demand much more than this. They must positively do one of two things:—Either they must show, that the English *old woman* (as Mrs. Trollope was called in America), was unfortunate enough to behold one of the most extravagant specimens of a revival, that ever was witnessed in the land; or else they must show, that her whole representation was *false, at the beginning, the middle, and the end of it*; and that her performance (?) must have been dictated by the Father of lies and the accuser of the righteous. And they must further beware of confining their explanations to the mere Revival scene described by her. They must extend their apologetic labours to the still more revolting excesses of her ‘Camp-Meeting.’ For, it is there, that, according to her, the fumes of the tripod appear to have been most intense and deleterious. It is there, that we are most painfully reminded of the agitations of the Sybil:—

— subito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ mansère comæ; sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans, ad flata est numine quando
Jam proprio Dei.

“ If they shall accomplish this vindication, we shall cordially rejoice in their success. We repeat, that unless Mrs. Trollope has most outrageously *bedevilled* her picture of them (revivals), they are fitted almost to excite loathing and abhorrence.”

“ Unless *bedevilled*.” But did the Reviewer *suspect* there was devilism in Mrs. Trollope? If demanded, would he not, even now, subscribe to her immaculate purity? Would he willingly be robbed of his argument by her being convicted of a strong tendency towards devilism? Since this Theologian has authorized this kind of language, it is hoped, that no offence will be taken by two or three instances of iteration, although our conscience partly anticipates a severe judgment for the liberty. But it is really so much to the point, we may, perhaps, even have the courage to allude to it again, as more fully expressive of the character we have to elucidate, than any thing we could have invented—or at least should have dared to apply. We like

the Reviewer's Classical allusions, as well for their pertinence, as for their power. But we have almost feared, that he is more learned than virtuous, that he should speak of Mrs. Trollope's "picture," as being "*almost* fitted to excite loathing and abhorrence." We know not by what measure he is accustomed to estimate things, as proper or improper, decent or otherwise, that he could stop at "*almost* fitted." To have left out the word "*almost*," would be saying little in such an application. To have constructed the strongest possible phrase to express the *amount* of "loathsomeness," which that "*picture*" presents, would still be far below the state of feeling, in which the Reviewer ought to have been found, when he came to that place. We dissent from him, therefore, in this particular, only because he has not said enough—because his disgust and abhorrence were far below the proper mark.

Or was it indeed a tender regard—a courteous forbearance to the feelings of Americans, that dictated this reprobation in such mild and gentle terms? This might seem to be very charitable and praiseworthy, if the whole text were in good keeping with it. But since the British Critic is not ordinarily addicted to this practice, in that

particular direction, such a supposition is hardly called for. As occupying a higher station, than a mere guardian of public morals, as one of the keepers of the temple of God, adjured to defend it against all impurity, it was ill-timed and ill-placed enough to terminate such a Classical rhapsody, over such a very abomination, as the “picture” alluded to undoubtedly is, by a solemn declaration (ex cathedrâ, for aught we know), that it is “*almost* fitted to excite loathing and abhorrence.” Had there been any eloquence in his soul, besides the mere mechanical operations of habit, he should have contrived and darted a thrill of horror through the heart of every reader, and made his hair stand on end. To do him justice, however, at this very moment we are admonished by a jog of memory, that the language we are now criticising *precedes* the rhapsody. But still the actual vicinage of its relative position is so intimate, he must have been within the circle of this peculiar atmosphere, and ought to have felt the full power of its sympathies. Certainly he was not out of sight of the “picture.” And so long as we think of that, it is difficult to find an apology for such mild terms of condemnation.

But it is time that we come to the picture itself. And we here refer our readers to Mrs. Trollope's prefatory and most solemn affirmations: first, that she feared she should “be accused of exaggeration;” next, that she should scrupulously avoid deserving it; and lastly, that she felt the importance of the subject, and thoroughly absolved herself from all “levity.” This special parade of seriousness and this pretence of conscience have probably and generally been taken for what they seem. And if they are not what they seem, what, then, are they? Obviously they are then, we hardly need say, a piece of hypocrisy, which, we would fain hope, there are few persons in these days, who would dare to venture upon. It is not our fault, that we are compelled at this point to withdraw all confidence, either from Mrs. Trollope, as a witness, or from those whom she impeaches. The latter,—many of them certainly, the chief and responsible actors in the scene first described,—allowing that it is not all fiction from beginning to end,—we know personally, and honour, and love. But Mrs. Trollope we do not know.

We cannot honestly affirm, that it is the contagion of sympathy, taken from the grave and

solemn mood, to which Mrs. Trollope makes such pretension, that makes us serious and grave, as we approach this recital. But still we feel serious. We may say, that it gives us pain, a deep and unfeigned regret, that a scandal so infamous could obtain a circulation in the age in which we live, and that it should require a refutation before a Christian community, when it is told of another Christian community! Had it occurred fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago, and had it been circulated in a pagan community, against the sect called *Christians*, such stories were then too common to excite surprise. But, that circumstances could possibly exist in *these* days to offer a sufficient temptation to the offender, and create a *relish* for the offence, could hardly have been credited, till the facts had forced themselves upon observation.

We shall not encumber our pages with *all* the disgusting and sickening details of this kind, which Mrs. Trollope has proved herself capable of spreading out upon hers. But we shall recite the worst—the very worst; and bad enough, it must be confessed, they are:—

“ It was at the principal of the Presbyterian Churches (in Cincinnati) that I was *twice witness*

to scenes, that made me shudder. In describing one, I describe both, and *every* one. *The same thing is constantly repeated.*"

After detailing the time and circumstance, it being night, &c. the congregation, the number of officiating ministers, there being three, Mrs. Trollope proceeds to an account of the nature and order of the religious exercises. She speaks of a prayer, "extravagantly vehement, and offensively familiar in expression;" of a sermon, "describing, with ghastly minuteness, the last feeble fainting moments of human life, the gradual progress of decay after death, followed through every process, up to the last loathsome stage of decomposition;" containing also a picture of hell, in which "no image, that fire, flame, brimstone, molten lead, or red hot pincers could supply, with flesh, nerves, and sinews, quivering under them, was omitted. The perspiration ran in streams from the preacher. His eyes rolled, his lips were covered with foam, and every feature had the deep expression of horror it would have borne, had he, in truth, been gazing at the scene he described."

Next "the other two priests arose, and began to sing a hymn. It was some seconds

before the Congregation could join, as usual, every upturned face looked pale and horror-struck. When the singing ended another took the centre place, and began in a sort of coaxing, affectionate tone, to ask the congregation, if what their dear brother had spoken had reached their hearts? Whether they would avoid the hell he had made them see? ‘Come, then,’ he continued, stretching out his arms towards them, ‘come to us, and tell us so, and we will make you see Jesus, the dear gentle Jesus, who shall save you from it. But you must come to him! You must not be ashamed to come to him! This night you shall tell him, that you are not ashamed of him. We will make way for you; we will clear the bench for anxious sinners to sit upon. Come, then! Come to the anxious bench, and we will show you Jesus! Come! Come! Come!’

“Again a hymn was sung, and while it continued, one of the three was employed in clearing one or two long benches, that went across the rail, (before the pulpit) sending the people back to the lower part of the Church. The singing ceased, and again the people were invited and exhorted not to be ashamed of Jesus,

but to put themselves upon 'the anxious benches,' and lay their heads on his bosom. 'Once more we will sing, that we may give you time.' And again they sung a hymn.

"And now in every part of the Church a movement was perceptible, slight at first, but by degrees becoming more decided. Young girls arose and sat down, and rose again; and then the pews opened, and several came tottering out, their hands clasped, their heads hanging on their bosoms, and every limb trembling, and still the hymn went on. But as the poor creatures approached the rail, their sobs and groans became audible. They seated themselves on the 'anxious benches;' the hymn ceased, and two of the three priests walked down from the tribune; and going, one to the right, and the other to the left, began whispering to the poor tremblers seated there. These whispers were inaudible to us; but the sobs and groans increased to a frightful excess. Young creatures, with features pale and distorted, fell on their knees on the pavement, and soon sunk forward on their faces. The most violent cries and *shrieks* followed, while from time to time a voice was

heard, in convulsive accents, exclaiming:—‘ O Lord !’ ‘ Oh Lord Jesus !’ ‘ Help me, Jesus !’ And the like.

“ Meanwhile the two priests continued to walk among them. They repeatedly mounted on the benches, and, trumpet-mouthing, proclaimed to the whole congregation ‘ the tidings of salvation ;’ and then from every corner of the building arose, in reply, short, sharp cries of ‘ Amen !’ ‘ Glory !’ ‘ Amen !’ While the prostrate penitents continued to receive *whispered comfortings*, (!) and from time to time a *mystic caress*. (!) *More than once I saw a young neck encircled by a reverend arm.* (!) Violent hysterics and convulsions seized many of them.

“ It was a frightful sight to behold innocent young creatures, in the gay morning of existence thus seized upon, horror-struck, and rendered feeble and enervated for ever. One young girl, apparently not more than fourteen, was supported in the arms of another some years older ; her face was pale as death, her eyes wide open, and perfectly devoid of meaning ; her chin and bosom wet with slaver ; she had every appearance of idiotism. I saw a priest approach her.

He took her delicate hand. ‘Jesus is with her ! Bless the Lord !’ he said, and passed on.”

So much for the *Presbyterian* Meeting, of which Mrs. Trollope was an *eye-witness*; and the account of which, she avers, is a fair type of a second, which she also witnessed. “ In describing one, I describe both, and *every* one. *The same thing is constantly repeated.*”

We will now proceed to make some extracts from Mrs. Trollope’s description of the scenes of a *Methodist* “Camp-Meeting,” of which she was also an *eye-witness*, in the state of Indiana—where, as the British Critic says—“the fumes of the tripod are so much more intense and deleterious.”

“ I had heard it said, that being at a Camp-Meeting was like standing at the gate of heaven, and seeing it open before you. I had heard it said, that being at a Camp-Meeting was like finding yourself within the gates of hell. In either case there must be something to gratify curiosity, and compensate for the fatigues of a long rumbling ride and a sleepless night.

“ We reached the ground about an hour before midnight, and the approach to it was highly picturesque. The spot chosen was the verge of

an unbroken forest, where a space of about twenty acres appeared to have been partially cleared for the purpose. Tents of different sizes were pitched very near together in a circle round the cleared space; behind them were ranged an exterior circle of carriages of every description; and at the back of each were fastened the horses, which had drawn them thither. Through this triple circle of defence we distinguished numerous fires burning brightly within it; and still more numerous lights, flickering from the trees that were left in the inclosure. The moon was in meridian splendour above our heads.

“ We left the carriage to the care of a servant, who was to prepare a bed in it for Mrs. B. and me, and entered the inner circle. The first glance reminded me of Vauxhall, from the effect of the lights among the trees and the moving crowd below them; but the second showed a scene totally unlike any thing I had ever witnessed. Four high frames, constructed in the form of altars, were placed at the four corners of the enclosure. On these were supported layers of earth and sod, on which burned immense fires of blazing pine wood. On one side a rude

platform was erected to accommodate the preachers, fifteen of whom attended this meeting, and with very short intervals for necessary refreshment and private devotion, preached in rotation, day and night, from Tuesday to Saturday.

“ When we arrived the preachers were silent ; but we heard issuing from nearly every tent mingled sounds of praying, preaching, singing, and *lamentation*. The curtains in front of each tent were dropped, and the faint light that gleamed through the white drapery, backed as it was by the dark forest, had a beautiful and mysterious effect, that set the imagination at work ; and had the sounds, which vibrated around us, been less discordant, harsh, and unnatural, I should have enjoyed it ; but *listening at the corner of a tent*, which poured forth more than its proportion of clamour, in a few moments chased every feeling derived from the imagination, and furnished realities, that could neither be mistaken, nor forgotten.

“ Great numbers of persons were walking about the ground, who appeared, *like ourselves*, to be present only as spectators. Some of these very *unceremoniously contrived to raise the*

drapery of this tent, at one corner, so as to afford us a perfect view of the interior.

“ The floor was covered with straw, which round the sides was heaped in masses, that might serve as seats; but which at that moment was used *to support the heads and arms of the close packed circle of men and women, who kneeled on the floor.*

“ Out of about thirty persons, thus placed, perhaps, half a dozen were men. One of these, a handsome youth of eighteen or twenty, kneeled just below the opening, *through which I looked. His arm was encircling the neck of a young girl, (!!) who knelt beside him, with her hair hanging dishevelled about her shoulders, and her features working with the most violent agitation.* Soon after they both fell forward on the straw, (!!!) as if unable to endure, in any other attitude, the burning eloquence of a tall grim figure in black, who standing erect in the centre, was uttering with incredible vehemence an oration, that seemed to hover between praying and preaching. His arms hung stiff and immovable by his side, and he looked like an ill-constructed machine, set in action by a movement so violent, as to threaten its own destruction, so jerkingly,

painfully, yet rapidly did his words tumble out. The kneeling circle ceased not to call, in every variety of tone, on the name of Jesus, accompanied with sobs, groans, and a sort of low howling, inexpressibly painful to listen to. But my attention was speedily withdrawn from the preacher, and the circle around him, by a figure, which knelt alone at some distance. It was a living image of Scott's Macbriar, as young, as wild, and as terrible. His thin arms, tossed above his head, had forced themselves so far out of the sleeves, that they were bare to the elbow; his large eyes glared frightfully, and he continued to *scream*, without an instant intermission, the word 'Glory!' with a violence, that seemed to swell every vein to bursting. It was too dreadful to look upon long, and we turned away shuddering.

"We made a circuit of the tents, *pausing* where attention was particularly excited by sounds more vehement, than ordinary. *We contrived to look into many.* All were strewed with straw, and the distorted figures that we saw kneeling, sitting, and *lying* amongst it, joined to the woeful and convulsive cries, gave to each the air of a cell in Bedlam.

“One tent was occupied exclusively by negroes. (Into which also, it would seem, Mrs. Trollope *contrived* to take a *peep*.) They were all full dressed, and looked exactly as if they were performing a scene on the stage. One woman wore a dress of pink gauze, trimmed with silver lace; (!) another was dressed in pale yellow silk; one or two had splendid turbans; and all wore a *profusion* of ornaments. The men (black) were in *snow white pantaloons*, with *gay coloured* linen jackets. One of them a youth of coal-black comeliness, was preaching with the most violent gesticulations, frequently *springing high from the ground*, and *clapping his hands over his head*. Could our Missionary Societies have heard the *trash he uttered*, by way of an address to the Deity, they might perhaps have doubted, whether his conversion had much enlightened his mind.”

This, we presume, is a hint to the Missionary Societies, that they might as well wind up their labours.

“At *midnight*, a horn sounded through the camp, which, we were told, was to call the people from private to public worship; and we pre-

sently saw them flocking from all sides to the front of the preachers' stand. Mrs. B. and I *contrived* to place ourselves, with our backs supported against the lower part of the structure, and we were there enabled to witness the scene, which followed, *without personal danger*. There were about two thousand persons assembled.

“ One of the preachers began in a low, nasal tone, and *like all other Methodist preachers*, assured us of the enormous depravity of man, as he comes from the hand of his Maker, and of his perfect sanctification, after he had wrestled sufficiently with the Lord to get hold of him, *et cetera*. The admiration of the crowd was evinced by almost constant cries of ‘Amen! Amen!’ ‘Jesus! Jesus!’ ‘Glory! Glory!’ and the like. But this comparative tranquillity did not last long. The preachers told them that this night was the time fixed upon for anxious sinners to wrestle with the Lord; that he and his brethren were at hand to help them; and that such as needed their help were to come forward into ‘the pen.’

“ ‘The pen’ was the space immediately below the preachers' stand. We were, therefore,

placed on the edge of it, and were enabled to *see and hear all* that took place in the *very centre* of this extraordinary exhibition.

“The *crowd* fell back at the mention of ‘*the pen*,’ and for some minutes there was a vacant space before us. The preachers came down from their stand, and placed themselves in the midst of it, beginning to sing a hymn, calling upon the penitents to come forth. As they sung, they kept turning themselves round to every part of the crowd, and by degrees the voices of the whole multitude joined in chorus.

“This was the only moment, at which I perceived any thing like the solemn and beautiful effect which I had heard ascribed to this woodland worship. It is certain that the combined voices of such a multitude, heard at dead of night, from the depths of their eternal forests, the many fair young faces turned upward, and looking paler and lovelier as they met the moon-beams, the dark figures of the officials in the middle of the circle, the lurid glare thrown by the altar fires on the woods beyond, did altogether produce a fine and solemn effect, that I shall not easily forget. But ere I had well enjoyed

it, the scene changed, and sublimity gave place to horror and disgust.

“ The exhortation nearly resembled that, which I heard at ‘ the Revival,’ (at Cincinnati) but the result was very different. For instead of the few hysterical women, who distinguished themselves on that occasion, above a hundred persons, nearly all females, came forward, uttering *howlings* and *groans so terrible*, that I shall never cease to *shudder* when I recall them. They appeared *to drag* each other forward, and on the word being given, ‘ let us pray,’ they all fell on their knees. *But this posture was soon changed for others, that permitted greater scope for the convulsive movements of their limbs ; and they were soon all lying on the ground, in an indescribable confusion of heads and legs. (!!!) They threw about their limbs, with such incessant and violent motion, that I was every instant expecting some serious accident to occur. (!!!)*

“ But how am I to describe the sounds, which proceeded from this strange mass of human beings ? I know of no words, which can convey an idea of it. Hysterical sobs, convulsive groans, shrieks and screams, the most appalling,

burst forth on all sides. (!) I felt sick with horror. As if their hoarse and overstrained voices failed to make noise enough, they soon began to clap their hands violently.

“ Many of these wretched creatures were beautiful young females. The preachers moved about among them, at once exciting and soothing their agonies. I *heard* the muttered ‘ Sister ! dear sister !’ (!!) I *saw* the insidious lips approach the cheeks of the unhappy girls ; (!!!) I *heard* the murmured confessions of the poor victims, and I *watched* their tormentors, breathing into their ears consolations, that tinged the pale cheek with crimson. (!!!) Had I been a man”—Nay, madam, hadst thou been a *demon*—“ At length, the atrocious wickedness of this horrible scene, increased to a degree of grossness, that drove us from our station.”

Verily, we join full fellowship with the British Critic to say :—“ It is *here* that we are most painfully reminded of the agitations of the Sybil :

subito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ mansère comæ ; sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument ; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans, ad flata est numine quando
Jam propriore Dei.

It must be confessed by all, that we have now arrived to a serious place. And the British Critic has not unfitly defined to us our duty, first, in regard to the 'Revival' scene, as it is called: that we must show, "either that it was one of the *most extravagant* specimens, that was ever witnessed in the land; or else, that the whole representation is *false*, at the beginning, the middle, and the end of it; and that it must have been dictated by the Father of lies and the Accuser of the righteous." Secondly, we are notified, that "we must extend our apologetic labours to the still more revolting excesses of the Camp-Meeting."

We deem it fortunate, that our task is so satisfactorily prescribed *ab hostibus*—by one, perhaps, who had thought to have taken us in a snare—by one, at least, who was willing to task us roundly—and who probably little imagined, that the challenge he had thrown out, would be assumed. It will doubtless be confessed, that he could not have written a severer duty. But we assume the whole, and are willing to proceed under the guidance of this rule—*provided* the British Critic will stand to his, and abide the conclusion of his own law: "That if the things

narrated by Mrs. Trollope are not *substantially true*, then has she been guilty of something *more atrocious*, than mere *caricature* :—She has been guilty of an *intolerable calumny*."

The rule prescribed to us, it will be recollected, is : We are to show, either, that these scenes described by Mrs. Trollope are "*most extravagant specimens*," compared with an ordinary state of things; or else, that her narrative is "*false*." When the Reviewer speaks of "*false*, at the beginning, the middle, and the end," we presume he does not mean, that we must prove every *fact* and every *feature* of these narratives to be false; that no single element of them ever existed, or occurred; that there never were any such assemblages in America, as 'Camp-Meetings,' and no scenes of any kind, that gave *occasion* for these descriptions, and to which Mrs. Trollope has attached the name of 'Revivals.' The Reviewer is doubtless aware, that these public occasions referred to, of both classes, all *might* have occurred and been managed in perfect innocence. It is the moral offence, the dishonourable practices, the indecencies, and we may add, the atrocious enormities of these scenes, as narrated and described by Mrs. Trollope, which, we pre-

sume, are intended to be imposed upon us to disprove.

And, moreover, we think, that we must be allowed the scope of ordinary forensic rules in the management of this matter ; and that neither the Reviewer, nor any body else would be so unreasonable, as to require of us the direct and positive proof of a negative, against positive testimony. This is well known to be impossible. And it is equally well known, notwithstanding, that a negative may be *established* perfectly and most satisfactorily. It is a well-recognised canon of courts of law and justice, and it is equally applicable to all questions subject to forensic examinations—which the *British Critic* knows how to apply—that testimony may be adduced to confront testimony ; that the credibility of witnesses may be affected by other witnesses, by their own tempers and characters, by interest, by circumstances, by consistency and its opposite, by probabilities, &c. &c. There are numerous species of evidence, by which the most positive testimony may be entirely annihilated, and its negative fully established.

As we are not able, at our distance of time and place, to bring any witnesses of the *identical*

scenes now in question and described by Mrs. Trollope, we claim to be indulged in that course of evidence, which alone is within our reach ; and we hope it will be a sufficient temptation to our readers to follow us in the investigation, when we promise to prove satisfactorily, that not a single item of these particular narratives of Mrs. Trollope is to be believed, which any persons, concerned in the transactions, would wish to be disbelieved ; and nothing, which, in our judgment, should tend to the dishonour of religion. The trouble we must have in this argument, it is to be hoped, will be sufficiently rewarded by the advantage of having an opportunity of making the *reasons* of the case perfectly manifest.

It must have been observed, that it is the 'Camp-Meetings' *especially*, which the British Critic intimates must be cleared up ; and we will endeavour not to overlook the other topic.

It happened, that the Author of these pages made an excursion through the Western States in the summer of 1831, and was a transient resident at Cincinnati about three months of the same season. Being curious to ascertain the real character of *Camp-Meetings*, he embraced the opportunity afforded him, while in that region,

of attending *three* separate occasions of the kind, each of which continued a week—and was present from beginning to end of each, by day and by night, and an eye and ear witness of all the transactions in public and in private. The following are literal extracts of *memoranda* made by him at the time, without any view to their present appropriation :—

History of American Camp-Meetings.

‘ These religious assemblies, which have appropriately received the name of “Camp-Meetings” in our country, because they are literally an *encampment* in tents and booths, set up in some rural retreat, ordinarily in the shades of a convenient grove, and sustained for a number of days—originated about thirty years ago, among a class of Presbyterians, who emigrated from North Carolina to parts of Tennessee and Kentucky—not by any previously concerted plan, but from a necessity, growing out of a great religious excitement, which in these days is commonly called a ‘ Revival ;’—and from want of adequate accommodations for the assembled multitudes, by any of the common structures erected for public worship, which in that new and yet forest

country, were very rare, and contracted in their dimensions. The state of religious feeling at that time, and in those regions, demanded frequent and protracted public meetings, generally convened at the usual places of public worship—which at the South are more frequently built in woods, and remote from extensive accommodations for lodging in houses.* The people, therefore, on these occasions, being constrained, by their religious feelings and solicitudes, to remain together even for days, very naturally constructed temporary accommodations, not unlike those of an army in *bivouac*,—some making a lodging place in their carriages and covered waggons—others erecting tents and booths around the house of God—and all bringing their provisions for the table, to prevent the necessity of retiring from these assemblies for such purposes. The Church, in these regions and at that time, ordinarily a small log-building, was of course insufficient to admit even a small part of the

* In passing through the Southern States of America, it is observed, that for the convenience of the tenants of large plantations, a geographical centre, in relation to a particular religious congregation, selected for a Church, often falls in the middle of a forest, near a public road and what is called a branch, or run of water.

multitudes, which congregated on these occasions ; and the preachers were consequently obliged to set up their pulpit, or stand for speaking to the people, under the trees. And since they must meet the assembled multitude out of doors, and since it was the public voice to abide a number of days in the observance of this sort of religious festival,* it became a matter of convenience to retire to some “Enon,” or place of abounding springs of water, as John the Baptist did for the accommodation and refreshment of the multitudes, that flocked in his train ; combining also the shades of a grove. And then, in the solitary wilderness, and under the deep shades of the everlasting forests, they set up their encampment, and made of the temple of nature, a temple of the most high God. And in such circumstances, for many years, after suitable intervals of time, and by adjournment from one place to another, to accommodate the wide spread population, groves were consecrated to religious

* As these were generally Scotch Presbyterians, the occasion was substantially what is still observed in the Kirk of North Britain, and no doubt had its origin from that practice. It was a great sacramental occasion, occupying about a week, accommodated in its forms and circumstances to the state of things in that new country.

and holy purposes, and literally made vocal with the praises of God—with the sighs of penitential sorrow for sin, and with the exultations of Christian hope.

“ There stood the messenger of truth : there stood
The legate of the skies—his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear,
By him the violated law spoke out
Its thunders ; and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispered peace.
He came with God’s commission to the *heart* ;
He negotiated between God and man,
As God’s ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy—deep impress’d
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly, that the flock he fed
Should feel it too.”

‘ And they did feel it. That word which came from the heart of God, was spoken from the heart of the preacher, and it reached the heart.

‘ Such briefly was the origin of *Camp-Meetings*. But in consequence of inexperience in the management of such great and protracted assemblies, and partly, perhaps, in consequence of some religious dissensions, the public excitement declined ; and along with the disappearance of the urgent necessity of such assemblages, they gradually passed into desuetude among

those who originally introduced them into this country. It is well known, however, that the Methodists, throughout the United States, have long since adopted and incorporated Camp-Meetings into the system of their religious economy — until it is generally supposed, that they originated with the Methodists, and that they are a peculiarity in the customs of that denomination. It is also to be observed, that the Cumberland Presbyterians, the most of whom are south of the Ohio river, have habitually sustained them ever since their secession from the Presbyterian Church of the United States some twenty to thirty years ago. Among those who have adhered to the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky and Tennessee, especially in the latter state, Camp-Meetings have been occasionally and irregularly sustained, since their first introduction. A few years past they have been gradually reviving, and last year (1830) they were introduced for the first time by Presbyterians north of the Ohio.

‘ It may be observed, that, if there be any peculiar local reasons for such convocations of the people, as Camp-Meetings, those reasons have heretofore existed, and still exist to a consi-

derable extent, in the West and South, on account of the scattered condition of the population through widely extended districts ; of the common deficiency, not only of the stated ministrations of religion, but of edifices and recognised centres of public worship ; of the habit extensively prevalent of neglecting Christian ordinances where they are actually presented ; and of the extreme difficulty of challenging and securing the religious attention of such a comparatively disorganized mass of population, as are always found in new settlements. It has been supposed, by the advocates of these assemblages, that some such extraordinary measures, attractive and imposing in their forms, and naturally calculated to arouse the popular mind, are quite necessary, in such peculiar circumstances of the people. They say: great public assemblies, as is well known, have a peculiar power in them, to call into action those sympathies, which are naturally challenged by the particular occasion—whether convoked for military, civil, religious, or whatever purposes. “The children of this world,” say they, avail themselves of this feature and attribute of the heart of man ; and why not “the children of light?”—And if the peculiar apparatus and cir-

cumstances of Camp-Meetings actually prove to be of great and efficient power, in this peculiar condition of our scattered and yet unorganized population, in securing the impression of religious truth upon the heart—and if, moreover, it be admitted, that the influence of religion in these wide regions is greatly less than what it ought to be—that the public mind on this subject needs to be roused through the medium of popular influences—so far at least, the subject would seem to commend itself to very grave consideration, as a question of practical religious economy in these parts of our country.

‘ How far the Divine appointments for the public convocations of the Tribes of Israel, for the observance of long protracted religious festivals, is applicable in principle, to this practice, it might be difficult to say. After deducting the peculiar reasons for these Hebrew public solemnities, the occasions were probably ordained, as having some foundation in common principles of human nature. One thing is undeniably—that such assemblages, as Camp-Meetings, detaching those who attend them entirely from the common cares of life, for the time being, even from the common domestic scenes,

which also have their provocations of mental distraction from religion, and bringing them directly and uninterruptedly under a very singular and powerful concentration of religious influences for several days in succession—are altogether without example in the common course of religious means and Christian ordinances. The vast multitudes, who pour in from the surrounding country to the public services of each day, especially of the Sabbath, very easily and naturally catch a portion of the sympathies of the occasion.—Christians appear to be animated in their devotions and filled with agreeable hopes—Ministers find themselves in circumstances of uncommonly animating power—and what with all their common stores and the special inspirations of the time, they pour out from day to day, and from hour to hour, an incessant flood of Bible truth, in a manner and with an unction, which, together with the variety of each one's peculiar modes of thinking, and also the marked fervour and faith of their prayers—not only hold the multitude of minds before them in fixed and rapt attention, but deeply interest their heart. I was equally amazed and delighted last Sabbath, to witness not only the external

decencies and order of these observances, altogether as exemplary, for aught that appeared, as those of any ordinary Congregation in a Church—and not simply an unrelaxed attention—but a constantly rising interest, in an assembly of five thousand people, for four hours and an half, under the sermons, exhortations, prayers, and sacred songs, which distributed and occupied the time without recess. I should not have believed it possible, until my eyes had seen it. And this only an introduction to the sacramental services of the latter part of the day.'

We think it pertinent to remark here, that the Camp-Meeting referred to in this place, was held in the State of Ohio, and within ten or fifteen miles of the City of Cincinnati. The following extracts from the memoranda relate to the physical and artificial paraphernalia of the occasion:—

‘A deep, shady grove, in the vicinity of a water fountain for the refreshment of the people, is deemed indispensable. In the present instance, the grove was a large maple, or sugar orchard, making a perfect shade, not only for the encampment as occupied by the tents and fixtures for public worship, but for all the carriages and

waggons, which brought the people. The ground was a dead level. Imagine in the heart of such a grove two unbroken lines of tents and booths, running parallel two hundred feet asunder, and bending towards the extremities into a circular form, as if to meet in the opposite points, distant from each other four hundred feet — but yet leaving an opening at either end, not only sufficient for a free ingress and egress of a great crowd, but if necessary, large enough for an open view between the preachers' stand and any people, who might be obliged for want of room to stand or sit without these lines. The space within, however, was sufficient to admit about ten thousand people. Imagine in one of the foci of this ellipsis, that is, in the neighbourhood of one of its extremities, a covered platform, with a suitable elevation, large enough to seat a dozen clergymen—and this is the pulpit.

‘ Suppose the enclosed area to be as thickly set with strong plank seats, as might be convenient, with several aisles running through the entire lines—the whole ground of course studded and overshadowed with trees. On the right and left of the preachers' platform, some twenty feet within the front lines of the tents and at the two

opposite points towards the other extremity of the enclosure, stand four altars, or hearths, eight feet high and eight feet square, for the purpose of supporting blazing fires by night. And besides these, the trunks of the trees, at an elevation of about ten feet, support numerous and scattered lamps. The scenic effect of these fires in the evening, which during public worship are constantly fed, so as to support a lofty and lambent flame, pouring floods of light upon the assembled multitude, upon the ranges of tents, upon the overhanging and deep forest, and far into its recesses—is grand and imposing beyond description. And the voice of the preacher, the pleadings and importunities of prayer, and the hymns of praise, under all the solemnity of night, and in the heart of such a scene, passing their echoes all along, till they are lost in the distance—sound like the voices of some other world. Imagination involuntarily startles equally at the sight and sounds, and the question not unfrequently steals upon the mind of the rapted and almostentranced beholder:—Where are we? And what are we doing? And if he happen to have any reverence for these employments, he will seem to hear the answer rolling

back from unseen regions: *Eternity!* He listens, and imagines he hears again: *Eternity!* rolling back upon him. He looks upon the darkness of the forest, made palpable by the full blaze of light with which he is surrounded—and to his feelings at the instant, it is the type of the unseen world. He lifts up his eyes to heaven, and through the rustling and gently waving tops of the trees, the ever twinkling stars and the serene majesty of the pale full moon, maintaining their course and looking down upon him, challenge his soul to communion with him who made them. ‘When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars, which thou hast ordained—what is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him?’ ‘Seek ye him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night—that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth’—‘that bindeth the sweet influences of Pleiades, and looseth the bands of Orion, and built the chambers of the South—who bringeth forth Mazzaroth in his time, and

guideth Arcturus with his sons :—The Lord is his name.'

‘ If one were curious enough, and could so abstract himself from the more appropriate and intended occupations of the hour and the place—if he could then and there abjure the Christian and turn philosopher—but that is not necessary—he may still be a Christian, and retire far back into the deep places of the forest, and look upon this scene, as it stares upon the thick darkness, with which he is surrounded. He may listen to the earnest expostulations and entreaties of the man of God: ‘ O house of Israel! why will ye die?’ Or hear the voice of his prayer, going up to heaven, in their behalf; or sit down upon the trunk of some fallen tree, and feel the vibrations of the sounds, ‘ like the voice of many waters and the voice of a great multitude; and as the voice of harpers, harping with their harps,’ as they sing the songs of Zion. The effect of the music of a vast congregation, in such circumstances, is indescribable. The leaves of the forest, if the atmosphere be quiet, seem in reality to rustle before the vibrations of this magic and united power of human voices, as it

rolls along; the sweet and soft melody of the air, with its changing intonations, melts kindly on the feelings, and disposes them to ecstasy; while the deep and thundering bass actually causes the firm earth to sympathize, as the feet of him, who stands upon it, will certify; and he feels his own bones, so closely knit together, moving and shaking under the flesh that sitteth upon them. Those, who understand the philosophy of sound, will know that this description is true to nature.

‘Indeed the night scene of such a place and of such circumstances, and the evening services, are altogether the most imposing. Other things being equal, the effect of religious truth at such a time is no doubt more powerful in its influence over the mind and its affections; and this secret, perhaps, is not commonly appreciated. The solemnity of night adds unspeakably to the solemnity of those truths, the final and full developement of which are reserved to the opening of that scene, which lies beyond the grave—in eternity. The curtain, which Death is ordained to lift, leaves, to mortal eyes, all things beyond shrouded in darkness—except as the lights of Revelation perform for us the same ministry, as

the stars of heaven, beaming out from a vast and fathomless and interminable region of night. Hence, perhaps, the sympathy, which the mind of man realizes so deeply and powerfully between the night of nature and the dubious and dimly twinkling aspects of eternity. The same religious services at night, in whatever place, will have a greater moral effect, than under the light of day. Consequently, the interior of a Church should always be sombre. To light up the places of public worship with numerous and uncovered windows, like a lantern, is preposterous, and demonstrates an ignorance of human nature.

‘ The public services of this occasion commenced on Thursday the 26th ult. and concluded on Tuesday the 31st.* There were present in all twenty clergymen, and some ten or a dozen of them from beginning to end. On Sabbath afternoon, about one thousand communicants sat down to the Lord’s table, in presence of a congregation estimated at five thousand. The assemblage on the other days was of course smaller, ranging from one to two, and sometimes to three thousand—the middle of the day always presenting the greatest number of people. The

* This memorandum is dated June 1831, at Cincinnati.

evening assemblies were generally large. From seven to ten thousand persons, representing the population of the surrounding country, principally within the limits of ten to twenty miles, enjoyed more or less of the religious privileges of this occasion, coming and going from day to day. There were not a few, who came a much greater distance—some fifty, and some a hundred miles.'

We trust that these extracts will not be deemed any less valuable, because the original papers were written by the Author of these pages. Having been done without any thought of their present use, they are not only of the nature of independent evidence, but the opportunities of collecting these observations, and the occasions that produced them, may show, that the Author is not only qualified, but entitled to speak upon the subject. It is proper also to remark, that the Author was the subject of strong prejudices against Camp-Meetings, before he saw them, and that he visited them with no very kind intentions. He resolved, having leisure and opportunity, to ascertain thoroughly what they might be; and devoted three several weeks to three several meetings of the kind, in the course of three

months, and remained upon the ground, lodging in the tents, during the entire period of their continuance—that is, six days for each occasion—in all eighteen days. The substance of his observations, from which these extracts are made, was published in a *New York Journal*, whose circulation is limited only by the population of the United States; and all the statements went directly back, and were extensively read by friend and foe of these meetings, as an account given by a tourist and a looker-on, where all the facts were equally within the knowledge of many thousand witnesses. The enemies of Camp-Meetings, as might be expected, were numerous, and were willing, if they could, to say as bad things about them, as Mrs. Trollope has done; and yet, if we may be permitted to say it, we do not think, that these accounts, published at the time by the Author of these pages, and known to come from his hand, have ever been contradicted, or criticised, as materially incorrect. The Author himself was never made a convert to the expediency of these assemblages, and only reported what he witnessed, as a spectator. The transactions were all open to the world, and on account of their great notoriety, were subject to constant

inspection and scrutiny, in all their parts, by all classes in the community, by strangers, and whoever might be led to witness them, from curiosity, or any other motives. Our readers will perhaps be surprised, after having read Mrs. Trollope's description of a Camp-Meeting, to find the following testimony of these extracts, to the *order and decency*, with which they are conducted:

‘ Of the decorum and order of this protracted religious solemnity, under such circumstances, I have been altogether disappointed, and feel, on the whole, that I have no criticisms to make. *The hand of sobriety and temperance* (sobriety and temperance of *feeling*) was uniformly kept on the assembly by the Ministers and by leading and most influential Christians of the laity ; and *there was no disturbance and no confusion worthy of notice from beginning to end.*

‘ I am happy in being able to speak of the excellent spirit and great ability, so far as practical talent is concerned, of the Ministers present on this occasion (the Camp-Meeting.) They showed abundantly, that they have appreciated the importance of the field they occupy (in the new settlements of America;) that they have consecrated themselves

to their appropriate office ; and what is a very natural consequence of such devotions in Ministers, they seem to have gained the full confidence of the people. The people, generally, were evidently convinced, that these Ministers desired the salvation of their souls, and that they were willing and resolved to spend and be spent for this object. Honesty—unqualified honesty in their work was too manifest, not to secure the deep impression of such a character. And such a conviction, in the minds of the people, has a wonderful power in challenging the attentive ear and the yielding heart. ‘ We believe, therefore have we spoken’—was the language of the Ministers’ deportment—of their earnestness of entreaty and importunity of prayer. Everywhere upon the countenance of the assembled multitudes was to be read a full and deep conviction of this sincerity. The people seemed to say to their Ministers :—‘ *We* believe that *you* believe, and we are ourselves *disposed* to believe ; —tell us the whole truth.’ And such was the incessant flood of Bible knowledge, pouring upon these numerous assemblies for six successive days, it seemed at the close :—that take it all in all, any person, who had enjoyed the whole,

though he had known nothing of the Bible and Christianity before, must have been a stupid scholar not to have acquired a tolerable knowledge of this system of religion. The Bible was traversed from beginning to end, its cardinal doctrines clearly expounded, and the claims of the gospel powerfully enforced upon the conscience. It is true the aims of the preachers did not fall short of the heart—but they came to the heart through the light of the understanding. Among all the sermons and exhortations from the platform, I cannot recollect a single address to the people, which deserves to be called mere declamation—or an attempt to excite the feelings without furnishing aliment to the mind. So far as the people felt, it was the consequence of being enlightened. From such a Ministry, planted in the midst of such a population, much is to be expected. They seem to have acquired, not only aptitude in teaching, but an ease and fluency of address, which demonstrate equally industry and custom in their work. These exercises, if I had needed proof, would have convinced me thoroughly, that the greatest efficiency of the Christian ministry can never be attained, *until the shackles of form are broken*, and the mind of the

preacher set free by custom from mere manuscript preparations. Not that such preparations are to be neglected. But that minister of Christ, who cannot travel beyond them—who cannot throw himself upon the reins of feeling, that is inspired by occasions, and seize upon the suggestions of the present moment and of current events before his eyes, so as to wield them with freedom and power, when they happen to be favourable—must for ever be wanting in one of the most essential qualifications of a Christian preacher.

‘ On the whole, it is as true in philosophy, as in religion—and religion and philosophy are both one in this—that the human mind needs to be occasionally withdrawn from the world and the distracting cares of life, in order to receive adequate impressions of the things of that eternity, to which it stands a destined heir. And as of individuals, this is true—so of the popular mind :—it needs intervals of abstraction. The Christian Sabbath is appointed for this purpose. And that more protracted and special seasons may be profitable, the festivals and fasts of the oldest Churches in Christendom have at least expressed their *opinion*.

‘ These Sacramental occasions, as they are now called among the people here, are not enjoined by ecclesiastical authority, but voluntarily concerted and employed, as being deemed expedient in the peculiar circumstances of the people. Certainly they seem not badly calculated to challenge a large amount of public attention, and to abstract the popular mind for short intervals from worldly absorptions ; and so far to gain an opportunity for the inculcation and impression of religious truth. Whether some apparatus of this kind, under prudent regulations, is destined to constitute one of the instrumental agencies of reviving religion, in this day of great and special effort ; and more particularly, whether it is suited to the widely dispersed condition of the population of the new settlements, so long as great portions of it are poorly provided with Churches and the stated ministrations of religion —is perhaps worthy of consideration. People, who have entertained *prejudices* against meetings of this kind, ought reasonably to suspend their judgment, till they can see for themselves. Of one thing I have been convinced, by what I have witnessed, that there is no *necessity*, and I think I may add, little or no *danger of indecorum and*

disorder, under an experienced and discreet presiding influence.'

We quote the following remarks from the same documents, as a specimen of the ingenuity of a preacher, in vindication of Camp-Meetings against some current objections, alleged, not against their *purity*, but as being innovations. The Author heard them from a pulpit, in Cincinnati, on occasion of giving notice of a meeting of this kind, which was held at Walnut Hills, within two miles of that City, in July 1831 :—

‘There are several things,’ said the preacher, ‘in certain extraordinary characters of old, and in some of modern times, who were eminent servants of God, for which their memories are especially, and almost universally hallowed. And when we come to inquire what these things are, we find they consist in those attributes of character, which distinguished them for their zeal and fidelity. And it is moreover remarkable, that these extraordinary traits startled the wise and prudent of their own time, as leading to novelties and irregularities. ‘This fellow, who turneth the world upside down, hath come hither also.’ George Whitefield, for example, Martin Luther, Paul, and some of the prophets were

mentioned, as prominent in this class of men. Jesus Christ was accused of doing things very much out of order, and authorizing bad customs. John the Baptist presumed to go into the woods to preach. It is remarkable, however, that it was for darings of this sort, and for the great and good results, that flowed from them, that we hallow and cherish the memory of these venerated dead. It is remarkable, that all things of this kind, at the time of their occurrence, are looked upon with suspicion and apprehension, and condemned, as innovations upon custom. But although the novelty of a practice in society is not in itself a recommendation—neither is it of course a sufficient warrant for its reprobation.'

The following are extracts from the Author's account of the second Camp-Meeting, which he attended in the West, being the one above notified, and held near the City of Cincinnati. Although somewhat similar, it will be seen, that they involve additional delineations :—

‘ The effect of the night illuminations from the altars of blazing fire, and from the suspended lamps, rivalling and eclipsing the moon and stars, which occasionally sent their paler beams down through the tops of the trees, seemed to

me much greater than on the former occasion. To see a dense and dark forest, in the night season, lighted up with such a blaze, as to discover an insect fluttering among the loftiest boughs, is in itself grand. The under side of the leaves, illuminated by the fires below, in distinction from the upper and hidden side—all in tremulous agitation by a slight breeze—is a striking and peculiar feature of such a scene. And the human countenance, grouped in a crowded and large assembly, resting with apparent immobility, like so many statues, all looking the same way, and reflecting the peculiar hues from the brightest fires, under such a cloud of green, and, by night, black foliage—has no example that I can imagine in other circumstances. One can hardly be persuaded, when standing before them, that he is not facing an army of ghosts from the invisible world—who, as is said to be the manner of ghosts, speak not, move not, but seem intent upon some admonitory errand.

‘ The singing of a great congregation in a forest-grove, especially if it be heard at a distance sufficient to lose the discordances, and yet receive the full power of the softer air and thun-

dering bass, cannot be appreciated by one who has never heard it. I happened to be sitting on the trunk of a large prostrate tree, just at the margin of the grove, on Sabbath morning, a little after sun-rise, some two or three hundred yards from a congregation of worshippers, assembled for morning prayers. The morning itself was sweet and calm, as nature could make, my own feelings perhaps in agreeable tone, when on a sudden the sounds of rapturous and heavenly music burst upon my ear. It was the morning hymn. The ground under my feet, the trunk of the tree on which I sat, the standing forest, the foliage of the trees, and the whole airy region, all sympathized successively by distinct and manifest vibrations, according as the various intonations harmonized with the composition of these several substances. I speak of fact. The stillness of the morning was so perfect, that every perceptible thing seemed affected and moved by the music. My flesh and bones, to the very marrow, sympathized. The bass came heavy and tremendous as if from a million of voices, now softer, now swelling loud, like Pollock's Ocean waves, rolling ' the wild, profound, eternal peal of nature's anthem,

making music, such as pleased the ear of God ; —and along, mingling with these deep murmurs, came the soft melodious air, each melting into each with sweetest harmony. I listened to this music during the rehearsal of several stanzas, with an ecstasy of delight, which I do not remember ever to have experienced from the same cause ; and so powerful was the charm over my feelings, that I suffered all but agony at the cadence of each successive stanza, for fear it would be the last ; and when finally the concluding pause was protracted beyond the customary interval, I found my respiration actually suspended with the intensity of expectation, and I burst into an involuntary flood of tears under the absolute pain of disappointment. It was Sabbath morning. The sun had just risen unclouded on the earth, and all nature around and above was quiet as the Sabbath of a better world. I thought of heaven and the music of heaven. I thought how, when one, like me on this occasion, wandering by accident from the congregated groups of worshippers there, shall be suddenly surprised by the bursting of a song from this, and that, and another quarter, and rapted in ecstasy, shall never, like me, fear to hear the last

stanza—where one song ends only for another to begin—or where one group breaks up only to give place to the anthems of another;—or where more properly perhaps, something like the deafening and harmonious confusion of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus will never end, and never tire?

Let the reader mark these impressions, as having been made upon the Author's mind when disposed to criticise these transactions with severity—when he had no leaning of favour towards them, and was as willing to make an ill report, as a good one, if honesty had permitted—himself having no alliance with the things he described, yet admitted to the very *adyta* of the scenes; and then let him compare these impressions with Mrs. Trollope's story, which professes to give an account of the same things in kind, among the same people, a few months before! Had there been aught of impropriety, aught unbecoming the decorums of society, aught unworthy of Christian purity in those places and on those occasions, the Author not only had abundant opportunity to detect, but he would as certainly have exposed it. We submit the question with the most undoubting confidence:—Whether

a *single item* of Mrs. Trollope's description of a Camp-Meeting so far as it is morally offensive, or dishonourable, is to be believed? Is it to be believed, that Mrs. Trollope, who spent only some half dozen hours at such a place, should have witnessed those truly abhorrent spectacles, which she avers to have witnessed, when the Author spent eighteen days and eighteen nights, at three separate and equal periods, for the very purpose of witnessing and reporting the true character of these meetings—and yet could not honestly certify to a single impropriety.

It is true, that the Camp-Meetings attended by the Author, were conducted by Presbyterians, and that visited by Mrs. Trollope, by Methodists; and that there are some different features of the religious meetings and doings of these two sects. It is a principle among the Wesleyan Methodists, so far as we know, to allow of audible expressions of feeling among the worshippers in their religious assemblies. Certainly such is the practice with American Methodists, to a considerable extent. But, on ordinary occasions, it is for the most part limited to the responses of an occasional “Amen.” Now

and then a partly suppressed sigh, or stifled groan may salute the ear. When public worship is highly animated, these expressions are more frequent and louder. At Camp-Meetings and other great occasions, in America, they sometimes break out into a somewhat general cry, and produce transient confusion—or what would seem to be confusion to those who are not accustomed to it. But we believe we are authorized to say, that the most prominent Ministers of that denomination do not approve or encourage it.

It has sometimes happened on these great religious occasions, perhaps on others, among American Methodists, that some persons in these assemblies have fallen down under the influence of their feelings. It has perhaps been so common, as not to occasion surprise, or alarm. But such instances are insulated—*never in groups*. Such are the peculiar sympathies of this people, as occasionally to produce these results. We do not speak of them with disrespect, nor as judging them. We are merely stating facts. And we believe it is one of the privileges and charitable indulgences of the age in which we live, to allow every Christian sect to have their own way,

without condemning them, so long as their morals and manners are pure.

The Wesleyan Methodists are well known in Great Britain. They have a marked character throughout the world. The same specific *esprit du corps* animates them in Europe, in America, in Africa, in Asia, and to the ends of the earth. And we mean not to speak this to their disparagement, but to their praise. Like their Divine Master, they preach the Gospel to the poor—to all who will receive it—but always to the poor. Their character, as a distinct sect of Christians, has been unimpeachable from the beginning; and if we do not mistake, it has been constantly rising in credit before the world. An earnest Methodist will any where be accepted, as an honest man. And we think it impossible to pass a higher encomium upon their character.

We know something—a good deal of American Methodists, although we have never been connected with them. They are a numerous, prosperous, and highly respectable denomination of Christians. They are exemplary—none more so, as Christians—exemplary in their morals, in the purity of their manners, and above all in the efficiency of their piety. There is no sect of

Christians in America, that more universally enjoys public confidence. And they have earned it solely by their long tried sincerity and purity.

As to Mrs. Trollope's account of their Camp-Meeting, we ourselves had heard of some extravagancies of the Methodists on those occasions. But every body has seen and known what the facts amount to, without diminishing a favourable regard; and however we could not exactly approve of all their modes, and of some little and trifling accidents of an innocent character, which occasionally occur among them, because they cannot help it, and which they themselves would be glad to be rid of, we never before heard their purity impeached. If that story of Mrs. Trollope's is to be taken, as true, even in a small fraction of its viler parts, it would be a long time before the American Methodists could rise above it; if any the least of those dis honourable practices could be proved as characteristic of these occasions, we do not hesitate to say, it would be their utter ruin, as a sect. Any man of sense, who has common discernment of the constitution and operations of society, must know at first blush, that such would be the inevitable consequence. The Methodists are not

so high in the world, as to be able to survive such scandal. They live and prosper solely upon the foundation of their character. The indignation of any community of ordinary virtue would frown them into darkness and annihilation, even for a well-grounded suspicion of such indecencies ; and that they could not be covered, even for a day, is sufficiently evident from Mrs. Trollope's account, if it is to be credited. We leave the British public to judge, then, whether, as the British Critic says, " Mrs. Trollope has been guilty of something more atrocious, than a mere *caricature* ; whether she has been guilty of an *intolerable calumny*." And we submit to the Reviewer, whether that " performance must have been dictated by the Father of lies and the Accuser of the righteous ;" if, indeed, so far as it is scandalous, it is no more and no less, than a *naked* and *unmixed injustice*. That it is an injustice, even of such an *unrelieved* character, is certainly our own individual and unqualified belief. We are not the vindicator of the Methodists here, as being interested. It is the single motive of a sense of justice, and of a full conviction of their unquestioned and unquestionable purity that actuates us. We

know them ; and fortunately for them, the world knows them.

Mrs. Trollope imagined, perhaps, that the currency of her book would principally obtain, where American society would willingly be viewed, as being of a character to tolerate such enormities. If “murder is only a half hour’s wonder” there ; if robbery and every felony may be committed with impunity, as she has signified, it may be easy to believe, that these insignificant improprieties of religious fanatics would be overlooked, where they are not despised. But we would not so libel the respectable portions of the British community, as to believe, that this lady realizes the benefit of such charitable regards towards America.

It is possible, notwithstanding, that there are many in Great Britain, who are uninformed of the exactitude of manners required of American clergymen, and of the jealous vigilance of the public over all their deportment. Public observation, in relation to their improprieties, is omniscient, and public opinion omnipotent and inexorable. No one, having the slightest acquaintance with this feature of American society, could yield a moment’s credence to a millionth

part of Mrs. Trollope's insinuations. And as to her *facts* of this class, the moral impossibility of their truth is as absolute and as mighty, as those physical laws, which keep the sun in his place in the heavens, and forbid him the right of eccentric and wayward misdemeanours. This law may be too rigid; better so, however, than too lax. No clergyman in the United States, who has not consented to lay down his office, can declare himself independent of public opinion; and there is no point of his moral conduct, for which it holds him to so strict an account, as purity of manners in the particular now under consideration. There is no atonement for such an indiscretion.

But, there is the misnomer of the “Revival scene” in the Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati. If it were possible for Mrs. Trollope to be still in credit with our readers, she is as unfortunate and as much at fault in the construction of this story, as in her dialogues, *got up ‘à loisir.’*

We have gravely doubted, in view of this picture, whether Mrs. Trollope was ever present at such a meeting, as we suppose on the whole was intended to be indicated by the story. We doubt, because we have ourselves been present repeatedly

on the same occasions here referred to, in that very City, without being able to recollect a single feature that would justify a scandalous insinuation, or suggest such thoughts. The most innocent of the elementary parts might have been taken from two distinct religious sects. For example :—the audible exclamations, affirmed to have been heard over the congregation, though distorted and caricatured, and which make one of the most striking features of the narrative, might, when properly reduced, have been collected from the customs of the Methodists. But from Louisiana to Maine, they are never heard in a Presbyterian Congregation. It was doubtless considered an essential ingredient in the *mélange*, and bad as it is, in the forms presented, it is infinitely more innocent, than many other parts.

For the rest, as we have before given notice that we have no other witnesses of that identical meeting, we must throw Mrs. Trollope, with her, weight of character, into one scale; and into the other, we must put those respectable Presbyterian Clergymen of Cincinnati, well known throughout the United States, whom we are happy and proud to call our personal and particular friends, whom we esteem and respect as among the purest and best

of men, and who are as spotless before the world, as the Bishop of London and any two of his clergy; and if our readers can then believe the story of Mrs. Trollope, even in any one item of its offensive and disgusting features, we can only say: we are sorry.

We have seen these very ministers to whom Mrs. Trollope alludes, and known them intimately in all the relations of society; we have often sat, and with the purest satisfaction, under their public ministrations, in every form, to which they are, or ever were accustomed; and we feel, that we are absolutely doing them an injury, when we say, they are unimpeachable—so far as it might seem to imply, that they have need of it. They are above our vindication. Their manners are known; and they have all the estimation and the honour, not only in Cincinnati, but over a wide community, which public men in their office could desire. And we trust we need not add, that if this base fabrication, as we regard it, were for a moment to be credited in America and at Cincinnati,—and these things were not done in a corner, but publicly, if done at all,—they would for ever be banished from public confidence.

It will of course be understood, that our con-

troversy is limited entirely to such portions and features of the statements in question, as involve things intrinsically unhallowed and positively scandalous. As to all and any modes in the practical economy of public religion, or of religion in any of the relations of life, which are in themselves innocent, it is granted, we believe, universally, that people of every country and of every sect must be allowed to please themselves. And while we have thought proper, in the circumstances, to vindicate American "Camp-Meetings" and what is called the "anxious seat" from aspersion, we distinctly avow, that we have never subscribed to the expediency, either of one, or of the other. As matters of fact, and of some notoriety, they will naturally and unavoidably be noticed. The history of American religion in all its public demonstrations, would be imperfect, if "Camp Meetings" were overlooked. As to the "anxious seat," its use is exceedingly limited, and rarely approved. Except as accident has made it notorious, it is in fact too much of a trifle in actual history, to be worthy of mention. Notwithstanding it has been employed, though very seldom, by men, who have had a conspicuous agency in what are called "American

Revivals;" yet to speak of it, as being properly a constituent part of those events, would be entirely out of place. It is proper to say—and we believe the remark will apply to the great body of American Ministers—that they disapprove of the practice. Those, who might wish to see an expression of opinion on this point, will find it in some of the letters appended to the *Rev. Dr. Sprague's Lectures on Revivals of Religion*, recently published in Great Britain.

Camp-Meetings are also disapproved in some of the letters above alluded to. They are, however, and have for many years been somewhat of an important agency in the great Valley of the Mississippi—as before shown. The reason and circumstances of the population in the new settlements, which gave rise to them, have already been stated. It has also been remarked, that the American Methodists have incorporated it into their religious economy—and as a consequence, it is in use by them at stated seasons, throughout the United States; and we may add, in the Canadas. We believe it is an annual meeting—the appointments being so distributed, that each one may answer for a widely extended district. Aside from among the Methodists, they

have not been in use, to our knowledge, except in the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, and recently in Ohio and Indiana. However there may be a difference of opinion, as to the expediency of employing them, we are not aware, that they are not held in respect, where their true character is known. Indeed the exemplary and unimpeachable character of the American Methodist clergy, of their people, and of all others, under whose arrangement and governance these appointments have been held, ought to be a sufficient voucher for the purity, with which they have been conducted; especially that after so long a use, they are still advocated and sustained by such a body of most respectable men, who have a character at stake, and who are themselves responsible for the character of these observances.

The Rev. Timothy Flint, an American Unitarian, respectably known in Great Britain and America, as an Author of several esteemed publications, now resident at Cincinnati, who has personally surveyed the extensive regions of the Valley of the Mississippi, who understands society in that Western portion of the United States perhaps as well as any other man, and

who will never be accused of religious enthusiasm — has favoured the public with the following notice of Camp-Meetings :—

“ None but one who has seen, can imagine the interest excited in a district of country, perhaps fifty miles in extent, by the awaited approach of a time for a Camp-Meeting ; and none but one who has seen can imagine how profoundly the preachers have understood what produces effect, and how well they have practised upon it. Suppose the scene to be where the most frequent excitements, and the most frequent Camp-Meetings have been during the two past years, in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys among the mountains of Tennessee. The notice has been circulated for two or three months. On the appointed day, coaches, chaises, waggons, carts, people on horseback, and multitudes travelling from a distance on foot, waggons with provisions, mattresses, tents, and arrangements for the stay of a week, are seen hurrying from every point towards the central spot. It is in the midst of a grove of those beautiful and lofty trees natural to the valleys of Tennessee, in its deepest verdure, and beside a spring branch for the requisite supply of water.

“ The ambitious and wealthy are there, because in this region opinion is all powerful; and they are there either to extend their influence, or that their absence may not be noted to diminish it. Aspirants for office are there, to electioneer and gain popularity. Vast numbers are there from simple curiosity, and merely to enjoy a spectacle. The young and the beautiful are there with mixed motives, which it were best not severely to scrutinize. Children are there, their young eyes glistening with the intense interest of eager curiosity. The middle aged, fathers and mothers of families, are there, with the sober views of people, whose plans in life are fixed, and waiting calmly to hear. Men and women of hoary hairs are there, with such thoughts, it may be hoped, as their years invite. Such is the congregation consisting of thousands.

“ A host of preachers of different denominations are there, some in the earnest vigour and aspiring desires of youth, waiting an opportunity for display; others who have proclaimed the Gospel, as pilgrims of the Cross, from the remotest north of our vast country to the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and ready to utter the words, the feelings, and the experience, which they have

treasured up in a travelling ministry of fifty years, and whose accents, trembling with age, still more impressively than their words, announce that they will soon travel and preach no more on the earth—are there. Such are the preachers.

“ The line of tents is pitched, and the religious city grows up in a few hours under the trees beside the stream. Lamps are hung in lines among the branches; and the effect of their glare upon the surrounding forest, is as of magic. The scenery of the brilliant theatre in the world is a painting only for children compared with it. Meantime the multitudes, with the highest excitement of social feeling, added to the general enthusiasm of expectation, pass from tent to tent, and interchange apostolic greetings and embraces, and talk of the coming solemnities. Their coffee and tea are prepared, and their supper is finished. By this time the moon—for they take thought to appoint the meeting at the proper time of the moon—begins to show its disk above the dark summits of the mountains, and a few stars are seen glittering through the intervals of the branches. The whole constitutes a temple worthy of the grandeur of God.

“ An old man, in a dress of quaintest simplicity,

ascends a platform, wipes the dust from his spectacles, and in a voice of suppressed emotion, gives out the hymn, of which the whole assembled multitude can recite the words—and an air in which every voice can join. We should deem poorly of the heart that would not thrill, as the song is heard, like ‘the sound of many waters,’ echoing among the hills and mountains. Such are the scenes, the associations, and such the influence of eternal things upon a nature so ‘fearfully and wonderfully’ constituted as ours, that little effort is necessary on such a theme as religion, urged at such a place, under such circumstances, to fill the heart and the eyes. The hoary orator talks of God, of eternity, a judgment to come, and all that is impressive beyond. He speaks of his ‘experiences,’ his toils and travels, his persecutions and welcomes, and how many he has seen in hope, in peace and triumph, gathered to their fathers; and when he speaks of the short space that remains to him, his only regret is, that he can no more proclaim, in the silence of death, the mercies of his crucified Redeemer.

“ There is no need of the studied trick of

oratory to produce in such a place the deepest movements of the heart. No wonder, as the preacher pauses to dash the gathering moisture from his own eye, that his audience are dissolved in tears, or uttering the exclamations of penitence. Nor is it cause for admiration, that many who poised themselves on an estimation of higher intellect, and a nobler insensibility than the crowd, catch the infectious feeling, and become women and children in their turn ; and though ‘ they came to mock remain to pray.’ ”

And now let the following testimony of Mr. Flint be marked—for he is evidently a philosopher as well as a poet :—

“ Notwithstanding all that has been said in derision of these spectacles, so common in this region, it cannot be denied, that their influence on the whole is salutary, and the general bearing upon the great interests of the community, good. It will be long before a regular ministry can be regularly supported, if ever. In place of that, nothing tends so strongly to supply the want of the influence resulting from the constant duties of a stated ministry, as the recurrence of those explosions of feeling, which shake the moral

world and purify its atmosphere, until the accumulating seeds of moral disease require a similar lustration again.

“ Whatever be the cause, the effect is certain, that through the State of Tennessee, parts of Mississippi, Missouri, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, these excitements have produced a palpable change in the habits and manners of the people. The gambling and drinking shops are deserted; and the people that used to congregate there, now go to the religious meetings. The Methodists, too, have done great and incalculable good. They are generally of a character, education, and training, that prepare them for the elements upon which they are destined to operate. They speak the dialect, understand the interests, and enter into the feelings of their audience. They exert a prodigious and incalculable bearing upon the rough backwoods-men; and do good where more polished and trained ministers would preach without effect. No mind but His for whom they labour can know how many profane they have reclaimed, drunkards they have reformed, and wanderers they have brought home to God.”

Such are the views of Mr. Flint, who has

witnessed the effect of Camp-Meetings in that Western country for more than twenty years—who was himself for a large portion of that time more or less an itinerating preacher, who doubtless took part in them, who viewed them with the coolness of a philosopher, who knew all about them, understood their merits and their tendencies, and we need not say, after these specimens, that he was qualified to make report. Did he regard them, as impure? Will the British public believe him, or Mrs. Trollope? If Mr. Flint's account was “dictated” by the spirit of candour, let the British Critic decide by what spirit “the performance” of this lady was “dictated.” *She* spent *one* night at such a place; Mr. Flint has observed those occasions for many years; ourselves, in 1831, as before certified, had abundant opportunities of knowing all about them; yet neither Mr. Flint, nor we, ever saw a single thing, or *symptom* of a thing, to justify a shade of the scandalous statements, or darker insinuations of this self-sworn witness of such dark deeds!

We come now to the testimony of Mr. Stuart, who in various places has expressed his surprise and evident disgust at the audacious stories of his countrywoman. And notwithstanding this

gentleman's book is so generally read, and so well appreciated, yet for the sake of those of our readers, who may not have seen his work, and to complete the chapter of our collections on this subject, since it has fallen to our lot to treat it somewhat at large, we feel that it is especially proper to introduce some of his pertinent remarks.

As this gentleman, while speaking on the subject of religion in the United States, Chapter XXXII. has made some remarks on "American Revivals," we will quote a few of them, as that is particularly a subject, on which the public mind in Great Britain, in our judgment, needs to be disabused ; and as Mrs. Trollope professes to treat of it, although in all instances by a misnomer, and has consequently led the British Critic, and all others of her confiding admirers, into a labyrinth of error.

"I had," says Mr. Stuart, "a very different notion of what is meant by a 'Revival of religion,' in the United States,* both from what I had previously heard, and from what I had been told since I was in the country, by persons, who con-

* Unfortunately, there are too many in Great Britain, who might also be made wiser on this subject.

sider every clergyman to be weak, and eccentric, and an enthusiast, who deviates from the ordinary routine of ministerial operation, or who shows the sincerity of his belief, by using all the means in his power to obtain converts to that religion which he professes to believe.

"The United States, being free from any religious establishment, every one is not only tolerated in the exercise of the religion he believes, but is at full liberty, without fear, except in a very few and very peculiar cases, of his temporal concerns being at all affected by his religious profession, (whatever it may be,) and to embrace those religious doctrines, which he conceives, on due consideration, are true. *It follows*, from this state of things, *that there is much less hypocrisy in the professors of religion in this, than in other countries.* Those in this country, who voluntarily go to a Protestant Church, and who *voluntarily pay* for the ministrations of a Christian Clergyman, may be generally (I do not say universally) held to have made the necessary examination, and to be *real* believers of the doctrines of the Christian religion ; *whereas, those from other countries*, who have travelled in the United States, and who have put forth *sneering* and *ill-founded*

statements on the subject of *Revivals*, *Camp-meetings*, &c., are generally Christians professing that religion, *merely because their parents did so*, or because Christianity is the religion of their country, and *not because they ever investigated its truth*.

“ I found at Northampton a short Narrative of a Revival in a Presbyterian Church at Baltimore, written in a plain and unsophisticated style, by Mr. Walton, the clergyman of that church, which I would recommend to the attention of *some late English writers*, who, *in perfect ignorance*, as it appears to me, treat the religious meetings and the revivals in the United States, *in a contemptuous manner*, and as if they were approved and attended by no one of sane mind. Mr. Walton describes himself as having been for many years a Clergyman, who thought that by preaching the Gospel at the usual times, he was doing all that was required of him, and that he ought to leave the rest to Divine influence ; adding, that upon being called to a different sphere of labour, he had an increasing desire to be useful. He redoubled his exertions ; he appointed prayer meetings, not only public, but private, from house to house, and engaged the assistance of all, who were members

of the Church, to impress upon the young people the necessity of their examining the doctrines of the Christian religion, and professing them, if they believed them to be true. The result was, the addition of between eighty and ninety communicants to his Church in the course of a few months. *And this is precisely what is called a revival in the United States*; and what was formerly, and very probably now is, among certain classes of Christians, called a revival in Great Britain. A *revival*, then, happens as often as any clergyman is led to make greater exertions than usual, either by himself, or by exciting his flock, or by their united exertions; and when a consequence of their labour is, that a greater number of persons than usual is added to the Church. Is there any thing irrational in this? Quite the contrary.

“ What I maintain is this, and nothing more than this:—that all persons, whether clergymen, or laymen, should show their belief in the religion which they profess, by obeying its precepts and doctrines, whether Mahometan, Roman Catholic, or Protestant; and more especially, that *Clergymen*, who set themselves apart to the work of the ministry, *should be zealous* in promoting the

doctrines of the religion they have embraced. *Those who do not so act, show themselves the vilest of all hypocrites.* If they are Clergymen, professing the Christian religion, it is well known to all those acquainted with the doctrines of the Bible, that no duty is more strictly enjoined, than that the preachers of the word should *preach it to the world*—should be instrumental in saving all the souls they can. They are *bound to make the utmost exertions*, which it is *possible* for them to make, in order to produce in others the same belief, which they entertain. We have teachers of philosophy, and of every branch of science; and we applaud and honour those, who show the greatest earnestness and talent, in explaining and enforcing those doctrines, which they themselves believe. Why should equal earnestness and sincerity not be expected from those, who undertake to teach and explain the doctrines of the Christian religion?

“ On the subject of *revivals*, on which *so much nonsense** has lately been written, there is abun-

* That there should be “nonsense” written in America, as well as in Great Britain, on this subject, was to be expected. And, that the “American Quarterly Review,” edited and published by a *Roman Catholic*, should be pleased with Mrs. Trol-

dance of sound authorities, in the United States, as well as in Great Britain, which may be referred to with advantage.”*

lope, for her stories about American religion, is natural enough. All the zealous efforts of American Protestants, especially as they are directed to anticipate and circumvent the views of the Propaganda of Rome, respecting the Valley of the Mississippi, the Editor of that Periodical calls the “*maladie du pays*”; and on this point he is glad of an opportunity of supporting Mrs. Trollope. We notice this, that the “*American Quarterly*’s” criticisms on Mrs. Trollope, republished in London by Mr. Rich, Red Lion Square, may be understood, so far as they relate to this point. With this exception to the paragraph in question, which proceeded, no doubt, from the ill nature of the Editor and his intolerance towards *heresy*, we recommend Mr. Rich’s pamphlet, as embracing an epitome of American criticisms on the “*Domestic Manners*”—being the *entire* of the remarks of the above-named Review, of the “*North American*,” and of the “*New England Magazine*,” on the subject. *Price one shilling.*

* The following views of a “Revival” are from the pen of Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D., President of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, March, 1832.

“I believe in the *existence* of revivals of religion, as much as I believe in any other fact, either physical or moral. By revivals of religion, I mean special seasons, in which the minds of men, within a certain district, or in a certain congregation, are more than usually susceptible of impression from the exhibition of moral truth. The effects of this special influence are manifest on *Ministers* and *hearers*, both converted and unconverted. Ministers are more than usually desirous of the conversion of men. They possess habitually an unusual power of presenting the simple truths of the Gospel directly to the consciences of their hearers, and feel a peculiar consciousness of their own weakness and insufficiency, and at the same time a perfect reliance upon the efficacy of the Gospel, through the agency of the

After noticing some of these Authorities, and quoting from them at length, Mr. Stuart concludes :—

“ The evidence afforded by the testimony of such men, as Edwards, Erskine, and Sir Henry Moncrieff, clergymen of the most irreproachable character, all of them men of acknowledged talent, as free from religious enthusiasm and fa-

Spirit, to convert men. Every Minister of the Gospel, I presume, has occasionally enjoyed this feeling in his addresses to his fellow men ; and every one has, I fear, felt, that to possess it habitually, is one of his most difficult attainments. *Christians*, during periods of revival, are characterised by an unusual spirit of penitence, and of prayer, by a desire for more holiness, and especially by a tender concern for the salvation of souls. Unconverted persons are more desirous to hear the Gospel, and particularly the plainest and simplest exhibitions of it. Truths, which they have frequently heard with total unconcern, they now hear with solemn and fixed attention ; and in many cases, for days together, scarcely a sermon will be preached, or an exhortation offered, which is not made effectual to the conviction or conversion of one or more souls.

“ Seasons of this sort commence in various ways. Sometimes a whole congregation is simultaneously impressed with the importance of religion. At other times a single striking conversion spreads its effect gradually over the whole. Sometimes the unconverted are awakened while the Church yet slumbers. But more frequently *Christians* become convinced of their luke-warmness, return to God by repentance, and through them the Holy Spirit is shed abroad upon the unconverted. That such seasons as these have been and still are witnessed, in almost every part of our country, can no more be doubted than the shining of the sun at noon day.”—*Appendix to Sprague's Lectures on American Revivals.*

ticism, as any individuals, who ever lived, is *far* more than *sufficient* to show, that there is no *just ground* for condemning the great religious meetings, which are now more common in the United States, than in any other country, as inconsistent with the principles or the practice of the real professors of the Christian religion;—and *is far more than sufficient* to shield the clergy of the United States, or such of them, (especially the Methodists, the followers of Mr. Whitefield) as still maintain the doctrine of revivals, from the *gibes* of those, who, *in utter ignorance* of the doctrines of the Christian religion, *have given circulation to insinuations* respecting the tendency of many of those religious meetings, *for which there is generally not the slightest foundation.*"

"It is to be recollected," (says Lord Byron, perhaps a singular authority to refer to on such a subject,) "that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the Divine Founder of Christianity, were delivered, not in the *temple*, but on the Mount; and that, waving the question of devotion, and turning to human eloquence, the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed

the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the Forum. That this added to their effect, on the mind of both orator and hearer, may be conceived, from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal of the closet."

Lord Byron adds:—"that, were the early and rapid progress of what is called *Methodism*, to be attributed to any cause, beyond the enthusiasm excited by vehement faith and doctrines,—the truth or error of which he presumed neither to canvass, nor to question,—he should venture to attribute it to the practice of preaching in the fields, and to the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers."

Mr. Stuart attended a Methodist Camp-Meeting, on Long Island, near the City of New York, his notice of which we cannot extract in full, but will only take time to present some few of its features, as he has recorded them. It continued four days, was thronged by many thousands of people, and if we may believe Mr. Stuart, "the most perfect decorum prevailed," while he was a witness.

"The great objects, of holding these meet-

ings," he says, "in this part of the country, (near New York) are to afford opportunities to persons —whose situation, such as that of servants, prevents them from attending worship regularly on Sundays—of being present on these occasions, when they are almost always indulged, and allowed to avail themselves of it;—also to keep people, who have not yet turned their minds to religious subjects, together for such a time, that their attention must be arrested. It is conceived, that extraordinary efforts ought frequently to be made by all those ministers of Christ, who are faithful, and do not neglect their duty.

"The meeting was held within a forest, or wood. From the high grounds, the view of the bay, of the shipping, and of the assembled multitudes, with their carriages and horses, was very striking. The shipping, all of which had been employed in bringing persons from a considerable distance to join the meeting, consisted of five steam-boats, about sixty sloops and schooners, besides open boats. The number of horses and carriages were proportionably great. There seemed to be about a dozen clergymen, all belonging to the Methodist persuasion, in a large covered and elevated platform. Benches were

provided for the congregation, placed on the open space in front of the platform. The males were on the one side (of the central aisle) and the females on the other.* When the service commenced, the effect of this prodigious assemblage of people, all standing, lifting up their voices and joining in praise to their Creator, was more sublime than those, who have not witnessed such a scene, can well imagine. The sermon lasted for an hour, and was distinctly heard all over the ground, as the most perfect order and stillness prevailed. It seemed to me altogether faultless, and the address at the end was most remarkably impressive. After sermon, prayer, *all kneeling*, succeeded; (what a sight!) and then a hymn was sung—and the service concluded with the utmost decorum.

“ I believe many clergymen of the United States conceive, from experience, that more converts are to be expected from a great meeting lasting several days, when the people are as much

* In the religious assemblies of American Methodists, the separation of males from females is always maintained, but we have never noticed it in other sects; and with the greatest propriety, as the seats being always free, it prevents unpleasant contact of ladies with men, strangers to them.

as possible abstracted from secular business, than from the ordinary services of the Church. They refer, in order to prove the propriety of this sort of meeting, to the 15th chapter of Matthew, verses 30 *et seq.* where the multitude, consisting of 400, besides women and children, remained with Christ *three days*,—to the 8th chapter of Mark, verses 4 *et seq.*—and to the sermon from the Mount, preached by Christ to the multitudes.

“ The rules and orders for the government of the Camp-Meeting were printed on a card, and affixed to a great many trees on the neighbouring grounds. I tore off one of the cards, in order to preserve a copy of the rules, which follow:—

I. “ Preaching, morning, afternoon, and evening, at the sound of the trumpet from the Stand.

II. “ During the time of preaching from the Stand, not more than one person is to remain in each tent, (except in cases of sickness) but all are to repair to the Stand, and come into the Congregation.

III. “ No walking, talking, or smoking, or standing up while there are vacant seats, is to be

allowed within the circle of the tents, in the time of preaching; no standing or walking on the seats at any time.

IV. "No cooking, or preparing victuals, or setting or clearing of tables, during preaching from the Stand, is to be allowed. This rule applies to those tents, that keep boarders, as well as others.

V. "About ten o'clock in the evening the trumpet will be blown at the Stand, when all who have lodgings on the ground must retire to rest, and all who have not will be required to leave the ground.

VI. "The owners or occupants of each tent shall be responsible for these rules, *and for any rude or improper conduct in their tents*; and on complaint the tent shall be subjected to be removed.

"These rules are most strictly observed, one person having been taken up on the evening before we arrived at the Camp-ground, merely for selling cider. All sorts of liquors are prohibited, except tea and coffee."

Thus Mr. Stuart of the Camp-Meeting—and a *Methodist* Camp-Meeting. Does this accord with Mrs. Trollope? Will the British Critic

now tell us, with chuckling triumph, that we “must extend our *apologetic* labours to the still more revolting excesses of the ‘Camp-Meeting,’ as it is *there* that the fumes of the *tripod* appear to be most intense and deleterious?” Will he now bring in the horrid “agitations of the Sybil”—the “non *comptæ mansère comæ*,” the “pectus anhelum,” the “rabie fera corda tument,” as the only fit symbol of the licentiousness and debauchery of those scenes of pollution! If his taste cannot be corrected, if he still will be resolved to maintain his fellowship with such consciences, we can only leave him to the devotions of that altar of scandal, and to his extraordinary love of that “*be-devilled* picture,” from which no logic of fact, no more decent society can divorce him.

A little more from Mr. Stuart, and we will be done:—

“Mrs. Trollope, with ill-concealed hatred of any thing like the sincere profession of the Christian religion on the part of those who believe in it, shelters herself from the loss of character, or of friends, which might perhaps follow such an avowal as Miss Wright's, by declaring in the Nineteenth Century, that the religion of the

Church of England is to be trusted because sanctioned by a Nation's law; and that religion is one of the points, on which the Magistrates should dictate their belief to the people, so as to prevent those differences of opinion, which she witnessed in America, *and which she might witness at home*, if she were to resort, as she did in America, to the meetings of Methodists, Baptists, &c. This is mere cant, or hypocrisy, or both. *It is easy to divine what is the religion of Mrs. Trollope.*"

If we might be amused in our present very grave mood, we should be tempted to allude to the apposite connexion, which Mr. Stuart somewhere has formed between Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope, in view of their dissertations and strictures on America and American society, in coupling them together, by way of eminence and on these accounts, as the two "great Doctors." But we have more serious matter in hand, and have ourselves before demonstrated their just claims to this distinction.

"Mrs. Trollope's details, relative to the United States," says the Author, "and to the influence of the clergy on the ladies of that country, and most especially of Cincinnati and

of the Western States,—appear to me to be the most objectionable part of her work; and the more so, because she expressly declares, that she does not describe them “as belonging to the West alone, but to the whole Union.”

“Without referring to serious works for a refutation of Mrs. Trollope’s views on the subject, I think there is enough of evidence to render her exaggerations apparent, by attending somewhat closely to what she has herself written, and also by resorting to the evidence of Captain Hall and Mr. Ferrall, and to the notices of religious meetings, which these pages may be found to contain. I should be entitled entirely to discard—because she admits, that her evidence depends on *hearsay* evidence alone—the statements, &c.”—relative to evening parties at Cincinnati.

“This resemblance would have been far more accurate, had it been traced of the evening meetings of the disciples of the Rev. Edward Irving, with their great Apostle at their head, at the house of a well-known Member of the British Parliament. These meetings were held in the British Metropolis at the very time when Mrs. Trollope was publishing her book there.

“Truly that nation, where Johanna Southcote

and Edward Irving have been followed by multitudes, should take the mote out of its own eye, before it holds up to ridicule persons, who, for aught that Mrs. Trollope knows, were merely obeying one of the precepts of the religion which they professed. Strip the narrative of the absurdity of the assembly for prayer being a full-dress meeting, and of the women being coaxed to confess all their thoughts, faults, and follies, which Mrs. Trollope did not witness, but believed merely because it was told her, what is there in the whole particulars, which should make any one blush, who professes the Christian religion? The scene is exactly conformable to the precepts and practice of believers in Christ in the time of the Apostles.

“ Captain Hall, in his voyage to Loo Choo, mentions in terms of disapprobation, that both writers and artists are too apt to look out exclusively for remarkable, rather than ordinary and characteristic features of the scene before them! It would have been well that Mrs. Trollope had profited by this remark. In that case, she would have been attending the devotional exercises of the Episcopal Church, to which she herself belongs, *or means it to be understood that*

she belongs, and would have been enabled to convince her countrymen, at home, that the example of the United States at this moment proves, that a bishopric, unaccompanied by the vast revenue and allurements, which generally attend it in other countries, does not deprive its possessor of zeal and great activity to propagate the religion of which he is a Minister.

“I am bound to say, that I utterly discredit her statements of what passed at the Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati. No one can read those statements, without believing that a great deal more is meant to be understood by the reader than is expressed and meets the eye; and that it is Mrs. Trollope's intention, that it should be believed, that the religious meetings in the United States end in scenes of debauchery. She makes no exception. *The same scenes* (she says) *belong to the whole Union.*

“Is it credible, that the husbands and fathers all over the United States would permit those ‘mystic caresses,’ those scenes that made Mrs. Trollope ‘shudder,’ when again and again ‘she saw the young neck encircled by a reverend arm,’ to be repeated, or the guilty to escape without punishment? Such impostors, if they actually

existed, would be more summarily dealt with in the United States, than in this or any other country. I conceive it to be morally impossible that such a scene, as that which is said to have occurred in Mrs. Trollope's presence, at the principal Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, *and to be constantly repeated there*, should have occurred openly in any Church of the United States. It is inconceivable and incredible."

The Rev. Mr. Flint, whose description of a Camp-Meeting has been before introduced, says:—"Nine-tenths of the religious instruction of the Western country is given by men who itinerate,* and who are with very few exceptions, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, men of great zeal and sanctity. These earnest men who have little to expect from pecuniary support, and less from the prescribed reverence and influence, which can only appertain to a stated ministry, find at once that every thing depends on the cultivation of popular talents. Zeal for the great cause, mixed perhaps imperceptibly with a spice of earthly ambition, and the latent emulation and pride of our

* We think this statement was more applicable ten years ago than now—and that it is becoming less and less the fact.

nature, and other motives which unconsciously influence, more or less, the most sincere and the most disinterested,—the desire of distinction among their contemporaries and their brethren,—and a reaching struggle for the fascinations of popularity—goad them on to study all the means and arts of winning the people. Travelling from month to month through dark forests, with such ample time and range for deep thought, as they amble slowly on horseback along their peregrinations, the men naturally acquire a pensive and romantic turn of thought and expression, such as we think favourable to eloquence. Hence the preaching is of a highly popular cast; and its first aim is to excite the feelings. Hence, too, excitements, or in religious parlance, ‘awakings,’ are common in all this region.”

We like to quote from Mr. Flint, because he is philosophical; and we doubt not he will be seen and felt to be so. And his testimony is the more valuable here, because he is a professed Unitarian, and regards these excitements, principally, as the results of social influence—not implying, however, that he would leave out of the account the agencies of religion. He has

manifestly confessed them in his description of Camp-Meetings. We know Mr. Flint—and that he is worthy of all the credit he enjoys, as a man and as a writer—and even much more. We believe his reputation is destined to live and increase. And we know, that he is a man, who if he had ever seen any thing in these Camp-Meetings and religious excitements, after having known them intimately for more than twenty years, furnishing even the *least ground* for the aspersions cast upon them by Mrs. Trollope, his every feeling would have revolted from them, as from the vilest dens of pollution, that can be named!

“The best apology that can be made for Mrs. Trollope,” says Mr. Stuart, “is by supposing, that she never attended any religious meeting but those of the Established Church in her own country; and that, believing the standard of faith and form of worship to be that alone approved by the Church of England, she holds the belief and practice of all other denominations of Christians not only as unworthy of credit, but as fit subjects of sarcasm and contempt. *In short, she is a mere cockney, so far as religion is concerned.* There is far more ultra-absurdity and

religious fanaticism in many of the chapels of the City of London, of which Mrs. Trollope probably never heard, than in the useful, eloquent, and ardent preaching of the zealous itinerant clergy of America. I am persuaded, that if Mrs. Trollope, with her present views, were to hear a sermon — on the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, preached by Dr. Chalmers himself, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, she would find it to be quite as far removed from the standard of belief, *which she has established for her own conduct*, as any of those discourses or colloquies on the subject of religion, to which she says she listened in the Western country of America, and which she has endeavoured to make the subject of merriment. As to the colloquies, which Mrs. Trollope has introduced on this and other subjects, especially with her servants, I must be permitted to say, that I put no faith in them. *I view them merely as representations of what Mrs. Trollope wishes to be believed*; and I entirely adopt the sentiment of Mr. Ferrall, when he writes: ‘ I must confess, that I never was so fortunate in America, as to come in contact with any who reasoned so

badly, as the persons Captain Basil Hall introduces in his book.'

"Captain Hall, however, declares, ' that he never saw the slightest indecency of any kind in an American Church. On the contrary there always appeared to him the most remarkable decorum in every place of worship which he entered in that country.' Mr. Ferrall's opinions are even more valuable, as an antidote to Mrs. Trollope's assertions, than the general opinion which Captain Hall has expressed, because his tour is almost exclusively confined to the Western States, and chiefly to the State of Ohio. His views are thus expressed :—"There is no provision made (by law) in this (Ohio) or any other State for the ministers of religion, which is found to be highly beneficial to the interests of practical Christianity. Notwithstanding the numerous religious sects, that are to be found in this country, there is nothing like sectarian animosity prevailing. This is to be attributed to the ministers of religion being paid as they deserve, and no one class of people being taxed to support the religious tenets of another."

Mr. Cooper, author of the *Spy*, and sundry works of fiction, says :—"The Methodists have

at stated periods what are called Camp-Meetings. They assemble by thousands in some wood, and hold their religious festivals in a manner, that is as striking by its peculiar simplicity, as it is touching by the interest and evident enjoyment they experience. It is a fashion to ridicule and condemn these meetings, on the plea, that they lead to excesses, and encourage superstition. As to the former, the abuse is enormously exaggerated, though, beyond a doubt, there are those, who attend them, that would seek any other crowd to shield their vices; and as to the latter, the facts show, that while new and awakened zeal in ignorant persons frequently breaks out in extravagance and folly, it passes away with the exciting cause, and leaves behind tender consciences and a chastened practice. What are the weaknesses of these men to those that are exhibited in countries where faith is fettered by the law? Or, if you maintain an Establishment, and let men follow their private opinions, in what does America differ from other countries, except in things that are entirely dependent on the peculiar temporal condition of the republic, and which could not be avoided, if the citizens were all in full commu-

nion with the Church of Rome itself? It is a mistake to believe, *that the liberality on religious subjects which certainly exists in so eminent a degree in America*, is the effect of there being no Establishment. On the contrary, the fact, that there is no Establishment, is owing to the liberal institutions, and to the sentiments of the people."

"Mrs. Trollope," says Mr. Stuart, "had, it is understood, two objects in view at Cincinnati. She wished to settle one of her sons there. She herself attempted to establish a bazaar. She failed in both objects. Is it not possible that her disappointment may have led her to imbibe prejudices unfavourable to the country and people, of the manners of which she professes to be the delineator? How can her constant recurrence to this subject otherwise be accounted for ?

"The charge which Mrs. Trollope has brought against twelve millions of people, and most especially against the ladies of the United States, of being guilty of gross improprieties in their religious assemblies, such as made her, and must have made her readers, shudder, rests, so far as depends on her own testimony, on what passed on *two* occasions at one Presbyterian meeting

(Church) at Cincinnati,—on *one* occasion between the hours of eleven P. M. and three A. M. at a Camp-Meeting in Indiana,—and on *one* occasion at the Baltimore Conference!"—in all *four occasions!* embracing perhaps in all *ten* hours of observation!

"That there is more undisguised appearance of attention to the duties of religion, on the part of persons professing that religion in America, than in Britain—more regular attendance on Divine worship, more frequent instances of family worship, and of meetings for prayer, is readily granted; but withal there is far more toleration for people of all sentiments and sects, as well as for the sceptical, and for those who admit that they have no belief. The Christian religion, as professed and believed in the United States, is, I am convinced, far more the religion of peace, good-will, and charity, than in Britain. Instances to the contrary, no doubt, may be adduced; but the state of matters generally is as I describe it.

"My own belief is that there is infinitely less hypocrisy in matters of religion in the United States, and certainly not more enthusiasm, or fanaticism, than in Great Britain."

We almost blush to introduce the following compliment rendered to us by Mr. Stuart—but it is so qualified in the end, that it may, perhaps, be pardonable:—“ The great mass of people in the United States are so much better educated, so much better informed, and possess so much better manners, so much more self-possession and ease, that it is absolutely ludicrous to compare the people of Great Britain with them in these respects. Our boasting must be carried no further, than to the class of the highly educated, accomplished, and refined.”

Let the above single sentence, with such qualifications, as any may choose to season it with, together with Mr. Stuart’s certificate at the end of our notice of Captain Hall’s Humour, page 84, go to answer all the Captain’s and all of Mrs. Trollope’s fault-finding on the subject of manners and a want of refinement in America—and we are content. It does not become us to speak largely on that topic.

We must be permitted to bring forward one other witness on the subject of Camp-Meetings, whose testimony is as brief as it will be surprising; it is no other than Captain Hall himself:—

“The sermon we heard in ‘this sylvan Cathedral’ was simple in expression, and unaffected in delivery. In those wild regions, where no towns, and not many villages, are yet to be found, places of regular worship are necessarily few and far between; and these itinerant preachers, in spite of some occasional extravagances, must upon the whole do good. It seems somewhat indiscreet, therefore, to hold such meetings, as a matter of course, in derision. At all events so it struck us this morning. And we left the simple wilderness Church *with feelings of the truest respect* for all parties concerned. It is in vain—and in truth it would be useless—to deny, that the associations of place and the pomp of circumstance, do help these feelings in a considerable degree.

‘But even the faintest relics of a shrine,
Of *any* worship wake some thoughts divine.’

And I am sure, that a person who could have witnessed such a scene as this, and not have had some thoughts of a more solemn character awakened, must have been insensible indeed.”

We will not refuse Captain Hall the justice to dissever him entirely from Mrs. Trollope, on this theme, and with the greatest respect we will

add :—“ That to the pure all things are pure ; but to them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure ; even their mind and conscience are defiled.” He who has respect for Christianity in *any* form, will never ridicule it because it presents itself in a form to which he has not been accustomed. This was a Methodist Camp-Meeting in Upper Canada.

Thus stands this mass of evidence, direct and indirect, inductive and presumptive, to establish the unquestionable purity even of the most enthusiastic demonstrations of religion in America, against Mrs. Trollope’s most extraordinary accounts of certain religious scenes, which she professes to have witnessed, the picture of which, under her hand, is so truly disgusting and revolting. If there yet may linger in any reader’s mind a wonder, how this lady could have done such a thing without facts to justify it, we ask —is it not a far greater wonder, that such facts should be possible ? Can they be believed to have occurred in any civilized society of the present age ?—or of any age, as the public enactments of those, who call themselves Christians ? Is it not known, that Christian morality and manners are substantially the same all the world

over, and that any deviation from purity, so public and palpable, would instantly receive a reprobation from an observing world, from which the guilty could never recover ?

Suppose, that Mrs. Trollope had made herself as notorious for her irreverence towards the religion of America, as towards the customs and manners of the people, which, all things considered, would not seem very improbable, and which possibly, in her state of feeling and with her views, when betrayed, might have found some just provocation ; suppose she was understood at Cincinnati to be intimate with Miss Wright, and to be so far in concert with her, as to be making arrangements to establish her in that City, as the Author of her new religion, &c.;— and the extracts we have made in another place from the New York American, would seem to show, that such was the understanding, whether well founded or not ;—it was not only natural, but morally certain, that Presbyterians and all other Christians would be likely to speak in terms of disrespect of such a project ; and although sensible men would have very little reason to be especially anxious about the result, yet the commonalty of society, those whose voice

would be heard first and loudest, would think it a very outrageous enterprise. They would naturally make a clamour, and give this lady even a worse name, than the “ English old woman ;” and she might, perhaps, not without some reason, imagine, that her failure at Cincinnati, was owing to the unreasonable opposition of these headstrong religionists, and in her estimation, raving fanatics. She had taken the resolution, as her “ Domestic Manners” sufficiently prove, on leaving America, to express her disgust. And was it to be expected, that she would overlook that class of people, who, in her reckoning, had so deeply injured her? Was it to be expected, that she would speak kindly of them? That she was capable, under such provocations, and with such sentiments towards religion, as she seems in so many forms to have demonstrated, of constructing and recording such stories, not out of nothing, but out of materials in themselves innocent—it seems to us unnecessary to say, is infinitely more probable, than that the stories themselves could be true. And if, in view of the evidence we have adduced of the general and unexceptionable purity of these identical meetings in kind, any persons are still inclined to do

such dishonour, we will not say to American society, but to human nature in a civilized and Christian community, as to credit those accounts, they seem to us like those who reject Christianity, because they cannot believe in miracles: they adopt the greater and an incredible miracle. If there be any, who would like these stories to be true, we cannot envy their disposition.

We trust, that the task imposed on us by the British Critic, in relation to what we will now venture to call the “atrocious calumnies” of Mrs. Trollope, on account of the extensive currency they have obtained—a task so well defined and so properly commended to our attention, whatever might have been his motive, or whatever the degree of his faith in our ability to fulfil it—will make a sufficient apology, as well for the time we have occupied in our own remarks and testimony, as in the extended extracts we have made from other and independent authorities. We persuade ourselves, that the importance of the subject will be seen to have demanded a thorough examination, and consequently it ought reasonably to obtain a patient hearing. To leave it imperfectly done, would be worse than nothing. To have done more

than was necessary to satisfy all minds, and to set the question for ever at rest, we hope will be deemed, in this matter, a venial offence, if indeed we have offended. We had wished to adduce an amount and such qualities of testimony, as might produce a “confirmation” of our purpose as “strong as proofs of Holy-writ;” and we doubted not.

That Mr. Stuart should have spoken so largely and so earnestly on this subject will no doubt expose him to, and if we mistake not has already procured for him, the accusation of an unworthy bias in favour of America. But it will be seen that if he knew these things were not so,—and certainly his opportunities were sufficient to qualify him as a judge,—the language of the British Critic is not too strong to express his feelings, as an honourable man, that the guilt is something “more atrocious than the responsibility of a caricature;—that it is a most *intolerable calumny*;” and from a sense of justice, for the honour of his country, and for the preservation of good feeling between the two nations, he could not do less. We do not doubt, however a few bigoted and incorrigible minds may refuse to award him the credit he has so well earned, that his gene-

rous efforts will be appreciated both in Great Britain and in America.

Having done with Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hall,—the latter of whom we partly forgive, even for the slight susceptibility of kindly and charitable impressions he demonstrated at the Camp-Meeting, although if it had happened in the States, instead of Canada, we have almost been wicked enough to doubt whether he would have made a like report,—but having done with them, we must turn our attention for a moment to those, who have publicly and officially endorsed their stories, and given them credit and currency. Either these men believed them, or they did not believe them;—we mean—of course, the worst and most scandalous parts of them; for we would never have condescended to notice them but for these attributes. We will suppose they *believed* them; and was there indeed so much charity in their hearts! We will suppose they did *not* believe them; and is there any language strong enough to express the baseness of the use they have made of them!

But those who manage the Periodical press for political objects, if they are willing to abjure the principles of fair dealing, we are aware, may

find their protection, unworthy as it is, under the recognised code of political morality. The Quarterly Reviewer, therefore, and all others of his class, we dismiss from any further controversy, as there is no common ground between us.

But as for the British Critic, there *is* a thing in common between us and him—if he will condescend to allow us the name of Christian; notwithstanding in his Creed we may not have been baptized by proper hands,*—and a thing, which,

* It is curious, by the by, to observe, that this gentleman identifies, *theologically*, *Christian* character with *Episcopal* baptism, and that he has taken upon himself to rebuke one Mr. Riland, of the Church, very hardly, because he finds “fault with the English Liturgy, for assuming, that all the persons who use it are *Christians*. In doing this, he (Mr. Riland) attaches a *peculiar* (?) meaning to the term *Christian*. He confounds a *Christian* with a *good Christian*; (!) a *member of Christ* with a *sound and healthy member*; a *child of God* with an *obedient child*; an *inheritor of the kingdom of heaven* with an *actual possessor of the glories of that kingdom*. He does not see, that a *Christian* means *merely* a person who has been engrafted into the body of Christ’s Church;—that is, we suppose, *baptized*, such for example, as *baptized infidels, debauchees, &c.* “Mr. Riland assumes, that a man cannot be a *Christian*, unless he *lives in obedience to the Gospel!*” “A man’s *actions* have nothing to do in making him a *Christian!*” Now we frankly confess, that on the other side of the Atlantic, we have not yet made such high attainments in *Christian theology*, as to understand, how a man can be a *Christian*, “unless he *lives in obedience to the Gospel!*” We hope that the Reviewer does not assert all the privileges of this rule in his own conduct. If so, we may possibly be mistaken in the man with whom we

we think, he must stand to. He has drawn over him the holy profession of Christianity; and if he violates its universally acknowledged principles, (for we do not think of binding him by controverted doctrines) we may then lawfully lay our hand upon his shoulder, and withdraw the mantle, which conceals his own proper shapes. Did he *believe* the stories of Mrs. Trollope, of which he has made so much? Or did he *not*? Let us see:—

“Mrs. Trollope must forgive us for confessing, that it is not without some hesitation, that we produce her testimony on this subject. In the first place, her sphere of observation appears to have been comparatively limited; and secondly, we must add, that she does by no means appear to us exactly the sort of person, on whose judgment, in such grave and important matters, a very safe reliance can be placed. Even when she speaks the truth, (?) she seems to have no notion of speaking it in love. She is without the tenderness or solemnity of spirit, which are quite indispensable qualities in one, who would form a righteous estimate of the religious condition of a have to do; or rather, that may, perhaps, account for certain *appearances*.

great people. When we come to such profound concerns as national morality and religion, we feel that loftier properties are needed, than the keenest perception of what is vulgar and ridiculous, or the happiest talent for the exhibition of it."

What, upon the whole, is to be thought of this, and of other remarks of the kind? Especially, when it is understood, that they are so interwoven with a filling up of neutralizing observations, and so studded by them on all sides, as not only to destroy their force, but confirm the witness in full credit with all those, who are willing to take her testimony? Unquestionably they are enough to save the Reviewer's character for perspicacity; but what, we must be permitted to ask, severe as is the bearing of the question, becomes of his honesty?

But he had an object to accomplish:—"Whether, or not, she has done injustice to democratic manners and institutions in general, we shall not stop to inquire. We shall confine ourselves to our own peculiar department, as humble auxiliaries to the Religious Principles and Establishments of our own country."

Here, then, is a distinct announcement of

purpose, notwithstanding all the abatements and subtractions made from the credit of this witness—though artfully concealed, or skilfully neutralized—and her testimony is to be taken in its full tale on all matters of religion; which, it will not be forgotten, is the very point to which exceptions were taken in the Reviewer's confessions of diffidence! But “we have unfortunately among us a number of *good haters*, who scowl at bishops, and prebendaries, and parsons, &c. &c.” and their remonstrances must be silenced, especially so long and so far as they quote the example of America against us.

Having prepared the minds of his readers to receive the whole, nothing doubting, and having made up his own conscience to the work, he proceeds to introduce, in full length and breadth, the infamous accounts. It is evident enough, that he staggered at *sight* of the burden; but when it was fairly in his hands and on his shoulders, he became confident and firm. Having dosed himself and his readers with the first potion, if we may change the figure, all his qualms seem to have been appeased, and he is now intoxicated with satisfaction, full of piety, and moans out his heart-felt regrets, that such horrible things could

be transacted, as were done in the Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati. Nevertheless, it will appear by the following quotation, that while he contrives to make his readers believe, he cannot even yet screw up his courage, not to betray some misgivings :—

“ The picture above exhibited is sufficiently revolting. If, however, the following narrative is to be fully credited, the operation of enthusiasm is sometimes manifested upon a still more tremendous scale. Our readers may possibly have heard of such things as *Religious Camp-Meetings*; but probably they never heard one described by an eye-witness. To those, who may not have met with Mrs. Trollope’s work, we now offer that opportunity in the form of another copious extract. It would be impossible to do justice to the scene, or at least to Mrs. Trollope’s impression respecting it, without giving her reminiscences in her own words.”

And then comes the entire of the Methodist Camp-Meeting. The affair of the Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati, in all its parts, with other things of the kind, had preceded this paragraph; and we cannot refuse commending this extraordinary language of the Reviewer to the re-in-

spection and moral analysis of our readers—extraordinary, we call it, considering whose it is, and the object and the manner of the circumstance thereof. It will be seen, that the Reviewer is now deeply and fully in, and in for the whole; and that notwithstanding he had, in almost unqualified terms, expressed his diffidence of Mrs. Trollope's testimony, in the whole range of religious matters and in every particular. But these confessions were so neutralized and concealed, that his readers by this time had forgotten and himself had abandoned them.

If this were a trivial matter, need we say, that it would still be an offence against the code of Christian Ethics and the dignity of the Christian character? But, when the purpose is to stamp a great community with infamy in the eyes of another great community—when he who wields the instrument has confessed that it is unlawful and unholy—and he is called a Christian, and it is all to be done for a *Christian* purpose;—but we stay the expression of our feelings.

That he, who is appointed to advocate the cause and defend the honour of Christianity before the world, should adopt a scandal of the deepest dye respecting it—a scandal, which he

had sufficient reasons to know was a *slander*, a base aspersion—and to use his own language, “an intolerable calumny;” and that he should put his seal upon it, as worthy of grave consideration, if not of full credit, sending it forth upon society, emblazoning the shame, and giving *éclat* to its report—is, we confess, what we cannot understand! That the “Religious Principles and Establishments of his own country” should require such an “Auxiliary” to maintain their existence and secure their foundations, professing to be Apostolic, as they do—is to us still more embarrassing!

But, after all that has been said, or can be said, even by Mrs. Trollope, of “American Revivals and Camp-Meetings,” it ill becomes the British Reviewer to make such use of it, till he has first purified his own house; and it would be as unfair to accept her accounts, even if true, as specimens of the religion of the country, as for us to insist, that the wild and mad ravings of fanaticism, which may be found, in no small quantity, even in this good City of London, and in other parts of the British empire, are to be taken as specimens of the religion of Great Britain. There has nothing yet been told of

America, that can pretend to vie with this,—substracting the impurities, which the audaciousness of Mrs. Trollope has stamped upon the former, and which we think no common measure of charity can receive.—It must be confessed by all, that the enactments of the “*Tongues*,” and their accompaniments stand unrivalled by any pretended facts, worthy of the least credit, that have been reported from the other side of the Atlantic; nay, that in such comparison the worst extravagances of American religion are thrown into a total eclipse. They have no claim to be spoken of in the same connexion.

And, it is to be noticed, that these very extravagances are to be found in the Established Church. Certainly, the opinions that have begotten and authorized them, are there—and in no small measure. And even the practices are there—and are occasionally breaking out in their most frightful forms. With all the nervous hardihood we may be supposed to have acquired by the religious scenes of “American Revivals and Camp-Meetings”—and we have witnessed them not a little—we were far from being prepared for the astounding and absolutely overwhelming effect of one of these explosions of the

office of the “ Tongues,” on Sunday before Christmas, 1832, in one of the most respectable Churches of the Establishment, in the British Metropolis; and these extraordinary duties were performed by a Clergyman of that Church! We are sure, that none who were present—and the Congregation was exceedingly large—will ever forget the scene, or lose the impressions of the shock! No less than three ladies were carried out under the suspirations and violent paroxysms of hysteria in consequence, and great numbers left the Church, as soon as they became sufficiently composed to be led out.

It is said, that these things are not sanctioned? But they are facts—and facts of no very unfrequent occurrence. Neither are the religious extravagances of America sanctioned, though of a far less heinous character. Is it said, that these outrageous doings in Great Britain are limited? The far less outrageous doings of America are even more limited.

Let it be understood, that, in the following hypothesis, we speak with no disrespect of the Liturgy of the Established Church; we venerate it; there are parts of it, especially in the Litany, which we regard as fitted for the highest ecstasies

of devotion, which man on earth can attain to—and only fitted for ecstasies. They must have been composed in ecstasy, and we had almost said, they are profaned whenever they are used without ecstasy. They are, in our regard, not unlike the most exalted and clamorous strains of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.

Suppose for a moment, that the manner of using the Liturgy by a congregation of worshippers were a *novelty*—as every part of it must have been at periods many ages since the days of the Apostles. Suppose it were possible for a contemporary of the Apostles, who had been accustomed to their modes of worship, himself no worshipper, but a profane man and disposed to ridicule, could be present for the first time at the service of the Established Church of England, and were to exercise his wit in a comparison, and go back to those primitive times, if he could, and report the picture and the scenes he had witnessed ! Give him the pen of Mrs. Trollope to depict the wild confusion of the responses, (not that we think them so, but as they would seem to him;) give him the heart of Mrs. Trollope to make himself merry with them, and with all the scenes, that might offer themselves to his

observation from beginning to end ; and give him a graphic power, that should make men stare and wonder and disbelieve for the very strangeness of his story !

We hope we need not say, that nothing would be more remote from our consent, than to be thought to have made this supposition from any disrespect to these modes of worship. So far from it, we have more reasons for liking than for disliking them. But we do it only to show, that, custom out of the way, there is no form of worship which is not open to the ridicule of profane minds ; and none more so, among Protestants, than the forms and ceremonies of the English Church, when viewed as a novelty. But this, as every one knows, is far from being any valid ground of objection to them. The worship of heaven, if a specimen of it could be brought down to earth, would only be so much more obnoxious to those minds, that are accustomed to trade in such scandal, as it is exalted. And if any one wishes to see how even those, who bow before the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne above and before the Lamb, can be turned to ridicule for their acts of adoration, let him cast

his eyes to Milton's picture of the communion of the spirits of the damned !

What is the difference, we submit, in a moral point of view, between the responses of a Methodist Congregation and those of an established formulary. The former are ordinarily the true expression of the feelings. Those who regulate responses by forms certainly will not deny the propriety of them ; and it ought not in reason to be the most offensive consideration, if they are obliged to believe, that they come from the heart.

Say that Methodists use responses ; the Liturgy prescribes them in still greater abundance. Say, that the practice of the former produces confusion ; the best that can be said of the latter is that it is confusion regulated ; and if the former mode has less of order, it has more of sincerity to recommend it.

If each Church is content and edified in its own way, that is enough. That either should make itself sport with the practice of the other, is, to say the least, unbecoming.

That these observations are not impertinent, we think it sufficient to say—that the original elements, out of which Mrs. Trollope has con-

structed her caricatures, which the British Critic has thought worthy to transfer, with all their gross and disgusting features, to his own pages, were doubtless certain expressions of honest feeling which that lady witnessed in some religious assemblies of America, in themselves perfectly innocent, and which, we are inclined to believe, suggested to no other mind, except her own, any thing improper. "To the pure all things are pure." "Charity thinketh no evil."

X.

PROPOSAL FOR A TRUCE.

IF it were not profane—and we are quite sure it is far from being so in the present application—we might bring in the words of Abraham to Lot: “Let there be no strife.....for we be brethren.” It has given us real pain to notice, that a man, who affects to have gone to America with such an excellent spirit as Captain Hall did, should have taken so much pains in his book to show why it is utterly impossible for the two nations ever to cherish kindly feelings towards each other. He has even laboured the point hardly. If indeed he believed it, we think it is not difficult to prove, that he might have been better employed—and that in this particular he has performed a work of supererogation. Evidently, if it must be so, it is against the best feelings of all concerned, and it were enough to be obliged to submit to it, when it cannot be

helped. If there were nothing else, this alone might demonstrate how utterly incapable that gentleman is of sympathizing with those feelings, which belong to the permanent and fixed relations of society. There is something in the moral tone and tendency of those remarks, so full and strong and gratuitous as they are, which has seemed to us like barbarism. The fact, that they have been made, is a sufficient reason for referring to them here, considering the influence which that gentleman has swayed. We do not conceal, that we wish he might be properly appreciated, not only for his unfortunate *humour* while he was in America, but for his unphilosophical modes of moralizing on the social relations of mankind. He should have known, that the disposition of great nations, in a time of general amity, mischief-makers and quarrel-mongers out of the way, is to cultivate kind feelings; communities so remote are unhappy, and it is unnatural, to cherish bad feelings, unless there are immediately exciting causes; and but for such writers of travels, as himself, Mrs. Trollope, and all of their class, the relations of Great Britain and the United States are in all respects favourable to good feeling, and we hope even yet, that the

noxious growth, which has sprung up from the seeds of unkindness they have sown, will be thoroughly choked by the dominant virtues of the two nations. Like most of Captain Hall's reasonings respecting America, this part of them is founded entirely upon a false assumption: that those perverse republicans will never be kind towards the parent country—that they have drawn their hatred from their mother's breast, and that it is bred in their bones. What says Mr. Stuart:—"The British name is a *passport* to all who travel in the United States, and conduct themselves as gentlemen." And we can add our own confident testimony to the justness of this remark. Captain Hall may be a very clever man; but we are sure he does not understand human nature in such matters, if he was willing to represent it fairly. But we have before shown what kind of an atmosphere he kept in agitation around him, while he was in that country, which is a moral cause sufficient to account for his own feelings.

We cannot decline the opportunity afforded us here of stamping our own reprobation upon that sort of *cant*, which has been resorted to by the travelled calumniators of America and their sup-

porters, called Reviewers, at home, in their own justification, by the constant iteration, in various forms, of our “irritable nationality,” in the same connexion, in which, like the British Critic, they impose upon us the task of vindication from their own charges, as the sole condition of our inheriting a fair and tolerable fame. This, as will be seen, is the *Dilemma* of our first article, and we hope needs not a reconsideration.

The Americans, it should be remembered, are an infant people. Among the nations of the earth, it can scarcely be said, that they have an established character. Their reputation, therefore, when assailed in any great national points, is naturally dear to them. So far, however, from being too sensible in such matters, as we have elsewhere stated, we think they are too indifferent. Let any one read the specimens of American criticisms on Mrs. Trollope, just published by Mr. Rich, of Red Lion Square, and say, whether the subject be not treated with coolness and with dignity. Did these Reviewers, like the London Quarterly, in his notices of the German Prince, fly into a passion, and content themselves with calling her an “impostor,” a “beggar,” and a “liar?” The British Critic wonders, that

“ Jonathan cannot enter a little more kindly into the spirit of *give and take*.” “ We can very safely assure them, (the Americans) that if they will but send us a couple of volumes on the oddities and absurdities of John Bull, as entertaining, and even as *caustic*, as the performance now before us (Mrs. Trollope’s) they will run to the third edition quite as rapidly as this has done. We moreover do think that we can promise them, that there will be no boiling of blood, no incorrect secretion of bile, no turning of the milk of kindness to gall.”

Did the British Critic speak here for his brother the Quarterly? Was there no “ boiling of blood,” “ no incorrect secretion of bile,” no “ turning of the milk of kindness to gall,” on the reception of Puckler Muskau, be it genuine, or not? And unworthy and ill-natured as it is, in its obnoxious parts, it will hardly be pretended, that it makes any approach to Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope. But the British Critic has defined to us what sort of a thing he would be reconciled to in retaliation, and with what great dignity and self-possession the following scheme of an American, narrated on his own authority, was received in Great Britain:—

“ We recollect many years ago hearing a remarkably sedate and well behaved young American declare, very seriously, that he came over to England, partly from curiosity, partly from a desire to ascertain whether it might be possible to *starve* Great Britain into better manners, if ever there should be war between her and America. He confessed, however, that he was reluctantly compelled to give up all hopes of that kind, when he found that there had been such a thing known among us, as a fortune made by dealing in cat’s meat and dog’s meat. *And yet we do solemnly aver, that it was heard here without raising a single spark of indignant or vindictive emotion.*”

Let it not be supposed, that by *Italicising* the last sentence, we imagine the Reviewer was *serious*. But this remarkable specification of a case, which was so *nobly endured*, compared with the actual reception of the German Prince, may go to show how far the British Critic was authorized to speak for the British community, in his challenge for a couple of retaliatory volumes. The truth is, so long as human nature remains such a commodity, and is composed of such elementary parts, as have characterised it, since in

“ Adam’s fall we sinned all,” we doubt a little, whether even the professed good-nature of the British Critic has thoroughly relished such a “ performance” as the letters of the German Prince; or whether, “ after the first smart had subsided, John Bull has really shaken his well-larded sides so heartily” at the sport. If so, the Quarterly must surely have been under the operation of the “ first smart,” when he took up his pen to notice it.

It has been said by somebody—and quoted with respect in a respectable quarter—that “ Mr. Canning’s *sneers* did more than the orders in council to provoke the war”—the late war between Great Britain and America. In order to avail ourselves of the use we wish to make of this statement, we choose to assume the fact which it avers, notwithstanding it might seem to be, in this particular, a tacit confession to our “ irritable nationality.” We have some good reasons for believing, there is truth in the statement. Such a calamity and so much blood shed for the *sneers* of a prime Minister of State! “ How great a matter a *little* fire kindleth!”

Now we ask soberly and conscientiously—we appeal to all the well-wishers of mankind in

Great Britain—to all who do not wish for strife—whether any good can be expected to result from the countenance, which has been so extensively rendered to the caterers and venders of scandal between the two nations? Is it not time to be done with it? Are there not men of better principles enough to frown indignantly upon these disturbers of the peace, to rebuke their effrontery, and discourage their base occupation? Will the two communities so libel themselves, when they come to understand the case, as to authorize this vocation any longer? They may be sure of one thing: that so long as they betray a taste for scandal, there will not be wanting industry to collect it, and talent to dress it up to their liking. We need not undertake to say, that the evil is immense. The relative influences and tendencies of such a course may be silent and unseen—but they are no less certain and deleterious. Human nature must be other than what it is, before they can be good. Neither do they of course rest, when they have made the relations of the two communities uncourteous and dissocial; they produce an abiding sense of injury. If the “*sneers* of a Canning” can produce a war—when war comes, they who have little to remem-

ber of a generous disposition in their enemies, when they were called friends, will fly with greater alacrity to serve the cannon's mouth. Nay—there may be in all this the latent germ of war itself. We speak of mankind as they are—as they are naturally impressed and influenced, and are accustomed to demonstrate their character. The most ungracious reports of a corps of most ungracious libellers, which they have brought from America to Great Britain, and which have obtained no small currency here, are, take them all in all, a series of most ungracious doings. But it is to be hoped, that the accidents (for accidents undoubtedly they are), which have tolerated them, are becoming less potent in their influence; and that those, who are disposed to cultivate more generous sentiments, are not only increasing in numbers, but that they have already attained control over the tide of public opinion.

We turn from this less grateful side of the picture, with a satisfaction greater than we can express, to the noble sentiments of the Right Honourable Sir George Rose, which, though introduced before, are too important and too pertinent here, not to claim, in one or two of their features,

a second hearing. He had been a Minister from Great Britain to the United States. “ I have always *deplored*,” he says, “ the tone of disparagement of manners, and modes of living and thinking in the United States, with which *so many* of our modern writers of travels abound; and *which tend to disunite two nations, whose union would confer incalculable advantages on the civilized world.*” As we have done with testimony, we do not bring this in for such a purpose. We forbear to repeat the generous compliments this nobleman has paid us. But we must add another sentiment he has expressed:—“ For these reasons, and *because I am grateful for the kindness I experienced there*, in a time of great excitement, &c.” As nothing so deeply wounds and injures society, whether on a smaller or larger scale, as ingratitude for hospitality, so nothing so powerfully cements and binds together families, communities, and nations, as the mutual interchange of these offices and the generous reciprocation of these sentiments. “ *Because I am grateful for the kindness I experienced there.*” This single expression, coming from such a quarter, is enough to atone for every fault, which it has been our painful duty to notice in these pages. When

such feelings prevail between nations in their relations with each other, and pervade the component elements of each several community, they can never go to war. Every good man, without a moment's hesitation, yields up his soul, and reposes unlimited confidence, when he meets the open and manly declaration of such a sentiment — a sentiment made in such circumstances, and provoked by such a demand, when the character of the community in question was publicly assailed. It is a feeling, which dignifies man, ennobles his nature, and allies him to a higher order of beings, than the family, after which he is named.

But we honour this nobleman, not only for this developement of his own heart, but for the importance he has attached to the union and co-operation of these two nations for the good of mankind. He has incidentally and most pertinently suggested the *tendencies* of “these modern writers of travels” of a particular class to *disunite* these nations. There can be no question, as to the fact of this influence in that direction. And the Right Honourable gentleman most eloquently *deplored* it, not simply for its own uncomfortableness, but for a higher, a nobler, a more

enlarged consideration “ that the union of these two nations would confer incalculable advantages on the civilized world.”

The pleasantness of an open and generous social intercourse is a worthy, and in itself ought to be a sufficient motive to annihilate by one united rebuke the blighting influence of those, who devote themselves most unbecomingly to the collection of materials, by the most unworthy means, and for the most unworthy purpose of disturbing and agitating the kind feelings and friendly relations of two great communities. There is no doom in the common reprobation of opinion, that is too severe for them. The protection of society demands the judgment and its execution.

But the sublimer purpose, of “ the advantages, which the union of these two nations would confer on the civilized world,” is really too great to be sacrificed to such interference. When we think of this, and allow our sympathies to run in that channel, where they are challenged and conducted by the Right Honourable gentleman, whose company we delight to be in, and whom we are proud to follow, we lose all patience towards these disturbers, and are prone to call them by worse names, than what perhaps they deserve, if that

were possible. We covet not their responsibility ; our soul revolts from the infamy of their vocation.

As we have many reasons to believe, that the worst of these labours have been done, that can be done ; that the *ne plus ultra* of this office has been fully attained ; that the temptations no longer exist in all their original force ; that the tide of things, having a relation to these motives, is now settled in a fixed and permanent channel ; and that the people of Great Britain, generous by nature and habit, are getting their eyes open to the merits of these questions, and are being disabused of these impositions—we the more confidently anticipate a reaction in the public mind, and a more earnest cultivation of those fraternal regards, which ought ever to subsist between the two nations. “Men of the same blood, the same language, the same laws, and the same institutions,”—and having the same sympathies in religion and for the rights of man, it is unnatural for them to differ, or be unkind. Let those, who have made us to differ, or ministered occasions of distrust, be duly esteemed. And henceforth and for ever we say:—a TRUCE—a TRUCE to this unbecoming and unprofitable warfare.

APPENDIX.

*The Eclectic Review for February, 1833. Claims of
the Blacks.*

SINCE the Author of these pages had sent his last sheet to the press, he has accidentally had his attention directed to the article above alluded to—not that he is not accustomed to read the Eclectic with interest and pleasure—but from being otherwise absorbed, his eye had not fallen upon this Article in season to incorporate a notice of it in the heart of this volume, as might have been pertinent. Late, however, as it is, and imperfect, as a want of time and space must necessarily render his observations, he is constrained to annex a brief Appendix, for the sake of expressing a few thoughts on this subject;—more especially, as in one or two places he has alluded to the American Colonization Society with approbation.

We confess, that we are taken by surprise in this Article, and hardly know what to say of it. We had supposed, that good men all over the world, deplored together the wrongs of oppression and the degradation of their fellow-beings, whether produced by vice, or occasioned by injustice, might sympathize with the sufferers and act in concert for their relief; and that the advocates of man's rights, in one nation, would hail all achievements in the common cause, in any other nation. We had supposed, that all engaged in the benevolent enterprises, which distinguish the present age, in whatever part of the world and in whatever form, would cheer one another, and mul-

tiply their own strength by a concert of feeling, even though their fields of operation, and their immediate connexions, might be too remote to effect a universal concert of action for every particular object.

There are certain forms of benevolent enterprise, in which nearly all good men are united ; and we confess, that we had been so simple, as to suppose, that the American Colonization Society was likely to realize this good fortune. We have been somewhat acquainted with its history ; we have been admitted to the bosom of its counsels ; we lodged for a winter at the City of Washington, in the family of the principal Secretary ; we attended one of its Anniversaries ; and after all we have known of its character, operations, and designs, we had never imagined it justly liable to excite opposition, except among the advocates of slavery. Such hostility it has had to contend with from the beginning, and has uniformly been the object of distrust and jealousy from the slaveholders of America. Nay, it has been and still is violently opposed by that class, except so far as a concession of principle has been yielded to the claims of the slave for his freedom. The fact, therefore, that this society has never been welcomed, that it has been an object of suspicion, and that it has been uniformly opposed, from that quarter, ought, we think, to satisfy all minds, throughout the world, that those who are nearest to it and most interested, have never been able to discover any tendencies in it to perpetuate slavery, and rivet its chains.

We sympathize entirely with the Eclectic and with the most thorough abolitionists of Great Britain, not only on the abstract question of right, but in the acknowledgment of the obligation of immediate and universal emancipation, and could our voice emancipate every slave in the world, he should have his freedom to-morrow,—nay, this very hour. We will not attempt any apology, nor any extenuation for slavery, in our own country. We confess

our deepest and most unfeigned regret, that it is there ; and that it is a most irreconcilable inconsistency in a Republic of freemen, professing to assert and vindicate the rights of man. We sincerely hope, that the effort, which is now making for the emancipation of every slave, that is held in bondage under the jurisdiction of the British Crown, will speedily triumph ; and that the influence of this example will rebuke and shame the American States into the adoption of the same measure. We should rejoice to see the Government of Great Britain, having first proclaimed universal emancipation in all her dominions, sending a special embassy to the American States, urging them to the discharge of the same duty. We care not how soon the time shall arrive, when that nation or state, that harbours slavery in its bosom, shall forfeit the rights and privileges of amity with all other nations, and when the public opinion of the world shall be strong enough to enforce what the virtue of any one community may have failed to grant. Though the ban should fall alone upon our own native soil, we would lift up our hand to inflict the curse of excommunication from the common rites of international intercourse and hospitality, if it should prove so reprobate, as to be found last in the emancipation of the slave. We ask no favour for the country, which we call our own, in this matter, and we cannot desire, that it should ever receive it.

But there is one thing we do ask—and one thing we feel we have a right to claim, and that is : that when the good have undertaken a good cause, it is reasonable to expect that good men every where will be slow to say it is a bad one.

“ Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, Angels could no more.”

It is known, or may be known, that by the Federal compact of the American Union, the National Government cannot legislate on slavery for the individual States. Such

is the fact ; and nothing but a violent revolution, with an uncertain issue, could make it otherwise. Since, therefore, public opinion could not be organized and brought to bear on this subject, through the National Legislature, it was necessary to constitute another medium, through which the question might notwithstanding be agitated, combine the forces of national sentiment, and bring them to act steadily and efficiently on this stupendous evil. Those, who are ignorant of American society, may not understand, that popular conventions and voluntary associations, although they have no authority of statute law, do notwithstanding wield a supremacy of power, and compel the Legislative authorities to obey their will. They organize and control public opinion ; they are omnipotent.

Exactly of this description is the American Colonization Society. It is not simply a popular convention ; it is more ; it is a permanent association ; it is national ; it is the medium of forming and expressing the public mind on the question of slavery ; it was originated and has ever been controlled by the advocates of emancipation ; its centre is the national seat of Government ; its anniversaries are held in the Hall of Representatives of the National Congress, where the question and aspects of slavery are fearlessly and publicly discussed once a year, and reports received from all the auxiliaries throughout the Republic : and it wields all the influence of a national legislature, without rendering itself obnoxious by asserting authority.

This society, it will be seen, cannot legislate ; but it can do what is more important : It can enlighten the public mind, and organize public opinion ; it can keep the subject in agitation, and by this means prepare the way for its ultimate designs. Slavery is never promoted by public discussion—discussion is its deadliest foe. The advocates of slavery in America would never have permitted the existence, nor countenanced the growth of this society. They know well, that all its aims and its tendencies are to

extinguish slavery ; and they know they cannot help it. They see the march of public opinion, and have observed the rapid and gigantic strides of this institution in the attainment of its influence.

The following is the testimony of Judge Washington, of the Supreme Court of the United States, lately deceased —the nephew of General Washington, and who succeeded to his estate at Mount Vernon :—

“ The effect of this institution (the Colonization Society) if its success shall equal our wishes, will be alike propitious to every interest of our domestic society ; and should it lead, as we may fairly hope it will, to the *abolition of slavery*, it will wipe from our political institutions, the only blot which stains them, and in palliation of which we shall not be at liberty to plead the excuse of moral necessity, until we shall have honestly exerted all the means we possess for its *extinction*.”

A gentleman of high standing in South Carolina, says :—“ The Colonization Society, and every thing connected with it, are held in extreme abhorrence by our leading men, our politicians, and wealthy planters. It is so unpopular an institution, that very few name it publicly. It is regarded here as a *Northern Scheme to wrest from us our slaves*.”

We may challenge any body to say, what other expedient could possibly have been adopted in the United States, through the medium of which the public mind could be kept in action and brought to bear on this subject ? Things must be taken as they are. The Federal Constitution,—we speak of it as a fact, though we deem it a misfortune,—gives the Congress no authority to legislate for the States, in the matter of slavery. Slave States themselves, as all experience proves, are not prone, of their own accord, to abolish slavery. They must be forced to it by the action of circumstances and of public opinion around them. We may say, then, that but for the influence and

agencies of the American Colonization Society, slavery in the United States, situated as it is, might have slept in repose, till its own violent irruptions had desolated the regions contaminated by the crime. It is little to the purpose to declaim about the inconsisteney of slavery with republican institutions. All the world knows it is inconsistent. But the crime is not chargeable upon the free States. They have no power over it; and there is no sympathy between them and the Slave States in this particular. For ourselves personally, we acknowledge, that it is a scandal and an insult to humanity for the Slave States to take the Declaration of American Independence into their lips, while they hold a fellow-creature in bondage; and we have no patience with such pretensions. But slavery is there, in such circumstances; and it is very unfair to charge the whole American Union with the crime. It is speaking without knowledge, to impeach the American Colonization Society, as participating in this crime, and perpetuating its guilt, when in fact it is the only possible national expedient of operating against slavery—the only medium, through which the public mind can act for the ultimate extinction of the evil;—and when, too, all the virtue of the community is combining and concentrating its energies, through this organization, to wipe away the stain with the sin.

The Colony of Liberia, on which so much declamation has been spent, as if it were made a receptacle to relieve the United States of their superfluity of blacks, to make the remainder more valuable as slaves—is a mere accident. It is so in fact. Although it has sometimes been called a *drain*, it counts nothing as such; nor is there any present prospect that it ever will. What are two or three thousand, the present population of that colony—or even scores of thousands, if the emigration should ever equal that—compared with the *two millions and half*, that still remain, rapidly increasing? Liberia is a small

thing—and yet, if we had time, we might show it to be a glorious thing—in the achievements of that Society. It is a bright spot on those dark shores—a radiant star—a sun, throwing back its light into those benighted regions. We hesitate not to say—it is one of the noblest and most hopeful experiments of the age. But no sensible man looks upon it as a *drain* of the black population of the United States—although no benevolent person could object, that it should become sufficiently inviting and desirable to operate as such. If the American Colonization Society could accomplish this object, it would indeed be a splendid and magnificent spectacle. But, however glorious and unexampled such an achievement would be,—and we sincerely hope it will yet make an exemplary pattern of a free and enlightened government for Africa,—yet it is in fact a mere accident in the results of this Institution. It is the *domestic* influence of the Society, that is most important, in the views we have already taken of it. It is the great national power to act on slavery there for its ultimate extinction—it is the only efficient organization that exists of any considerable consequence, having this tendency—and so far as we can see, it is the only one that can exist. Let any living man prescribe another, that is practicable in the circumstances.

It may be said, indeed, that slavery ought not to exist there; and we subscribe to it. But it does exist; and every good man ought to be willing that it should be done away; and every wise man would say—take the most feasible course. The wise and good of America have looked this evil in the face; they have seen, that national legislation cannot touch it; they know well that the slaveholding States, if left to themselves, will at least be tardy in doing their duty; they have looked round to see what could be done; nearly twenty years ago they organized a national society, as the best expedient that offered; that society has worked well; it has outdone all expectation;

it has achieved what beforehand would have been reckoned wonders, if predicted ; it is acquiring a mightier influence every year, and an influence direct for universal emancipation ; its power is confessed, and its triumphs are anticipated. Such have been our own observations of the history of this Institution ; and such we have honestly thought was the truth.

Let our readers imagine, then, with what surprise we have met the article in the Eclectic of February on this subject. We almost thought, that all our previous knowledge was a dream. We came well nigh to the conclusion, that we must not only renounce our former persuasions, but that we could believe nothing. Indeed, we felt afflicted. For if ever we could confide in any institution, we had as little doubt of the purity, importance, and direct efficiency of the American Colonization Society, as of the fitness of any benevolent and charitable association, with which we are acquainted for the specific object of its organization ; and if we had been asked to select one in Great Britain or America, concerning which there could not be two opinions among good men, we should not unlikely have named the society in question. We really deem it a misfortune, that so respectable a periodical should be involved in what we are obliged to call so great a mistake, not only for its influence on a question of great importance, but for its tendency to destroy public confidence in things of the kind. We regret that the Reviewer did not have the opportunity to make himself better acquainted with the nature of the evidence, on which he chiefly relied. We are aware it may be said, that facts are not changed by the channel of communication ; but facts themselves may be misrepresented and discoloured. We think it unnecessary to say, that there is not probably a single benevolent institution, among all the public charities of this great Metropolis, the history of which does

not afford materials, that might be tortured into bad looks. But we do not think it right to form our opinion of a public institution by such statements and such attempts.

We are sorry, that a regard to higher interests obliges us to say in this place, that the principal authority relied upon in this article, has been for some years involved in unfortunate collisions with the most earnest and devoted men of the country, seeking the same object with himself, but who could not approve of his methods of operation ; and because they could not adopt his course, which in truth we must think was quite extraordinary, he has thought it fit and necessary to find fault with theirs. And he enjoys the field in triumph, because he is there alone, and nobody in America will take the trouble of replying to him. We are quite sure, that if the advocates of abolition in Great Britain were to pursue the course exemplified by this gentleman in America, they would defeat their own object in the outset. We believe, moreover, that if they hoped to succeed, they would take good care not to have such company. We do not speak of principles, but of the *manner* of urging them. To exasperate those whom we wish to persuade is not commonly esteemed wise. The *three hundred and thirty-nine* delegates of anti-slavery societies, from different parts of Great Britain, who went in a body the other day to express the wishes of their constituents to the Ministers of the Crown, we dare to say, were as firm in their determination, as they were respectful in their address ; and because they were respectful, they were treated with respect, and obtained a satisfactory answer. But suppose they had addressed themselves to the Government with the torch of the incendiary in their hands—would they have been well received ?

But how shall we dispose of these numerous quotations from the “*Colonizationists*,” adduced by this authority and

iterated by the Reviewer? It would be marvellous, indeed, if, out of all that has been written and published on this subject in America, and out of all the speculations of enthusiastic minds, enough might not be culled here and there, to answer almost any purpose, either of friend or foe of the very institution, which all these writers equally espouse. One sets his heart upon one thing, a second upon another—and each expresses himself in his own peculiar way. But did the Eclectic Reviewer honestly think, that collects of this sort could determine the character and merits of the Institution in question? Because some of the “Colonizationists” have had pleasant dreams and visions about Liberia, are these of course to be set down, as component parts of the economy and plan of the society? Because some, in the indulgence of poetic sentiment and in the use of rhetorical tropes, have called the slave “an exile from his home”—is the Colonization Society, therefore, criminal for sending back those who wish to go? The Society has indeed created that Colony—and he who denies that it is a splendid creation, we humbly think may yet be better informed. It is one—and as yet the least of their works. It is kindly set up as an attraction to tempt the enterprise and ambition of the hitherto degraded African. It is at least an interesting experiment; it has proved a prosperous one; it is a watch-tower and bulwark against the slave trade; and there are many reasons to hope, that it will prove a light to enlighten Africa, and a challenge to Afric’s sons to rise, and be free, to assert and recover the ancient dominion and glory of their fathers. All this string of charges and complaints, that Liberia is a prison and charnel-house, in which to confine and bury the superfluity of troublesome American blacks, in order to be rid of them—is mere declamation. The number of emigrants is trifling—and none go, except of choice; and even when the brightest chances of empire shall be opened for them there, and

induce a constant stream of emigration from motives of ambition, that stream must be a mightier flood, than any present probabilities promise, to effect any sensible diminution of American blacks. Who cannot see, how natural it has been for the enthusiastic benevolence, which has looked on the degradations, that have been the necessary consequence of slavery in America, and which has exulted in any hope, however faint, of seeing the blacks rise to equality among the sons of men—who cannot see, we ask, that such benevolence would express itself ardently in regard to the project and prospects of the Liberia Colony? Who does not know, that the moral influence of slavery, subjecting the race to social disadvantages, even after their emancipation, is unavoidable? and that no human power, no legislation, no public measures, however generous, can raise that portion of a community to equality, by the same act which breaks their chains? Let all the distinctions of rank, that exist in Great Britain, be at once prostrated, and wealth and social prerogative be equally distributed in one day, from the highest to the lowest classes—and will the beggar and the peasant be fitted to flourish at the same moment in the highest circles, and act his part at the king's levee, or shine as a courtier in the presence of Majesty? If, then, the American Colonization Society, having in view the emancipation of the slave—and desiring his social advancement by a preparatory course of intellectual and moral culture—and seeing that his elevation to the highest dignities of the social relations could be soonest attained by giving him an empire of his own, has opened the door for an experiment of this kind—is it fair to accuse them of ungenerous purposes? The friends of the blacks in America,—and we hesitate not to say, that they are generally embodied in the Colonization Society,—have been too impatient to wait for the slow degrees of improvement, to which they are necessarily subjected in

the midst of a community of whites so far above them; and therefore, while they do not neglect to do all in their power to emancipate and cultivate those at home, they have sought to found for them an empire in the land of their ancestors, to excite, and tempt to high and noble enterprise, the dormant susceptibilities of their nature. It is known—every man must know it—that in spite of all benevolence—and with all the privileges of emancipation and public sympathy—they must necessarily rise by slow degrees where they have been slaves. Nothing but a miracle of Providence could make it otherwise.

And yet, while the American Colonization Society have been and are still doing all they can for the enslaved and free blacks at home, to compass the emancipation of the former and cultivate the latter, and are making constant appeals to the public in their behalf, in every possible form, and by all their agencies;—while, in addition to these labours, they have also been able to found the Colony of Liberia; and while many of their friends, as well as their own documents, have expressed high hopes concerning the enterprise—sentences and parts of sentences have been detached here and there from their papers to prove malice!—to prove, that they have no kind intention for the blacks!—that all they have in view is—to get rid of them!—All this might be very suitable for the authorities quoted by the Eclectic; at least it might be expected. They were no doubt a laborious and ingenious collation of scraps, unfairly culled, and called testimony. But we were not prepared to expect, that the Eclectic Reviewer would have made so sudden and so violent a descent on an Institution of such standing, so prominent, and so important; much less, that he should have done it on such testimony. If the high and influential periodicals are to pursue such a course, we do not hesitate to say, that the reputation of no charitable institution in any one Christian country is safe in another. All confidence

between them must be annihilated. If the society in question is not to be respected in this country, neither is any other of that community—not even the American Bible Society; for the same men generally that constitute and manage the one, constitute and manage the other; and if they can be guilty of the dark and fell purposes, put to their account in this Review, they are to be trusted in nothing. On such terms, there can be no such thing as confidence and concert of action among the good throughout the world.

It might, perhaps, be expected, that we should say something of the Resolutions and Remonstrances of the public meetings of the free blacks, in various parts of the United States, expressive of their opposition to the Colonization Society, as adduced in the Review. We would simply remark, that the same motives and agencies which have furnished the Reviewer with his testimony, have succeeded to some extent in creating prejudices among the American black population against this Society, by setting before them such statements, as the Reviewer has quoted. Being generally ignorant, and having little or no opportunity of acquainting themselves with the enlarged and generous views of the society, such appeals would of course excite their strongest natural feelings. They have been assembled by these agents, harangued in this manner, and have readily passed the resolutions prepared and laid before them—which, taken by themselves, might indeed make a formidable show, and excite much sympathy for them, and prejudice against the society; but when the history of them is understood, they may be easily appreciated. The feelings of these coloured free people are sincere and honest, and are to be respected; the only subject of regret is—that they have been imposed upon, and misinformed as to the designs of the society. Unpleasant occurrences of this kind are necessarily incident to every great and good enterprise. The colored people

are ignorant and jealous; and if they are ever raised to a higher condition, it is easy to see, that the task, as well as the responsibility, must be assumed by benevolent associations of whites; and mischief workers are always busy, when any thing good is going on.

It should also be remarked, to account for this collection and arrangement of things written and said by friends of the Colonization Society,—some of which, in their detached forms, are neither discreet, nor approvable,—that no society can fairly be held responsible for every thing that may be said, even with a view to promote its interests. As is well known, they are often the private, indigested, and even erroneous notions of the individuals, who utter them. Among the many speeches made at the anniversaries of almost every benevolent society, things are often said, which occasion the greatest pain and anxiety to the enlightened friends of the institution. And the same may be said of the common emissions of the press. Let an industrious and ill-disposed man set himself to collect and arrange these indiscretions—let him devote his life to this business, and what mischief may he not do! To efforts of this kind, as we honestly believe, is the Eclectic Reviewer indebted for the information he has disclosed in the article now the subject of remark.

It ought also to be observed, that, on this subject and the momentous question it involves, a distinction is always to be made between the northern and southern, that is—the free and slave-holding States of America. We have been sorry to see, that the Eclectic Reviewer has been willing either to confound this distinction, or to lose sight of it, and to make all the Americans alike responsible and alike guilty. It would be just as fair for us to rank himself and every Englishman, now engaged for the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions, with the Jamaica slave-holders. There is as much connexion,

as much sympathy, and as much joint responsibility, in the one case, as in the other. The slave States of America are alone responsible for their slavery; and we have no excuse to make for them. The northern and free States can no more reach them by acts of legislation, either in their own assemblies, or in Congress, than they can lay their hand upon Jamaica for the same purpose. They are indeed associated in a national compact, which is defined and limited in its powers. All the people of the free States are anxious and zealous, that justice should be done to the African race in the sister States; and as we have before shown, they have associated in the only practicable way, to unite all the moral forces, not only of the north, but such as might be induced from conscience and principle to come in from the south, to the aid of this great and holy cause. They know and take for granted, that the slave States—or rather the proprietors of slaves generally—although there are some honourable exceptions—will be jealous of their operations. They are compelled, therefore, to be discreet, at the same time that they are firm and resolved. They cannot of course trespass on the rights of State sovereignty, unless they are prepared for a civil war, and are ready to take the responsibility and risk the consequences. If the Jamaica proprietor will dare to resist the command of his Majesty, even for the better treatment of his slave, is it to be expected, that the slave proprietor of the southern States of North America, will resign what he calls the right of property to the demands of those who belong to another State, and who have no authority in the case? The only influence, that can be employed, in such a state of things, aside from physical force, is social and moral. It is granted that slavery is wrong, and felt—deeply felt to be so, by all who are not accustomed to its enormities. And it will doubtless also be granted, that offices of benevolence, individual or associate, must carefully avoid the provocation

or use of violence. When they come to violence, they are divested of their character. And they must avoid any just suspicion of meditating violence, so long as they wish to persuade.

The southern States have ever been jealous of the Colonization Society. But its influence has been constantly extending itself, until it can no longer be circumvented, or controlled; and that because it is a legitimate and consistent influence, not arming itself with physical force, but enlightening the public mind and forming public opinion. The North acts upon the South through this medium, when it could not in any other. It is a Providential facility, to supply the lack of delegated powers in the Federal Union.

The British Parliament can abolish slavery at once from all his Majesty's dominions; but the Congress of the United States cannot legislate on this subject. The process of this work in America, as every one will see, must be by the action of public opinion, and by a necessity which the slave States cannot possibly avoid. Public sentiment must address itself to the circumstances of the case; and in order to that must understand them. If slavery is ever abolished there, it must be done by the moral influence of the North over the South, combined with other concurrent causes. At present the Colonization Society is doubtless the great machinery, operating to this result; it is a channel, through which the virtue of all those, who detest slavery, finds a vent, and runs into innumerable branches of minor outlets, diffusing itself over the wide community, without violence; and it will infallibly tell in a grand result.

It is much easier to declaim about the impropriety and inconsistency of slavery in America, than it is to estimate the real state of things in regard to it. The southern States, which, by the events of the revolution, were divided from the British empire, happened also by the same

events to become associated, in the Federal compact, with the Northern States. But they are radically a different people ; their state of society has fundamentally a different constitution in consequence of slavery. And so long as Congress has no power to legislate over the slavery of that portion of the Federal Union, it must either be left to such influences, as the Colonization Society and other agencies of the kind can bring to bear upon it, or there must be a civil war. These are the only alternatives. But the violent interference of foreigners in behalf of the oppressed of another community, however it might be justifiable in certain cases, is allowed to be a delicate and responsible measure ; and no Christian certainly will hesitate in saying, that the attainment and confirmation of the rights of man by social and moral influence, is more glorious than to attempt the uncertain issue of physical force. The former is the course prescribed and now assaying by the American Colonization Society, in regard to slavery in America. If force must come at last, it will not be the business of that institution. It is too firm to acknowledge the right of slavery, even for a moment ; and too pure to imbrue its hands in blood in the accomplishment of its holy enterprise.

It is in the power of Great Britain to take a high and determined stand in regard to slavery in her Colonies ; but every reasonable man will see, that there is no such advantage of a controlling legislative power over the slavery of America. According to established principles of national law and the sovereignty of States, American bondage is entirely in the hands of those who are interested in its perpetuity. We speak of fact. It is however at the same time true, that there is a vast number of American slave-holders, and men of high standing and influence, opposed to slavery in principle and conscience ; and that number is increasing every year by the public agitation of the question, constantly kept alive through the operation

and influence of the Colonization Society, and by the growing strength of public opinion. Is there a sober man in Great Britain, that would not wish, that this leaven might have a thorough operation, until it shall have attained a universal emancipation ? Is there one, who would not prefer, that the work should be done without violence ?

Had we time, we might disclose the peculiar condition and aspects of American slavery ; we might demonstrate the probabilities of a complete reformation, and the commanding influence of the Colonization Society in the work. But it is impossible we should discuss this great subject here.

It is said, however, by the Ecleetie in substance, that the Amerieans are all radieally unsound upon this subject ; that, as a people, they have a strange, unaccountable, and criminal aversion to the blacks. We do not wish to justify against this charge, nor to recriminate. There are reasons in human nature, and in the common operations of society, wherever slavery has existed, why the subjected class should suffer disadvantage in the social relations. It is doubtless as wrong, as it is natural ; but this is a vice of our common nature. It is not true, however, that it exists in America to the extent alleged. It is not true, as assumed by the Reviewer, that the Americans will not admit coloured people into their Churches and religious assemblies. We have never known such a thing. It is true, however, that custom has always assigned them a place by themselves ; it is true, that there is more aversion in America to associate with coloured people, than in Great Britain ; but we are not aware, that this distinction in society has any more force in it, either in feeling or practise, than the distinctions between master and servant, and between the higher and lower orders on this side of the water. And those distinctions here, it is well known, are not only maintained in faet, but they are avowed and defended in

principle ; they are insisted upon by every one, who stands above the lowest ranks. We need not say, that there is even an extreme jealousy on this subject—and that both the necessity and the right of these distinctions are deemed a sacred law of society.

But extracts from "Colonizationists," and the pretended friends of the negro have been adduced to show, that the very best of them are corrupt.

"Elias B. Caldwell," says the authority quoted by the Eclectic, "one of the founders and the first Secretary of the Colonization Society, in a speech delivered at its formation, advanced the following monstrous sentiments :—

"The more you improve the condition of this people (the blacks) the more you cultivate their minds, the more *miserable* you make them in their present state. You give them a higher relish for those privileges, *which they can never attain*, and turn what you intend for a blessing into a *curse*. No, if they must remain in their present situation, *keep them in the lowest state of ignorance and degradation*. The nearer you bring them to the condition of *brutes*, the better chance do you give them of possessing their apathy."

"So, then," says this same authority, "the American Colonization Society advocates, and to a great extent perpetuates the ignorance and degradation of the coloured population of the United States."

Is it possible that the perspicacity of the Eclectic Reviewer should have failed to discern the atrocious unfairness of this statement, even from the very terms of the quotation? "No," says Mr. Caldwell, "*if they must remain in their present situation*, keep them in the lowest state of ignorance and degradation." And would not the Eclectic Reviewer say so? Would not every benevolent man say so? "*If they must remain in their present situation*."

Although we have not the speech before us, from which

this extract was taken, yet, if we did not know Mr. Caldwell to have been utterly incapable of the sentiments here ascribed to him, the extract itself, taken in all its parts, vindicates him from the charge; it demonstrates, that he was pleading the cause of emancipation—and pleading it by one of the most powerful and heart-appealing arguments, which could be brought to bear upon the question. Had we the whole text before us, we do not hesitate to say, that it would speak this language:—

“ Think not, gentlemen, that we have any thing less in view, than emancipation. You cannot do a kindness to the slave short of this. Give him knowledge, and so long as he is a *slave*, you only increase his *misery*. No, if you cannot give him his liberty, the greatest kindness you can show him, as a tenant of this world, is to keep him in ignorance, and brutalize his affections. But what Christian—what man, deserving the name of man, can subscribe to this horrible doctrine? Ignorance and brutality alone consist with slavery—knowledge demands freedom. You dare not deny knowledge—you cannot, therefore, refuse the right and claim to emancipation. If we may not pursue that—if we cannot procure that for the slave—better do nothing; better turn our hand and seek to plunge him in deeper ignorance and degradation.”

Such, we have no doubt, was the sentiment, and such the argument of Mr. Caldwell. And would this Author be so unfair? And could Mr. Caldwell be so barbarous? We say again—that the very extract discloses his sentiments, and announces his argument:—“ *If they must remain in their present situation.*” And we take the liberty of saying, that in our opinion, the entire pamphlet on which the Eclectic Reviewer has relied for his testimony in this violent assault on the Americans, is made up in this manner. The Reviewer may have been innocently deceived; and being *thus* deceived, we cannot do other, than commend him for the expressions of his indignation; at

the same time, we cannot but feel, that he has made some *haste* in his arrival at these uncharitable conclusions. His sweeping statements, too, are far more comprehensive, than we should have expected from the logic of a mind, long accustomed to nice discrimination. Taking that article by itself, there is little left to the Americans, that is worth having, or worthy of respect :—

“ We can truly say, we are grieved and pained at finding ourselves compelled by a sense of duty to expose the Anti-Christian spirit, which seems to pervade *all* the States, and *all* classes of society in the Union, towards the coloured Americans.” “ We were slow to believe, that in republican America—the land of freedom, the land of ‘revivals’—doctrines, principles, and purposes, so atrocious as are here (in the pamphlet under review) brought home to the ‘Colonizationists,’ could be cherished by the *mass* of the public.” “ No one who is aware of the intense, the almost *savage* antipathy, which inspires an American towards the coloured races, will accuse us of exaggeration.” “ Virtue is not to be discriminated from vice, knowledge from ignorance, probity from dishonesty, piety from infidelity, if veiled beneath a coloured skin.” “ And this in America !” &c. &c. !!!

As we have before remarked, we are not aware from all our observations, that the social depressions of the American blacks are greater, or the lines which divide them from the whites more insuperable, than the distinctions and barriers of rank between those of the same complexion in Great Britain ; and the difference seems to be, that here the demarcation is advocated in principle, as necessary and suitable in society, while in America it is announced, and perhaps to some extent felt, as a barrier in nature. We will not be Judge in either case—except we take the liberty of confessing our own faults. These feelings are doubtless an American vice, although greatly exaggerated in report. It would seem, that because some Americans

have commiserated the depressed condition of their coloured population, and have spoken warmly and eloquently of the fact, in order to awaken sympathy for their relief in any way that might be possible ; and because they have sometimes ventured, perhaps indiscreetly, to speculate on the subject,—their arguments have been taken, as the avowal of atrocious sentiments, and their endeavours esteemed any thing but kind. It is possible, we do not deny, that the social feelings of the Americans towards coloured people, so far as they are averse to amalgamation, are wrong. This fault, we think, ought not to detract from the virtue of those, who, seeing the evil, are employing all their inventions and powers to obtain relief. They cannot open their mouths to state the case, confessing the wrong and declaring the importance of a remedy, but they are all condemned together as heretics and as being leagued against the rights of man. The Eclectic Reviewer has gone so far even, as to insinuate, that the claims of Americans generally to the character of Christians, on account of these atrocious doctrines and revolting deeds, are unworthy of respect. Not even Mrs. Trollope, or Captain Basil Hall can lay claim to a better faculty of generalizing than this Reviewer. “ It is all an American sin, and the Americans are all sinners. There is not a good man among them. Tell us no more about American religion and American revivals.”

Certainly we should have supposed, from the high and dignified station occupied by this Reviewer, and connected as he is with the religious world and the great interests of Christianity, even though he might have felt obliged to condemn the Colonization Society *in toto*, that his charity, and his desire and faith of better things for the world, would have induced him to *pause*, before he had swept every thing good from American ground by such a rule.

As regards the legislative enactments of the Southern, or slave States, in self-defence against what may justly be

termed the retributive and impending visitations for the crime, and which must sooner or later come, wherever slavery exists on an extensive scale—it will not be expected of us, from the principles we have already betrayed, that we shall either defend it, or apologize for it. And we can say from certain knowledge, that the people of the Northern and free States, have been as much shocked at these alleged necessities and consequent measures, as the Eclectic Reviewer, or any of his brethren in England, with whom he sympathizes on this subject. We can say, moreover, that that system of legislation has been in part provoked and hastened by the recent efforts which have been made by the Colonization Society and other agencies of this kind, to relieve the country of the mighty evil. The more public discussion there is—the more light ; and that light has been found making its way among the slave population ; and in self-defence the slave-holders of America, like those of Jamaica, have thought it necessary to multiply their laws and increase their severity. These very facts prove—what ?—That the public mind has waked to sympathy, and is rousing for effort in behalf of the slave ; and the nearer the prospect of his redemption, the firmer and more determined will be the grasp of the hand of his proprietor. Is it not so at Jamaica ? We have no apology, either for one or the other. It all proves the importance and necessity of such engines, as the Colonization Society, not only to devise and execute remedial measures, but to prepare the public mind for all possible exigencies.

But it is said, the free States have legislated for the cruel expulsion of coloured people from their bosom. What States ? The State of Ohio alone—which, as soon as done, received the loud remonstrance and reprobation of the whole American community, north of the slave line. It is proper, notwithstanding we cannot approve of it, that the reason of that law should be stated. The whole

Southern boundary of the State of Ohio, some two or three hundred miles, is the Ohio river, which separates it from Kentucky, a slave State. As a consequence of this contiguity, the entire population of Ohio, along the bank of the river, in this long line, were subjected to the habitual incursions of the most depraved of the Kentucky blacks, free and runaway slaves, so that not only was their movable property constantly doomed to the depredations of theft, but the virtue of their females was not safe from violation. Cruel, therefore, as this law might seem, and actually was, the evils that occasioned it must be allowed to have been grievous. Nor do we mention this to the prejudice of the coloured people. We sympathize with all their misfortunes, and hold those accountable, who have subjected them, by a life of bondage, to such moral debasement, as to be easily tempted to vice and crime. Such reasons give a different aspect to such a law, at the same time that they demonstrate the most criminal results of slavery.

It is stated in the authority quoted by the Eclectic, that "this legislative enactment of Ohio....was the legitimate fruit of the anathemas of the Colonization Society." How this connexion could exist, as cause and effect, or what is meant by "anathemas" here, it is impossible for us to understand. Something is also said about a bill having been reported to the Legislature of Pennsylvania to prevent any farther immigration of coloured people into the State. As bordering on the slave States of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, we can easily conceive, that like Ohio, Pennsylvania has been subject to similar evils; but as there is no proof of its having become a law, it cannot claim our farther notice. "The passage of a similar law," it is said, "has been urged even upon the legislature of Massachusetts by a writer in the Salem Gazette." Really, what a dearth of this kind of scandal must there have been, that this Author should have been

compelled to pick up such scraps:—A writer, in a common newspaper, recommended such a thing; and therefore that is the sentiment of the community! We say for once and for all, that so far as we know, all these charges against the free States and against the Colonization Society are without foundation—the law of Ohio excepted, the reason of which has been given, and the law itself, we believe, has long since been repealed.

As to the aversion of the Americans to admit coloured people into society, it is doubtless greatly exaggerated. We know, that coloured people of good character are respected in America, and very particularly encouraged by those, to whom it is proper to look for the prevalent sentiments of a community. Without ever imagining, that we were violating the customs, or shocking the feelings of good society, it is in our power to state as a fact—that some years ago we received into our house, as guests, on letters of recommendation, two coloured men, perfect strangers to us personally, and entertained them for a number of days, admitting them to our table, and treating them in all respects, as white men of the same worth of moral character. One of them was from St. Domingo, and the other from Philadelphia, travelling to visit Niagara Falls.

THE END.



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